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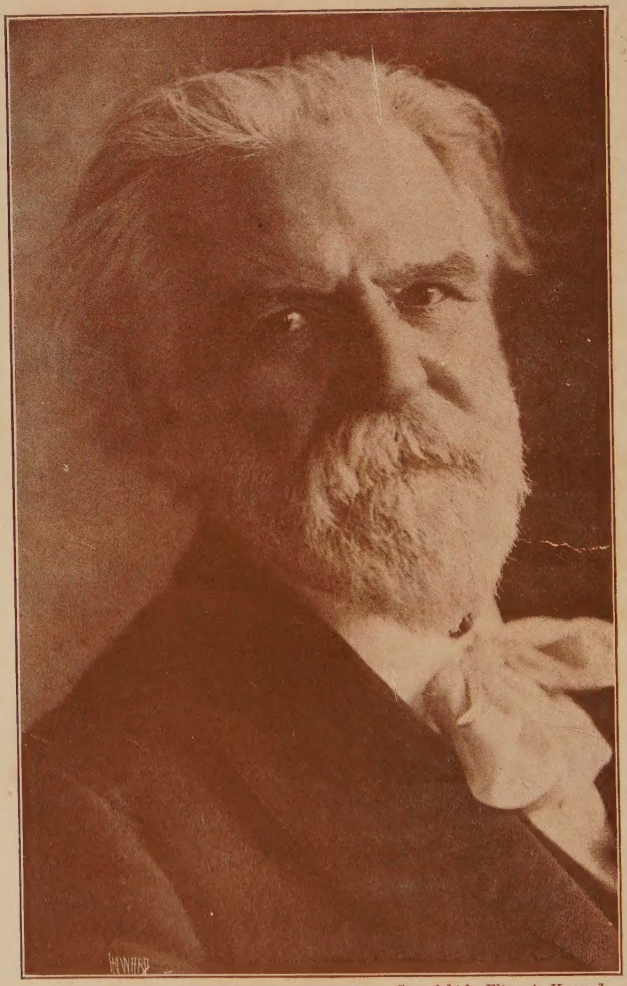

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EDWIN MARKHAM

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RONDEL FOR SEPTEMBER*

You thought it was a falling leaf we heard;
I knew it was the Summer's gypsy feet;
A sound so reticent it scarcely stirred
The ear so still a message to repeat,—
"I go, and lo, I make my going sweet,"
What wonder you should miss so soft a word?
You thought it was a falling leaf we heard;
I knew it was the Summer's gypsy feet.
With slender torches for her service meet
The golden-rod is coming; softer slurred
Midsummer noises take a note replete
With hint of change; who told the mocking bird?
I knew it was the Summer's gypsy feet—
You thought it was a falling leaf we heard.

KARLE WILSON BAKER

*By permission of the Yale University Press, publishers of Mrs. Baker's poems.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE genesis of the University Library lies in a compilation of "Little Masterpieces," the first of which were published more than twenty-five years ago. The material included in these volumes was selected by able editors and writers whose experience was great and whose taste was excellent. Out of the "Little Masterpieces" grew a course in liberal education which was known as the Pocket University, and out of the Pocket University grew, finally, the University Library.

The publishers most gratefully acknowledge their debt to the editors who compiled the original volumes: Bliss Perry, Henry van Dyke, Hardin Craig, Thomas L. Masson, Asa Don Dickinson, the late Hamilton W. Mabie, George Iles, the late Dr. Lyman Abbott, and others.

Some of the most important material contained in the Pocket University is, of course, included in the University Library but the sequence has been entirely changed and the scope of the work greatly broadened. Fully two thirds of the material is new and the literature of the world has been ransacked to find appropriate text to fit the basic educational needs of the modern public.

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VOLUME XVII

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THE MAN WITH THE HOE*

God made man in His own image, in the image of God made He him.—GENESIS.

BOWED by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?

---

*This poem was written after seeing Millet's painting of the stoopt figure of the Hoe-man.

Copyright by Edwin Markham and used by his permission.

Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the
suns
And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind
greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More packt with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quencht?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers of the lands,
How will the Future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shapt him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?

EDWIN MARKHAM.

THE VOICE OF TOIL

I HEARD men saying, Leave hope and praying,
All days shall be as all have been;
To-day and to-morrow bring fear and sorrow,
The never-ending toil between.

When Earth was younger mid toil and hunger,
In hope we strove, and our hands were strong;
Then great men led us, with words they fed us,
And bade us right the earthly wrong.

Go read in story their deeds and glory,
Their names amidst the nameless dead;
Turn then from lying to us slow-dying
In that good world to which they led;

Where fast and faster our iron master,
The thing we made, for ever drives,
Bids us grind treasure and fashion pleasure
For other hopes and other lives.

Where home is a hovel and dull we grovel,
Forgetting that the world is fair;
Where no babe we cherish, lest its very soul perish;
Where mirth is crime, and love a snare.

Who now shall lead us, what god shall heed us
As we lie in the hell our hands have won?
For us are no rulers but fools and befoolers,
The great are fallen, the wise men gone.

I heard men saying, Leave tears and praying,
The sharp knife heedeth not the sheep;
Are we not stronger than the rich and the wronger,
When day breaks over dreams and sleep?

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere the world grows
older!
Help lies in nought but thee and me;
Hope is before us, and the long years that bore us
Bore leaders more than men may be.

Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry,
And trembling nurse their dreams of mirth,
While we the living our lives are giving
To bring the bright new world to birth.

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere earth grows older!
The Cause spreads over land and sea;
Now the world shaketh, and fear awaketh,
And joy at last for thee and me.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

MADONNA OF THE EVENING FLOWERS*

ALL day long I have been working,
Now I am tired.
I call: "Where are you?"
But there is only the oak tree rustling in the wind.
The house is very quiet,
The sun shines in on your books,
On your scissors and thimble just put down,
But you are not there.
Suddenly I am lonely:
Where are you?
I go about searching.

Then I see you,
Standing under a spire of pale blue larkspur,
With a basket of roses on your arm.
You are cool, like silver,
And you smile.
I think the Canterbury bells are playing little tunes.

You tell me that the peonies need spraying,
That the columbines have overrun all bounds,
That pyrus japonica should be cut back and rounded.
You tell me these things.
But I look at you, heart of silver,
White heart-flame of polished silver,
Burning beneath the blue steeples of the larkspur.

---

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And I long to kneel instantly at your feet,
While all about us peal the loud, sweet *Te Deums*
of the Canterbury bells.

AMY LOWELL.

LABOR*

FOR there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, *is* in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. "Know thyself": long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself: thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in Work"; a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the

*"Past and Present," book iii, chap. xi.

meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor dayworker, as of every man: but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos once set it *revolving*, grows round and even rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel,—one of the venerablest objects; old as the Prophet Ezechiel and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel; reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of

an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive coloring, what gilding and enameling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch,—a mere enameled vessel of dishonor! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows;—draining off the sour festering water, gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green, fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labor is Life; from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness,—to all knowledge, "self-knowledge" and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge

but what thou hast got by working: the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone."

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of Fact, in ordering of thy fellows in such wrestle, there and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined Stoneheaps, of foolish unarchitectural Bishops, redtape Officials, idle Nell-Gwyn Defenders of the Faith; and see whether he will ever raise a Paul's Cathedral out of all that, yea or no! Rough, rude, contradictory are all things and persons, from the mutinous masons and Irish hodmen, up to the idle Nell-Gwyn Defenders, to blustering redtape Officials, foolish unarchitectural Bishops. All these things and persons are there not for Christopher's sake and his Cathedral's; they are there for their own sake mainly! Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these,—if he be able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries her mathematics and architectonics not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her, —Nature herself is but partially for him; will be wholly against him, if he constrain her not! His

very money, where is it to come from? The pious munificence of England lies far-scattered, distant, unable to speak, and say, "I am here";—must be spoken to before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible like the gods; impediments, contradictions manifold are so loud and near! O brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those, notwithstanding, and front all these; understand all these; by valiant patience, noble effort, insight by man's strength, vanquish and compel all these,—and, on the whole, strike down victoriously the last top-stone of that Paul's Edifice: thy monument for certain centuries, the stamp "Great Man" impressed very legibly on Portland-stone there!

Yes, all manner of help, and pious response from Men of Nature, is always what we call silent; cannot speak or come to light, till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first "impossible." In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through Immensity; inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent; see whether under the wide arch of Heaven there be any bounteous moisture, or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven; and from the kind Immensities, what from the poor unkind Localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen!

Work is of a religious nature:—work is of a *brave* nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmer's; a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king,—Columbus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters; round thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of Night. Brother, these wild water-mountains, bounding from their deep basin (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely there on thy behalf! Meseems *they* have other work than floating thee forward:—and the huge Winds, that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant-waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle-skiff of thine! Thou art not among articulate-speaking friends, my brother; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts, but thine, there lies a help in them: see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad Southwester spend itself, saving thyself by dexterous science of defense, the while: valiantly,

with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favoring East, the Possible, springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage: thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself;—how much wilt thou swallow down! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep: a Silence unsoundable; known to God only. Thou shalt be a great Man. Yes, my World-Soldier, thou of the World Marine-service,—thou wilt have to be *greater* than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is; thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down; and make it bear thee on,—to new Americas, or whither God wills!

THOMAS CARLYLE.

MY BOOKS

THEY dwell in the odor of camphor,
They stand in a Sheraton shrine,
They are "warranted early editions,"
These worshipful tomes of mine;—

In their creamiest "Oxford vellum,"
In their redolent "crushed Levant,"
With their delicate watered linings,
They are jewels of price, I grant;—

Blind-tooled and morocco-jointed,
They have Zaehnsdorf's daintiest dress,
They are graceful, attenuate, polished,
But they gather the dust, no less;—

For the row that I prize is yonder,
Away on the unglazed shelves,
The bulged and the bruised *octavos*,
The dear and the dumpy twelves,—

Montaigne with his sheepskin blistered,
And Howell the worse for wear,
And the worm-drilled Jesuits' Horace,
And the little old cropped Molière,

And the Burton I bought for a florin,
  And the Rabelais foxed and flea'd,—
For the others I never have opened,
  But those are the books I read.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

ART AND MORALS

YOU probably recollect that, in the beginning of my last lecture, it was stated that fine art had, and could have, but three functions: the enforcing of the religious sentiments of men, the perfecting their ethical state, and the doing them material service. We have to-day to examine the mode of its action in the second power, that of perfecting the morality or ethical state of men.

Perfecting, observe—not producing.

You must have the right moral state first, or you cannot have the art. But when the art is once obtained, its reflected action enhances and completes the moral state out of which it arose, and, above all, communicates the exaltation to other minds which are already morally capable of the like.

For instance, take the art of singing, and the simplest perfect master of it (up to the limits of his nature) whom you can find—a skylark. From him you may learn what it is to "sing for joy." You must get the moral state first, the pure gladness, then give it finished expression; and it is perfected in itself, and made communicable to other creatures capable of such joy. But it is

incommunicable to those who are not prepared to receive it.

Now, all right human song is, similarly, the finished expression, by art, of the joy or grief of noble persons, for right causes. And accurately in proportion to the rightness of the cause, and purity of the emotion, is the possibility of the fine art. A maiden may sing of her lost love, but a miser cannot sing of his lost money. And with absolute precision from highest to lowest, the fineness of the possible art is an index of the moral purity and majesty of the emotion it expresses. You may test it practically at any instant. Question with yourselves respecting any feeling that has taken strong possession of your mind, "Could this be sung by a master, and sung nobly, with a true melody and art?" Then it is a right feeling. Could it not be sung at all, or only sung ludicrously? It is a base one. And that is so in all the arts; so that with mathematical precision, subject to no error or exception, the art of a nation, so far as it exists, is an exponent of its ethical state.

An exponent, observe, and exalting influence; but not the root or cause. You cannot paint or sing yourselves into being good men; you must be good men before you can either paint or sing, and then the colour and sound will complete in you all that is best.

And this it was that I called upon you to hear, saying, "listen to me at least now," in the first lecture, namely, that no art-teaching could be of use to you, but would rather be harmful, unless it

was grafted on something deeper than all art. For indeed not only with this, of which it is my function to show you the laws, but much more with the art of all men, which you came here chiefly to learn, that of language, the chief vices of education have arisen from the one great fallacy of supposing that noble language is a communicable trick of grammar and accent, instead of simply the careful expression of right thought. All the virtues of language are, in their roots, moral; it becomes accurate if the speaker desires to be true; clear, if he speaks with sympathy and a desire to be intelligible; powerful, if he has earnestness; pleasant, if he has sense of rhythm and order. There are no other virtues of language producible by art than these: but let me mark more deeply for an instant the significance of one of them. Language, I said, is only clear when it is sympathetic. You can, in truth, understand a man's word only by understanding his temper. Your own word is also as of an unknown tongue to him unless he understands yours. And it is this which makes the art of language, if any one is to be chosen separately from the rest, that which is fittest for the instrument of a gentleman's education. To teach the meaning of a word thoroughly is to teach the nature of the spirit that coined it; the secret of language is the secret of sympathy, and its full charm is possible only to the gentle. And thus the principles of beautiful speech have all been fixed by sincere and kindly speech. On the laws which have been determined

by sincerity, false speech, apparently beautiful, may afterwards be constructed; but all such utterance, whether in oration or poetry, is not only without permanent power, but it is destructive of the principles it has usurped. So long as no words are uttered but in faithfulness, so long the art of language goes on exalting itself; but the moment it is shaped and chiselled on external principles it falls into frivolity, and perishes. And this truth would have been long ago manifest, had it not been that in periods of advanced academical science there is always a tendency to deny the sincerity of the first masters of language. Once learn to write gracefully in the manner of an ancient author, and we are apt to think that he also wrote in the manner of some one else. But no noble nor right style was ever yet founded but out of a sincere heart.

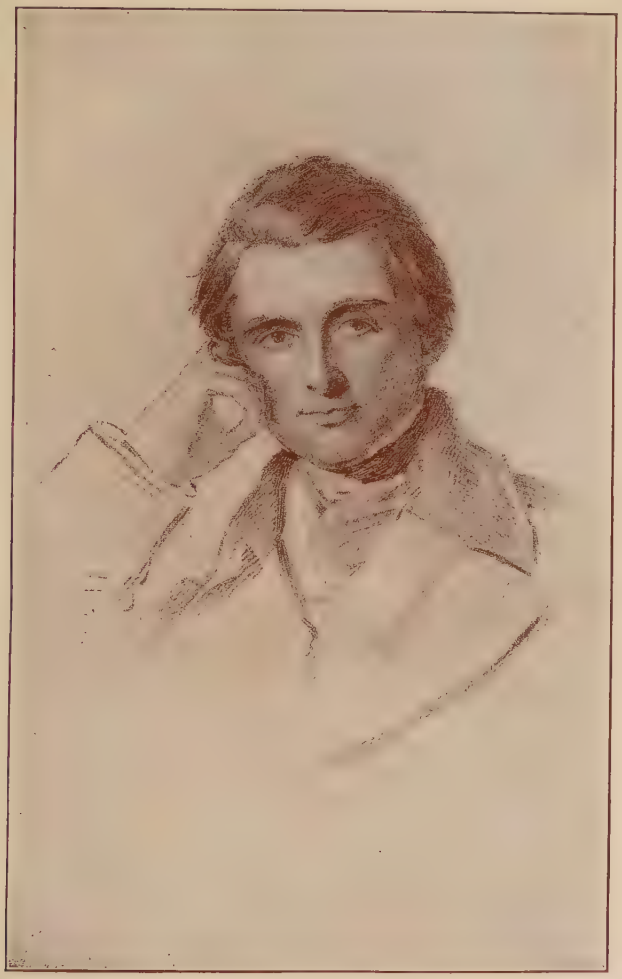
No man is worth reading to form your style, who does not mean what he says; nor was any great style every invented but by some man who meant what he said. Find out the beginner of a great manner of writing, and you have also found the declarer of some true facts or sincere passions; and your whole method of reading will thus be quickened, for, being sure that your author really meant what he said, you will be much more careful to ascertain what it is that he means.

And of yet greater importance is it deeply to know that every beauty possessed by the language of a nation is significant of the innermost laws of its being. Keep the temper of the people stern

and manly; make their associations grave, cour
teous, and for worthy objects; occupy them in jus
deeds; and their tongue must needs be a grand one
Nor is it possible, therefore—observe the necessar
reflected action—that any tongue should be
noble one, of which the words are not so man
trumpet-calls to action. All great languages in
variably utter great things, and command them
they cannot be mimicked but by obedience; th
breath of them is inspiration because it is not onl
vocal, but vital; and you can only learn to speal
as these men spoke, by becoming what these me
were.

. . . And now I pass to the arts with whic
I have special concern, in which, though the fact
are exactly the same, I shall have more difficult
in proving my assertion, because very few of u
are as cognizant of the merit of painting as w
are of that of language; and I can only show yo
whence that merit springs from, after havin
thoroughly shown you in what it consists. Bu
in the meantime, I have simply to tell you, tha
the manual arts are as accurate exponents o
ethical state, as other modes of expression; firs
with absolute precision, of that of the workman
and then with precision, disguised by many dis
torting influences, of that of the nation to which h
belongs.

And, first, they are a perfect exponent of th
mind of the workman; but, being so, remembe
if the mind be great or complex, the art is not a
easy book to read; for we must ourselves posses



JOHN RUSKIN

all the mental characters of which we are to read the signs. No man can read the evidence of labour who is not himself laborious, for he does not know what the work cost: nor can he read the evidence of true passion if he is not passionate; nor of gentleness if he is not gentle: and the most subtle signs of fault and weakness of character he can only judge by having had the same faults to fight with. I myself, for instance, know impatient work, and tired work, better than most critics, because I am myself always impatient, and often tired:—so also, the patient and indefatigable touch of a mighty master becomes more wonderful to me than to others. Yet, wonderful in no mean measure it will be to you all, when I make it manifest;—and as soon as we begin our real work, and you have learned what it is to draw a true line, I shall be able to make manifest to you,—and indisputably so,—that the day's work of a man like Mantegna or Paul Veronese consists of an unfaltering, uninterrupted succession of movements of the hand more precise than those of the finest fencer: the pencil leaving one point and arriving at another, not only with unerring precision at the extremity of the line, but with an unerring and yet varied course—sometimes over spaces a foot or more in extent—yet a course so determined everywhere that either of these men could, and Veronese often does, draw a finished profile, or any other portion of the contour of a face, with one line, not afterwards changed. Try, first, to realise to yourselves the muscular pre-

cision of that action, and the intellectual strain of it; for the movement of a fencer is perfect in practised monotony; but the movement of the hand of a great painter is at every instant governed by direct and new intention. Then imagine that muscular firmness and subtlety, and that instantaneously selective and ordinant energy of the brain, sustained all day long, not only without fatigue, but with a visible joy in the exertion, like that which an eagle seems to take in the wave of his wings; and this all life long, and through long life, not only without failure of power, but with visible increase of it, until the actually organic changes of old age. And then consider, so far as you know anything of physiology, what sort of an ethical state of body and mind that means!—ethic through ages past! what fineness of race there must be to get it, what exquisite balance and symmetry of the vital powers! And then, finally, determine for yourselves whether a manhood like that is consistent with any viciousness of soul, with any mean anxiety, any gnawing lust, any wretchedness of spite or remorse, any consciousness of rebellion against the law of God or man, or any actual, though unconscious, violation of even the least law to which obedience is essential for the glory of life, and the pleasing of its Giver.

It is, of course, true that many of the strong masters had deep faults of character, but their faults always show in their work. It is true that some could not govern their passions; if so, they died young, or they painted ill when old. But the

greater part of our misapprehension in the whole matter is from our not having well known who the great painters were, and taking delight in the petty skill that was bred in the fumes of the taverns of the North, instead of theirs who breathed empyreal air, sons of the morning, under the woods of Assisi and the crags of Cadore.

It is true however also, as I have pointed out long ago, that the strong masters fall into two great divisions, one leading simple and natural lives, the other restrained in a Puritanism of the worship of beauty.

. . . This Puritanism in the worship of beauty, though sometimes weak, is always honourable and amiable, and the exact reverse of the false Puritanism, which consists in the dread or disdain of beauty. And in order to treat my subject rightly, I ought to proceed from the skill of art to the choice of its subject and show you how the moral temper of the workman is shown by his seeking lovely forms and thoughts to express, as well as by the force of his hand in expression. But I need not now urge this part of the proof on you, because you are already, I believe, sufficiently conscious of the truth in this matter, and also I have already said enough of it in my writings; whereas I have not at all said enough of the infallibleness of fine technical work as a proof of every other good power. And indeed it was long before I myself understood the true meaning of the pride of the greatest men in their mere execution, shown, for a permanent lesson to us, in

the stories which, whether true or not, indicate with absolute accuracy the general conviction of great artists;—the stories of the contest of Apelles and Protogenes in a line only, (of which I can promise you, you shall know the meaning to some purpose in a little while),—the story of the circle of Giotto, and especially, which you may perhaps not have observed, the expression of Dürer in his inscription on the drawings sent him by Raphael. These figures, he says, "Raphael drew and sent to Albert Dürer in Nurnberg, to show him"—What? Not his invention, nor his beauty of expression, but "sein Hand zu weisen," "To show him his *hand*." And you will find, as you examine farther, that all inferior artists are continually trying to escape from the necessity of sound work, and either indulging themselves in their delights in subject, or pluming themselves on their noble motives for attempting what they cannot perform; (and observe, by the way, that a great deal of what is mistaken for conscientious motive is nothing but a very pestilent, because very subtle, condition of vanity); whereas the great men always understand at once that the first morality of a painter, as of everybody else, is to know his business; and so earnest are they in this, that many whose lives you would think, by the results of their work, had been passed in strong emotion, have in reality subdued themselves, though capable of the very strongest passions, into a calm as absolute as that of a deeply sheltered mountain lake, which reflects every agitation of the clouds

in the sky, and every change of the shadows on the hills, but is itself motionless.

Finally, you must remember that great obscurity has been brought upon the truth in this matter by the want of integrity and simplicity in our modern life. I mean integrity in the Latin sense, wholeness. Everything is broken up, and mingled in confusion both in our habits and thoughts; besides being in great part imitative: so that you not only cannot tell what a man is, but sometimes you cannot tell whether he *is*, at all! —whether you have indeed to do with a spirit, or only with an echo. And thus the work of artists of merit and their personal characters, as those which you find continually disappointing expectation in the lives of men of modern literary power;—the same conditions of society having obscured or misdirected the best qualities of the imagination, both in our literature and art. Thus there is no serious question with any of us as to the personal character of Dante and Giotto, of Shakespeare and Holbein; but we pause timidly in the attempt to analyse the moral laws of the art skill in recent poets, novelists, and painters.

Let me assure you once for all, that as you grow older, if you enable yourselves to distinguish, by the truth of your own lives, what is true in those of other men, you will gradually perceive that all good has its origin in good, never in evil; that the fact of either literature or painting being truly fine of their kind, whatever their mistaken aim, or partial error, is proof of their noble origin:

and that, if there is indeed sterling value in the thing done, it has come of a sterling worth in the soul that did it, however alloyed or defiled by conditions of sin which are sometimes more appalling or more strange than those which all may detect in their own hearts, because they are part of a personality altogether larger than ours, and as far beyond our judgment in its darkness as beyond our following in its light. And it is sufficient warning against what some might dread as the probable effect of such a conviction on your own minds, namely, what you might permit yourselves in the weaknesses which you imagined to be allied to genius, when they took the form of personal temptations;—it is surely, I say, sufficient warning against so mean a folly, to discern, as you may with little pains, that, of all human existences, the lives of men of that distorted and tainted nobility of intellect are probably the most miserable.

I pass to the second, and for us the more practically important question, What is the effect of noble art upon other men; what has it done for national morality in time past; and what effect is the extended knowledge or possession of it likely to have upon us now? And here we are at once met by the facts, which are as gloomy as indisputable, that, while many peasant populations, among whom scarcely the rudest practice of art has ever been attempted, have lived in comparative innocence, honour, and happiness, the worst foulness and cruelty of savage tribes have been frequently associated with fine ingenuities of

decorative design; also, that no people has ever attained the higher stages of art skill, except at a period of its civilisation which was sullied by frequent, violent, and even monstrous crime; and, lastly, that the attaining of perfection in art power, has been hitherto, in every nation, the accurate signal of the beginning of its ruin.

. . . I could easily go on to trace for you what, at the moment I speak, is signified, in our own national character, by the forms of art, and unhappily also by the forms of what is not art, but ἀτεχνία, that exist among us. But the more important question is, What *will* be signified by them; what is there in us now of worth and strength which, under our new and partly accidental impulse towards formative labour, may be by that expressed, and by that fortified?

Would it not be well to know this? Nay, irrespective of all future work, is it not the first thing we should want to know, what stuff we are made of —how far we are ἀγαθοὶ or κακοὶ—good, or good for nothing? We may all know that, each of ourselves, easily enough, if we like to put one grave question well home.

Supposing it were told any of you by a physician whose word you could not but trust, that you had not more than seven days to live. And suppose also that, by the manner of your education it had happened to you, as it has happened to many, never to have heard of any future state, or not to have credited what you heard; and therefore that you had to face this fact of the approach of

death in its simplicity: fearing no punishment for any sin that you might have before committed, or in the coming days might determine to commit; and having similarly no hope of reward for past, or yet possible, virtue; nor even of any consciousness whatever to be left to you, after the seventh day had ended, either of the results of your acts to those whom you loved, or of the feelings of any survivors towards you. Then the manner in which you would spend the seven days is an exact measure of the morality of your nature.

I know that some of you, and I believe the greater number of you, would, in such a case, spend the granted days entirely as you ought. Neither in numbering the errors, or deploring the pleasures of the past; nor in grasping at vile good in the present, nor vainly lamenting the darkness of the future; but in instant and earnest execution of whatever it might be possible for you to accomplish in the time, in setting your affairs in order, and in providing for the future comfort, and—so far as you might by any message or record of yourself—for the consolation of those whom you loved, and by whom you desired to be remembered, not for your good, but for theirs. How far you might fail through human weakness, in shame for the past, despair at the little that could in the remnant of life be accomplished, or the intolerable pain of broken affection, would depend wholly on the degree in which your nature had been depressed or fortified by the manner of your past life. But I think there are few of you who would

not spend those last days better than all that had preceded them.

If you look accurately through the records of the lives that have been most useful to humanity, you will find that all that has been done best, has been done so;—that to the clearest intellects and highest souls,—to the true children of the Father, with whom a thousand years are as one day, their poor seventy years are but as seven days. The removal of the shadow of death from them to an uncertain, but always narrow, distance, never takes away from them their intuition of its approach; the extending to them of a few hours more or less of light abates not their acknowledgment of the infinitude that must remain to be known beyond their knowledge,—done beyond their deeds: the unprofitableness of their momentary service is wrought in a magnificent despair, and their very honour is bequeathed by them for the joy of others, as they lie down to their rest, regarding for themselves the voice of men no more.

The best things, I repeat to you, have been done thus, and therefore, sorrowfully. But the greatest part of the good work of the world is done either in pure and unvexed instinct in duty, "I have stubbed Thornaby waste," or else, and better, it is cheerful and helpful doing of what the hand finds to do, in surety that at evening time, whatsoever is right, the Master will give. And that it be worthily done, depends wholly on that ultimate quantity of worth which you can measure, each in himself, by the test I have just

given you. For that test, observe, will mark to you the precise force, first of your absolute courage, and then of the energy in you for the right ordering of things, and the kindly dealing with persons. You have cut away from these two instincts every selfish or common motive, and left nothing but the energies of Order and of Love.

Now, where those two roots are set, all the other powers and desires find right nourishment, and become to their own utmost, helpful to others and pleasurable to ourselves. And so far as those two springs of action are not in us, all other powers become corrupt or dead; even the love of truth, apart from these, hardens into an insolent and cold avarice of knowledge, which unused, is more vain than unused gold.

These, then, are the two essential instincts of humanity: the love of Order and the love of Kindness. By the love of order the moral energy is to deal with the earth, and to dress it, and keep it; and with all rebellious and dissolute forces in lower creatures, or in ourselves. By the love of doing kindness it is to deal rightly with all surrounding life. And then, grafted on these, we are to make every other passion perfect; so that they may every one have full strength and yet be absolutely under control.

. . . And now, if . . . you remember the course of the arts of great nations, you will perceive that whatever has prospered, and become lovely, had its beginning—for no other was possible—in the love of order in material things

associated with true δικαιοσύνη, and the desire of beauty in material things, which is associated with true affection, *charitas;* and with the innumerable conditions of true gentleness expressed by the different uses of the words χάρις and *gratia.* You will find that this love of beauty is an essential part of all healthy human nature, and though it can long co-exist with states of life in many other respects unvirtuous, it is itself wholly good;—the direct adversary of envy, avarice, mean worldly care, and especially of cruelty. It entirely perishes when these are wilfully indulged; and the men in whom it has been most strong have always been compassionate, and lovers of justice, and the earliest discerners and declarers of things conducive to the happiness of mankind.

JOHN RUSKIN.

BIMBO, THE PIRATE

CHARACTERS

ROBERT
LYDIA
THE GUNNER
DEUTERONOMY BIMBO
DRISCOLL

NOTE, "Visit the old jail and see the pirate Trickey's Bible still preserved there."—*Description of York Village, Me.*

"The 'Articles' [rules for the government of George Lowther's pirate ship] were sworn to . . . on a Bible. . . . We have an Article which we are sworn to, which is, not to force any married Man to serve us. . . . No gaming for money at cards or dice was allowed under any circumstances. No women were allowed on board. . . . When a vessel was captured, if a woman was found on board, a sentinel was placed over her immediately. . . . *First*, You are to keep such good Orders among your said Briganteen's Company that Swearing, Drunkenness and Prophaness be avoided, or duly Punished; And that God be duly worshipped."—*The Pirates of the New England Coast*, by George Francis Dow and John Henry Edmonds.

"On the Sabbath Day only such tasks were permitted as had to do with working of the Ship and there was no Diversion . . . but to read books of a religious nature."—*Narrative of a Seaman Captured and Forced by Pirates.*

SCENE

The rise of the curtain discloses a stage too dark to permit the audience to be sure of more than a

single detail. This is a large brass lantern of feeble illumination; it hangs at about the middle of the stage, a little more than six feet above the floor, and is in motion, swinging slightly, as in response to a turbulence which has been made evident since a moment or two before the curtain's ascent. The turbulence is manifested by a composite sound, somewhat muffled, the trampling of feet, bellowings and angry shoutings, and a rattle of drums; and the repeated blare of fierce trumpets. Then a girl's voice is heard screaming in an anguish of fear and protest; for several moments the screams are heard above the other sounds, but end abruptly. There is a hoarse cheering; the trumpets are blown triumphantly to an accompaniment of drums; and then follows a short interval of silence; after which a door at the back of the stage is opened, a girl's voice is heard to moan and murmur as if she panted for breath; there is the thump of a human body falling upon wood; and the faint light of the lantern allows us to see an indistinct figure prostrate upon the floor beneath it.

A HOARSE VOICE. There, missus! P'raps you'll have sense enough to lay there! I never did know a prudent female make such a commotion!

[*Thus grumbling, the* HOARSE VOICE *withdraws, the door closes, and silence follows, broken presently by the girl's renewed moaning.*]

[A TROUBLED VOICE, *a man's, speaks huskily out of the darkness at the right side of the stage.*]

THE TROUBLED VOICE [*weakly*]. Who is that?

THE GIRL [*plaintively*]. Whose voice is that?

THE TROUBLED VOICE: Is that you? Lydia?

THE GIRL [*faintly*]. Robert? Is it Robert?

ROBERT [*of the troubled voice*]. Yes. They've lashed me beneath a table—or it might be a bench—and it's bolted to the deck. What of you, Lydia?

LYDIA My hands are tied behind me. My ankles are lashed together.

ROBERT Villains!

LYDIA [*faintly*]. Bloodhounds! Bloodhounds of the sea, Robert! [*He groans; she goes on:*] When they began leaping aboard us—ah, the horrid sight! —I saw you fighting among them. I tried to reach you——

ROBERT. I tried to come to you, Lydia!

LYDIA [*weeping*]. Dear heart, I saw it!

ROBERT [*faintly*]. I think my head is broke. I was struck into a swoon, Lydia, and knew naught till I found them lashing me beneath this bench. I can see a little. That lantern doesn't look like one of ours. I thought they'd brought me to our captain's cabin, but that lantern——

LYDIA [*interrupting him, faintly and with horror*]. No, no! Robert, don't you know where we are?

ROBERT. It hasn't the feel of our own ship.

LYDIA. No; we're in the other, Robert!

ROBERT [*feebly*]. We are?

LYDIA [*weeping*]. They dragged me across the rail and threw me here. This is the pirate ship, Robert.

ROBERT. Then may Providence have mercy on our souls!

LYDIA [*still weeping*]. I saw them lay hold of my father—he tried to struggle—— [*She sobs.*]

ROBERT. Struggle? What could it boot? [*He groans.*] What booted anything? From our very sighting the strange sail we were done. No breeze for us in a flat sea—and he, with his great crew at oars, overhauling us; he came upon us like a shark to the body of a dead porpoise!

LYDIA. Hark! They're quiet now on the deck above us.

ROBERT. They have the two ships lashed together, and they're on ours, taking store of the plunder.

LYDIA [*shuddering*]. Will they murder all our crew, Robert—[*with a sob*]—and my father—and —and us?

ROBERT [*solemnly*]. We are in the hands of Providence, Lydia.

LYDIA [*weeping*]. Ah, no! In the hands of horrid pirates! [*She sobs; is then quiet for a moment, and speaks in a tone of pathetic reflection.*] How sudden it came upon us, Robert!

ROBERT. Sudden? Aye, sudden as a tide wave in the Indy oceans; it'll come out of a level sea and carry away half your ship while you're taking a puff o' your pipe! Sudden's the way of the sea, Lydia.

LYDIA. Oh, I believe it! Was it only a little while ago you and I stood and watched the moon lift itself out of the water so quietly?

ROBERT. Yes, at nightfall.

LYDIA. And we were happy—and didn't know it! We thought we had trouble! We were afraid to tell my father that you and I had found love together; we were afraid of what he would say. How strange it seems now; we thought that was trouble!

ROBERT. Aye, sweetheart; it's strange.

LYDIA. When they come to us how will they murder us, Robert?

ROBERT [*groaningly*]. I don't know!

LYDIA. Will they throw us into the sea, tied as we are?

ROBERT. I can't tell!

LYDIA. Do you think they would be kind enough to murder us together—if I asked them? [*He groans, not answering.*] If I begged them, don't you think they might, Robert?

ROBERT [*in a strangled voice*]. I—I hope so.

LYDIA. Hark!

ROBERT. What do you hear?

LYDIA [*faintly*]. I think they are coming now. [*There is silence; then she whispers:*] Hark!

[*Silence again; after which a slight noise is heard; the door at the back of the stage is opened and a man appears there, carrying an iron lantern that affords a somewhat better view of the scene and of the three persons now animating it, though they and the place are still indistinct, the lights insufficient and the shadows heavy.*

The cabin walls are dark wood, hung irregularly with one or two strips of tapestry and some Oriental rugs. In each side wall are three small square windows, now covered by short red curtains; the ceiling, of brown wood, is low. Against the walls are several rough sea chests; there is a brass brazier with a grilled cover near the center of the cabin; and against the rear wall there is a tall cupboard, closed. A rough and heavy wooden table, six feet long, is upon the right of the stage and is set parallel with the side walls. Upon it are some articles of antique pattern: a large copper bowl, a painted wooden box with a padlock, some pewter mugs, a large ledger, and a jar of long clay pipes.

Beneath the table ROBERT *is seen stretched upon the floor. His wrists are lashed to the rearward legs of the table and his ankles to the others. He is an athletic young man, about twenty-seven, and is dressed with a little more elegance than one might expect to see upon the mate of a merchant ship in the year 1725, though at present his attire and long curled hair are naturally much disarranged. One of the sleeves of his coat is almost torn away; his neckwear, of linen, bordered with lace, is in tatters; and his forehead shows a cut from a sharp edge.*

LYDIA, *a beautiful maiden of eighteen or nineteen, is also a little too elegant for a rough sea voyage; and although her fineries are naturally rumpled by mishandling, she would otherwise receive favorable mention from the critics of St. James's, for, like* ROBERT, *she has been dressing to a lover's eye.*

She now lies upon her side beneath the central lantern, her ankles tied, her wrists roped behind her, and her long, luxuriant curls disordered.
The man who has just entered by the only door that leads into the cabin—upon the left at the back—is the pirate ship's GUNNER. *He is big in person, brawny, and brown-skinned. His long, coarse black hair hangs about his face; a white cloth, stained with red, is bound round his head, covering one eye; and his cheeks and chin are blurred by two or three days' growth of beard. He wears a gay but soiled kerchief at his throat, a green coat heavily ornamented with gold lace, loose yellow breeches almost to the ankles, and is barefooted. At his waist hangs a heavy cutlass.*]

THE GUNNER [*as he enters*]. We'll just have a better look at ye! We think belike you're worth lookin' at, too! [*He laugh chucklingly, moving to the right.*]

LYDIA [*crying out and turning so that her face is away from him*]. No! You shall not look at me!

THE GUNNER [*halting, surprised*]. Eh? I didn't mean you, missus. I mean this fine lad on his back here. [*He goes to* ROBERT, *holds the lantern near him and stares at him.*] Aye! A fine, lusty young man! I thought so. You give me a bit of a tousle, lad. It was you put this cut over my eye.

ROBERT. I'd put another over the other one if I——

THE GUNNER [*laughing harshly*]. Aye; I'd trust ye for that. I did a little to your own head.

[*He stoops and feels the top of* ROBERT'S *head as he speaks.*] I give ye a knob there to handle ye by. [*He laughs and gives a pat of his heavy hand to the injury.*]

ROBERT [*wincing*]. Don't!

THE GUNNER [*repeating the pat*]. I put a fine knob on ye.

ROBERT [*in pain*]. Cut my throat and be done with it if that's what you came for.

THE GUNNER [*straightening up*] The captain's comin' to talk to ye.

LYDIA. Our captain?

THE GUNNER [*laughing*]. I guess he's your captain now, missus. His honor, Captain Bimbo.

LYDIA. The pirate captain?

THE GUNNER. Aye, missus—his honor, Captain Deuteronomy Bimbo, Esquire, commodore of all the high seas of the world and president of our company of one hunder' and seventy-one free gen'lemen rovers and brave seamen!

ROBERT [*groaning*]. Bimbo? Is it the pirate Bimbo that's taken us?

THE GUNNER [*astonished*]. Why, if you're the seafarin' body ye look to be I should think ye'd know it. Who but Bimbo and his company could have took a ship as neat as we took yours? Bimbo? I should say it is Bimbo!

ROBERT [*despairingly*]. Bimbo!

LYDIA. Is he worse than other pirates, Robert?

ROBERT. We're under the tiger's claw, Lydia.

THE GUNNER [*contemptuously*]. You talk like an ignorant man. [*Going to the windows at the*

right, he begins to set back the curtains, letting in a rosy light.] Sunrise is on the way; I'll just give ye some light to see the "tiger" by, lad! [*He crosses and opens the other curtains, talking as he does so.*] And look that ye speak him respectful. It's not every common mate of a merchant vessel he honors with his converse. Tiger, ye might find him, if ye scratch him.

LYDIA [*faltering*]. Have they—have they murdered—my father—yet?

THE GUNNER. Which would he be now? Is it a fat old Lunnon merchantlike man in a brindle wig and gold buckles to his shoon?

LYDIA. Yes. Have they——

THE GUNNER [*dryly*]. No. He's not murdered yet.

LYDIA. Will they let me speak to him before they——

THE GUNNER. Ask Captain Bimbo, missus. [*There is a flourish of trumpets outside.*] That'll be him now.

LYDIA [*shuddering*]. Ah!

ROBERT [*groaning*]. Bimbo!

[*Drums beat and the trumpets sound again; then the notorious sea rover and pirate captain,* DEUTERONOMY BIMBO, *strides into the cabin and comes to an abrupt halt, staring from one to the other of his prostrate captives.*

He is a straight-standing, lean, active man of thirty-five, so deeply tanned that his swarthiness might make him seem almost a mulatto; and yet,

with his long, black, carefully curled hair framing his face, he is neither an ugly man nor, in spite of the sharp severity of his expression, is he of an aspect obviously sinister. He is scrupulously dressed; has fine lace at his throat; wears a brocaded black-and-crimson coat, black silk waistcoat and black silk breeches and stockings, with silver buckles to his shoes. There is a dark crimson sash about his waist, with a bandolier of the same color passing over his left shoulder; and attached by crimson silk ribbons to the sash and bandolier are eight pistols. He carries no sword or cutlass, but has a great plumed hat in his hand.]

BIMBO [*to the* GUNNER, *sharply, with a brief gesture toward* ROBERT]. Make the gentleman easy. [*He goes on decisively to the table, tosses his hat upon it and picks up the ledger.*]

THE GUNNER. Aye, your honor. [*He proceeds at once to release* ROBERT *from his lashings.*] A fine, strong, active seaman he is, too.

BIMBO [*growlingly*]. D'ye think I've no eyes? [*He is intent upon the ledger, which he has opened.*]

THE GUNNER [*continuing his task*]. I put a knob on his head for a handle to him if we need one. [*Chuckling, he pats* ROBERT'S *head again.* ROBERT *winces, groaning.*]

BIMBO. Ha' done! [*He seats himself at the table, studying the ledger.*]

THE GUNNER [*completing his task*]. There, lad! His honor gives ye lief to stretch out the kinks in ye.

ROBERT [*rising quickly, though painfully*]. Lydia! [*He rushes to her, bending over to unfasten her wrists.*]

THE GUNNER [*following threateningly*]. Here! His honor didn't say you could——

BIMBO [*interrupting sharply, without looking up from the ledger, in which he has begun to write with a quill pen*]. Stand where you are. Let him alone.

[*The* GUNNER *instantly obeys.*]

ROBERT [*untying* LYDIA]. Lydia, poor child! Lydia!

LYDIA [*whimpering*]. Poor Robert! [*As she rises he instantly puts her behind him and stands upon the defensive, facing the* GUNNER *and* BIMBO.]

ROBERT [*with a gleam in his eye*]. We're not done yet, Lydia. [*He grips the back of a heavy wooden chair.*]

THE GUNNER [*threateningly*]. What's in your mind to do with that chair?

ROBERT [*ominously*]. I think I could kill one man with it—two, I hope.

BIMBO [*not looking up*]. Don't lift that chair

ROBERT [*fiercely*]. Won't I? [*He moves suddenly to swing the chair up as a weapon, but, although he struggles with it, cannot move it. He groans, and the* GUNNER *laughs loudly.*]

THE GUNNER [*laughing*]. It's only bolted to the deck! Heave her up, cully!

BIMBO [*still preoccupied with his writing*]. We keep the seas longer than you of the merchant ships, mate. We can't let much lie about loose.

Don't brain us with the chair; sit in it. [*He glances across at them authoritatively.*] You in that one, madam. [*He points to another chair near* ROBERT'S. *They stare at him; he stares back, and after a moment they obey him.* BIMBO *looks at* ROBERT.] I suppose you're in a puzzle what we'll do with you, mate.

ROBERT. I've faced death before this.

BIMBO [*throwing down his pen impatiently*]. You expect to have your throat cut, do you?

ROBERT [*swallowing*]. When you give the word for it. What else?

BIMBO [*to the* GUNNER, *angrily*]. You hear him?

THE GUNNER [*gloomily*]. Aye! It's the way of our calling!

BIMBO [*disgustedly*]. It's sickening! [*He gets up and paces the floor angrily for a moment or two, then turns sharply to* ROBERT.] You think that's all we want of a man like you—a man that fought a hundred of us when not another of your whole ship's company lifted a cutlass! You think all we want of you is to slit your guzzlet, do you? Aye! You do! From the look of your fool face I see it. Sickening!

ROBERT [*huskily*]. Then what do you want? To hang me instead of cutting my throat?

BIMBO. Faugh! [*He turns back to the table and throws himself in his chair. The two captives watch him, terrorized, and as at some resentful thought he strikes the table with his clenched fist,* LYDIA *utters a little cry. He stares at her fiercely.*] What, mistress?

LYDIA. Nothing. [*Shivers.*]

BIMBO [*gruffly to the* GUNNER.] Send us Brimstone with fire.

LYDIA [*crying out at this faintly*]. Ah!

[*The Gunner goes out promptly.*]

BIMBO. What?

LYDIA [*weakly*]. Brimstone and fire! For—what?

BIMBO. For you.

ROBERT. For her?

BIMBO. Who else? D'ye think I want 'em for me? For you, mistress! [*He begins to apply himself to the ledger.*]

LYDIA [*appealingly*]. Robert! [*She rises, and so does* ROBERT.]

ROBERT [*hoarsely*]. Lydia! [*She clings to him.*]

BIMBO [*standing up angrily*]. Stand away from that woman!

LYDIA. Robert——

BIMBO [*roaring*]. Stand away from her! [*He overawes them, and slowly their arms fall from each other. Staring miserably at him all the while, they resume their seats.*]

BIMBO [*grunting*]. That's better! [*He returns to his seat and the ledger.*]

[*The door opens and* LYDIA *and* ROBERT *turn apprehensively as another pirate enters. He is dressed much as is the* GUNNER, *but is gaunt and of an extreme and unnatural pallor, his eyes glistening dishearteningly from dark hollows. He carries a pan of smoking hot embers.*]

LYDIA [*horrified*]. Robert! [ROBERT *half rises.*]

BIMBO [*fiercely*]. Sit where you are! [ROBERT *sinks into his seat.* BIMBO *explains.*] It's Brimstone and hot coals that I sent for.

LYDIA [*appealing to the man with the coals*]. Don't hurt me! Don't hurt me! Don't——

BIMBO. He's deaf and dumb, mistress.

LYDIA [*choking*]. Oh!

[*The deaf-and-dumb man makes an unpleasant vocal sound, looking at* BIMBO, *who points to the brazier. The man dumps his coals in the brazier and stands beside it. The brazier glows.* LYDIA *and* ROBERT *stare at it in anguish. The deaf-and-dumb man looks at* BIMBO *inquiringly, and the latter waves his hand. The deaf-and-dumb man retires to a position near the door.* LYDIA, *panting, sinks down in her chair.*]

ROBERT [*hoarsely*]. I have my hands free. They shan't touch you, sweetheart!

BIMBO [*angrily*]. Stop that!

ROBERT. I will speak to her!

BIMBO [*sharply*]. Speak to her? Yes. But don't you call her sweetheart.

ROBERT [*defiantly, yet with a tender accent*]. She is my sweetheart.

BIMBO. That may be; but don't you call her so to-day, or I'll have 'em truss you down again. [*He again applies himself to his ledger.* LYDIA *again looks at the brazier, shudders, and begins to weep spasmodically.*]

LYDIA [*brokenly*]. Was it only a little while

ago—when the moon rose—and you and I were happy, Robert?

ROBERT. I think—I think life is just a moon path on the sea. It looks all shining white and beautiful—but of a sudden a shark's fin glides across it. We were swimmers in that moon path, sweet——

BIMBO [*interrupting fiercely*]. Don't you call her sweetheart!

ROBERT [*defiantly*]. Now, look ye, I won't be told——

BIMBO. You were going to! You would have if I hadn't stopped you! Now I've warned you twice, and you take care! [*He claps his hands and the* GUNNER *appears in the doorway.*] Fetch me in that old merchantlike critter with the fat paunch.

[*The* GUNNER *withdraws.*]

LYDIA. You want my father to see it, too, when you—— [*She looks at the glowing brazier and shudders.*]

BIMBO [*crisply*]. The fat old merchantlike body is your father, is he?

LYDIA [*weeping*]. Yes—my father.

BIMBO [*thoughtfully*]. And you and he the only passengers aboard. [*To* ROBERT] The old man says he owns shares in your ship and cargo.

ROBERT [*sullenly*]. Yes, and in other ships and cargoes. 'Tis Mr. Driscoll, the great Liverpool merchant, and I warn you if harm comes to him,

or to his daughter here, the whole British Navy will——

BIMBO [*snarling*]. The "whole British Navy!" The whole British Navy is hot after me now, mate, and has been these two years. This ship you're sitting in I took from the whole British Navy! Do you know what port I sailed out of when I first took on the honorable calling of a gentleman sea rover?

ROBERT [*sullenly*]. No, I don't.

BIMBO. Marblehead. I'm a Marblehead sailorman, born in Salem. You send the British Navy after me, mate, and old Doytcher King Geordie in it, and I'll have his crown off his head and sell it for ten shillin' in Boston market the Monday after!

ROBERT. 'Tis no surprise to me that a pirate speaks treason to his king.

BIMBO. My king? I know but one king.

ROBERT. Aye! That's Satan!

BIMBO. Satan? Now, hark ye, mate! I'll not have Satan mentioned lightly aboard my ship. I'll have no blasphemy here.

[*He claps his hands, and a member of the pirate crew enters quickly in response. This is a burly man of dismaying aspect; his hair is like the mop of an Australian bushman; he wears a shirt of gaudy calico, dirty red cotton pantaloons, loose and long, fringed with gold above his bare ankles, and he is so swarthy that he might be thought a Negro.*

His face is a map of ancient scars; he wears a long black beard, forked and done into two braids tied with orange ribbon, and in his sash are two long-handled tomahawks.

BIMBO *makes a gesture to the cupboard; the man with the braided beard at once fetches from there a decanter and a silver goblet upon a tray. He places these before* BIMBO *and then joins the deaf-and-dumb man, where both glare fixedly at* ROBERT *and* LYDIA, *who have intently watched the fetching of the liquor.*]

BIMBO [*pouring from the decanter, speaks sternly*]. Now, mark me. I don't take this dram for pleasure. [*He drinks; then looks at them severely.*] Do you suspect me of it?

ROBERT [*coldly*]. No. You drink to get you in the mood for horrid deeds.

BIMBO [*angrily*]. I drink because I'm cold inside. Where is that fellow?

THE GUNNER [*outside*]. Coming, your honor; I'm here, sir.

[*He enters, bringing by the arm an elderly and portly man dressed in good gray cloth, with fine lace and gold buttons and buckles. His grizzled wig is well curled round a large face, rosy with agitation. At sight of him* LYDIA *springs to her feet.*]

LYDIA. Father! [*She runs to him and throws her arms about him.*] Oh, poor Father! [*She clings to him, sobbing.*]

BIMBO [*impatiently*]. Enough o' that, now! Ha' done!

DRISCOLL [*glaring at him over* LYDIA'S *shoulder*]. Wretch! Horrid and bloody wretch!

[*The* GUNNER *and the pirate with the braided beard growl fiercely and start toward him.*]

BIMBO [*checking them*]. Let be! Put her in her chair. [*They swing her away from her father.*]

ROBERT [*springing up as they lay hands upon her*]. Let her alone! I'll—— [*He stops, finding the deuf-and-dumb man close beside him, grinning, and with a bare cutlass in his hand. The other two pirates put* LYDIA *into her chair, where she continues to sob.*]

BIMBO [*resuming his seat at the table, glances at his ledger, then addresses* DRISCOLL]. How many barrels of molasses have you got in that ship o' yours?

DRISCOLL. Wretch!

[*The* GUNNER *and the man with the braided beard again growl menacingly.*]

BIMBO [*again checks them*]. Let be, I say! [*To* DRISCOLL:] How many barrels of rum? Fourteen dozen o' rum, isn't it?

DRISCOLL [*fiercely*]. You bloody-minded villain! I'm as well known on 'Change in London as the Duke o' Marlb'ro is at Blenheim! You'll see Execution Dock for this; I swear it!

BIMBO [*warningly*]. You have a care when and where you speak of swearing. [*Looking at the*

ledger.] I make it sixteen score molasses, fourteen dozen rum, seventeen hogshead Jamaica cured tobacco, thirteen hundred sixty bushel of grain or thereabouts, mildewed and part useless; the tobacco of poor quality and the molasses dirty. [*He closes the ledger disgustedly.*] There's a fine cargo for you! I hazard there's not seventy pounds value that's worth our keeping. And yet landsmen say we have an easy profession and envy us.

THE GUNNER. Aye; they think all we have to do is to overhaul a ship and carry away big chests o' gold and jewels.

BIMBO. Jewels! [*Laughs hollowly.*] We hain't a jewel this twelvemonth. [*Angrily to* DRISCOLL:] Do you know what we've got from the last seven ships we've taken? Fish! Salt fish! And if there's one thing we don't need it's fish.

THE GUNNER [*violently*]. I hate fish!

BIMBO. It's enough to make a man give up his calling! [*He throws himself into a chair.*] Why, if I could ha' known beforehand how many cargoes would prove just salt fish and spoilt grain, do you think I'd ever gone for this way of business?

THE GUNNER [*vehemently*]. No! And neither would any young man that could find another opening for himself.

BIMBO. If a youth came to me now for guidance, asking my advice whether or no to take up this calling, I'd bid him think it over, I would. In the first place: How many have the right gift for it? In the second, not one in a thousand has the patience; and in the third, not one in ten

thousand has the gimp to persevere over the discouragements. The youth, all confidence and ignorance, thinks he has only to get him some brisk companions and take rich treasure ships——

THE GUNNER [*with a gloomy laugh*]. Aye, so I thought when I was new at it.

BIMBO. Fish! Seven cargoes o' salt fish! Seven! And now, when we've been struggling on and wearing ourselves out to improve our conditions and lay by a little something except salt fish for our old age, all we get to reward us is spoilt grain, bad rum, tobacco not fit to smoke, and molasses full of dead bugs!

THE GUNNER [*hotly*]. Yes; and if I had my way, somebody'd suffer for 't!

[*He makes a menacing gesture toward the three captives, who are grouped together upon the right.* ROBERT *sitting despondently, his elbows on his hands;* LYDIA *drooping unhappily in her chair; and* DRISCOLL *standing in an attitude of sturdy defiance. But at this sinister speech of the* GUNNER, *and his equally ominous gesture,* LYDIA *cries out faintly and begins to weep again.*]

DRISCOLL [*sternly*]. Quiet, Lydia. Let these villains not believe they fright us!

LYDIA [*plaintively*]. Let them not believe they fright us? Don't you see what they intend, Father? [*She glances at the brazier, shuddering.*]

DRISCOLL. Be quiet.

LYDIA. Look yonder! [*Rising, she points to the brazier.*] Look yonder! That is for me.

[DRISCOLL *looks at the brazier incredulously.*] Don't you understand? That is for me! He said it was for me!

BIMBO [*roughly*]. Well, what of it? What if it is for you?

DRISCOLL [*agitated and becoming violent*]. Wretch! Would you dare? [*He is roughly grasped and restrained by the* GUNNER.]

LYDIA [*becomes hysterical*]. They mean to burn me. I can't bear it! Oh, Robert, help me! Father! Father!

ROBERT [*leaping to her, taking her in his arms*]. They shan't touch you, Lydia! Sweetheart!

BIMBO [*roaring*]. Drag him away from her! Stop that!

[*The deaf-and-dumb man and the pirate with the braided beard spring upon* ROBERT *and* LYDIA, *dragging them apart and holding them fast.*]

LYDIA [*stretching out her arms despairingly to* ROBERT *as she is dragged from him*]. Robert, beloved——

ROBERT [*struggling to reach her*]. My love! My love forever——

DRISCOLL [*astonished and angry*]. What! What do you call each other?

BIMBO [*indignantly*]. I should think you would ask that! They have no decency at all.

LYDIA [*faintly, as the pirate with the braided beard forces her again into her chair*]. Save me, Robert! I love you!

DRISCOLL [*angrily*]. What do you?

BOOTH TARKINGTON

LYDIA. I love him! They mean to burn me!

ROBERT [*struggling to reach her, though the deaf-and-dumb man holds him fast*]. They shall not! I say they shall not!

DRISCOLL [*fiercely, at the same time*]. You shan't love him! [*He struggles with the* GUNNER *and shouts:*] You shan't! You shan't!

LYDIA [*writhing in her chair and screaming*]. Save me! Save me!

BIMBO [*roaring and stamping his foot*]. Silence!

[*The three pirates clap their right hands over the mouths of the three vociferating captives, and the latter, after trying to make themselves heard in spite of this encumbrance, relapse into a despairing acceptance of the situation.*]

BIMBO [*exasperated*]. What's all the pother? What's the matter with you, mistress? Who talks of burning you?

LYDIA [*behind the hand of her captor, indistinctly*]. You did!

BIMBO. I said: Who talks of burning you? Let her speak.

[*The man with the braided beard removes his hand from her mouth.*]

LYDIA. You did!

BIMBO. Did what?

LYDIA [*pointing to the brazier fearfully*]. You said—that—was for me!

BIMBO. Because you shivered. It was because I thought you were cold.

LYDIA. You said, "Send brimstone with fire!"

BIMBO [*frowning; pointing to the deaf-and-dumb man*]. His name's Brimstone. He's Salem born, too—Brimstone Smith.

LYDIA [*incredulous*]. It wasn't to burn me?

BIMBO [*annoyed*]. It was to get you better comfort.

LYDIA [*relieved, but not greatly*]. Oh! Am I just to—[*shuddering*]—to be thrown into the sea?

BIMBO [*angrily*]. What! [*He turns back to the table as if to control himself; is silent a moment; then addresses his subordinates with an air of helpless indignation.*] There it is! That's the reputation such people as Low and Lowther and Teach get for our calling! Now you see what comes of drinking on duty! Men like that misbehave, and the reputation of a whole business suffers for it! I told Lowther the last time I saw him; I said: "I hear your crew was in liquor when they took a Portagee vessel and went and did harm to some o' they poor Portagees," I said. "Oh, well," he says, "what of it? They was only Portagees," he says. "What of it?" I asks him. "Why, there's this of it," I says. "You and such as you and your crew," I says, "you'll get a bad name to all of us!" I says. He didn't like it, but I thought best to speak out to his face. And you see I spoke true.

THE GUNNER [*gloomily*]. So ye did! That's it; let one or two bad uns get into any business, soon you'll hear everybody saying the whole business is bad!

BIMBO [*crossly to* LYDIA]. Why, if we did you harm, don't you know it would only set people against us when they come to hear of it? Why don't you use your mind a little?

LYDIA [*vaguely and feebly*]. My mind?

BIMBO. Don't you know that men in our way of business have got to keep the public confidence? We have to depend on trading off our goods, don't we? Do you suppose if we lost the confidence of the coast folk we could hope to prosper? [*Shaking his head to the* GUNNER:] I declare, it's sickening, the little that people of one walk in life know of those in another walk in life!

THE GUNNER. Yes, 'tis. Sickening! [*Here he addresses* DRISCOLL, *in a tone of annoyance as* DRISCOLL *has begun to renew his struggle with him.*] Stand quiet, you! What's the matter now?

[DRISCOLL *replies with fury; but as his mouth is still obstructed by the* GUNNER'S *powerful swarthy and soiled hand, proper enunciation is impossible and no more than indignant but formless sounds are heard.*]

BIMBO [*sharply*]. Let him be understood. [*The* GUNNER *removes his hand.*]

DRISCOLL [*instantly breaking out in great fury*]. The British Crown itself shall hear of this! He's been working with tar, and claps his vile hand under my nose! The smell of tar always makes me sick. Wretch!

THE GUNNER. Stop your abuse o' my hand!

DRISCOLL. You lay that dirty hand to my face again, and, blast your vitals, I'll——

BIMBO [*vehemently*]. Shame! Close him up again! [*The* GUNNER *again puts his hand over* DRISCOLL'S *mouth and holds it there, despite the prisoner's struggles.* BIMBO *approaches them and addresses* DRISCOLL *severely.*] Don't you know what day it is? Shame on you!

LYDIA [*amazed and confused*]. What is it? What day——

BIMBO [*severely*]. I hope that at least you, madam, are aware that this is the Sabbath.

LYDIA [*vacantly*]. Sunday? It's Sunday?

BIMBO [*sternly*]. It is. [*To* DRISCOLL:] We allow no profanity in this vessel on the Sabbath Day. According to our interpretation, "Blast your vitals" is profanity. Old man, if you can't speak without profanity—and on the Seventh Day, too—we won't let you speak at all. Shame on you!

[DRISCOLL *struggles and mumbles under the* GUNNER'S *hand.*]

LYDIA [*aghast*]. But you're pirates! What difference does it make to a pi——

BIMBO [*annoyed, interrupting quickly*]. Pray use another term. We are a commonwealth of free seamen.

LYDIA [*breathlessly going on*]. But what have you to do with Sunday?

BIMBO. There it is!

[*The* GUNNER *groans, shaking his head, and* BIMBO *sinks despondently into a chair.*]

LYDIA. But what could pi——

BIMBO [*quickly*]. Be silent, mistress! You but show your ignorance and rub salt in a galled wound. [*He clasps his forehead, suffering; then rises, returns to his table, and speaks resignedly.*] 'Tis the way o' the universe, so why should we complain? In all the world no man has full understanding of any other—nor has any woman —[*with a resentful side glance at* LYDIA]—of anything, I think. Hark ye, mistress; you're young and may learn a little. What is the common error of mankind?

LYDIA. Why, sin.

BIMBO. I said error. The common error is to misjudge all who walk not in our own way, and to call them sinners. Then, having called them sinners, we think they sin every sin. That is the common error; and now, as it is the Seventh Day and meet for confession, I humbly confess to be an erring creature, not above this error myself. To make the matter plain to you, take the calling of a play actor. Now, that is a calling abhorrent to me from my earliest training. I look upon it as wholly sinful and wanton and of the way to everlasting fires. Therefore, unless I give heed to second thoughts, I would believe any play actor guilty of all sins—a man that would beat his wife and murder little children, perhaps even upon the Sabbath Day. Yet, if the truth were known,

it might be found that just because a man is a play actor he would not of his nature's necessity and habit do these things. Nevertheless, my first thought would be that he would—because he is a play actor. Fall not into the like misjudgments, mistress. Know that our ship's company live under rigid law and rule. Else we could not hope to prosper. What think you may be our company's recreations on this day?

LYDIA [*bitterly*]. I suppose they will take to gaming and to carousing on my father's rum.

[*The* GUNNER *and the man with the braided beard utter short, grim laughter.*]

BIMBO [*sternly*]. When I took my dram o' brandy I told you it was for no pleasure I had of it. No man of our company may have his dram o' Sundays except one, and that for being cold inside him, nor may any perform any labor except to the ship's pressing need. For recreation—none is permitted except the reading of some religious book.

LYDIA [*incredulously*]. What!

BIMBO [*going on, explaining to her with gloomy patience*]. As for gaming, neither dice nor cards shall ever be seen on any ship of mine, I promise you. We permit no gaming any day at all, much less upon the Seventh. So much for that, madam!

LYDIA [*bitterly*]. I see. Your only recreation is to torture your captives!

BIMBO [*shaking his head despondently*]. So! [*He exchanges a pained, satiric smile with the*

GUNNER.] That's all they know of us, is it? [*He turns again to* LYDIA.] Young madam, again you speak out of your ignorance. You and your father and the young man here have given us much provocation. Have you heard one word of profanity from us? Have you even heard a threatening expression?

LYDIA [*pointing at the* GUNNER]. He said we should be made to suffer for the badness of our cargo.

BIMBO [*severely*]. He meant a fine or toll should be levied against your father; but that would mean our holding him here and having his daily association with us on our ship until the fine or ransom could be sent from Jamaica. I would vote against it, because from what we have seen of him I would rather go without the money.

LYDIA. So you strip us of what goods we have——

BIMBO [*sharply*]. Only such as we shall not be ashamed to sell to honest folk. We shall not touch your father's molasses. If he was a poor man and what we levied from him deeply injurious to his business, we should take up a gathering, or collection, for him.

LYDIA. You mock us!

BIMBO [*to the* GUNNER, *gloomily*]. If no one will give you credit for it, what is the good of a good action?

THE GUNNER [*gloomily*]. Aye! What's the use?

BIMBO [*to* LYDIA]. Now, look ye: In all our ven-

tures from first to last, never once have we took our toll of poor seafaring bodies that we did not pass the hat for 'em, and every man of our crew from captain to cook's helper put in something to make life brighter and give our captives hope when we sent 'em on their way to begin their business over again. If your father had been a poor man—and of better morals—and if what we levy of his cargo sorely crippled his hope to make a living we'd do as much for him. As it is, it's not to be looked for.

LYDIA [*anxiously*]. But will you let us go?

BIMBO. Why, if what a merchant captain and his crew must expect from us is to be stripped of all and mishandled, we'd have a fine business of it! They'd strain twice as hard to outsail us, and fight to death afore we could board 'em. There's ruffians in every business that make it harder for the good, practical men to make it pay; but you shouldn't judge us by the exceptions just because the exceptions get more talked about.

LYDIA [*eagerly and hopefully*]. Then you'll put us back aboard our own ship and let us go?

BIMBO. I didn't say that.

LYDIA [*crestfallen*]. Oh!

BIMBO. Your father, yes. I wouldn't keep a Sunday-swearing man among my crew at no price! One rotten apple in a barrel will contaminate the whole.

LYDIA [*anxiously*]. And Robert and me——

BIMBO. You scratched and fought or you'd not ha' been touched. Now that you've learned

what becomes a respectable-mannered female, you're not only free to go, but you must go. By the strictest law of our commonwealth, women are not permitted aboard except when the ship might be in a port, and then only on Saturday afternoons and only such as may be wife to one of the crew and accompanied by her mother.

LYDIA [*anxiously*]. And Robert?

BIMBO [*looking* ROBERT *over*]. This is a different matter. He's a fine, active-bodied seaman and knows the art of navigating. But more: he has familiar knowledge of all the upper coast of South America—I had it from the master of your ship—and we design to cruise upon those coasts. He's needful to our company.

LYDIA [*piteously*]. You mean to take him with you?

BIMBO [*sharply*]. He must sign our articles and become one of our commonwealth.

LYDIA [*crying out*]. No! No! No!

BIMBO. Why, his case is none so bad. We'll learn him our business, and if he's diligent he'll rise in it. Who can tell? If we get better cargoes, away from this discouraging fish and molasses belt of trade, he may come to you in England, retired and prosperous and ready to marry you—and all belike within seven or eight years from now!

LYDIA [*wailing*]. Seven or eight years! Seven or eight! Eight years! Eight——

BIMBO [*uncomfortably*]. Ha' done with your caterwauling, young female; we must have him.

There's not one of us can pilot those coasts, and 'twould endanger us to let him go.

LYDIA [*throwing herself on her knees before him*]. Oh, pray don't separate us!

BIMBO. Don't beg me! This is a commonwealth, governed by law, and the law would depose me if I jeopardized the common safety by turning loose this pilot. He must sign with us. Let him speak.

[*The deaf-and-dumb man releases* ROBERT, *who rushes to* LYDIA *and helps her to her feet.*]

ROBERT [*his arms about her*]. Don't kneel to this ruffian for me, sweetheart.

BIMBO [*angrily*]. I told you not to call her sweetheart. You do it for pleasure, and our law forbids it on the Seventh Day. Stand away from her! Take your arm from her! You do that for pleasure too.

ROBERT [*hotly*]. I do it to protect her.

BIMBO. You don't. It's for pleasure, and we won't have it. Stand away from her, I say. [ROBERT *sullenly obeys.*] Now we'll fetch you to the articles of our company, and you'll sign 'em.

ROBERT. Sign 'em? I'll die first, ten thousand times!

BIMBO [*hotly*]. You'll sign 'em. We'll hold you and guide your hand. [*He takes a large and soiled parchment from the table drawer and places it upon the top of the table.*]

LYDIA [*wailing*]. You'll make him a pirate? Oh, death were better for us both!

BIMBO. Fetch him here.

[*The deaf-and-dumb man and the man with the braided beard push* ROBERT *to the table and into a chair there, where* BIMBO *forces a quill pen into his hand.*]

ROBERT [*as this is done*]. They shall not make me! Let me go, you black villains! I defy you!

BIMBO [*forcibly guiding his hand on the parchment*]. There! You're writing it, my lad. "Robert." That's done. It's a bad hand, but legible. What's your last name?

ROBERT [*panting*]. You'll never know.

BIMBO [*grimly*]. Never mind. Robert is enough. Your hand's been to our parchment, and you're one of us by law.

LYDIA [*crying out*]. Oh! Ha' mercy!

BIMBO. Hold him here while I get the old man and his daughter back to their own vessel. [*Moving toward the door.*] Come, mistress.

LYDIA [*rushing to her father*]. Father, you can save him. You can pay ransom for him. You can promise to send them coin from England. Father!

BIMBO [*to the* GUNNER]. Bring them with me!

LYDIA [*despairingly*]. Father, tell them you'll pay them. Father——

ROBERT [*appealing*]. Mr. Driscoll, if you will, I'll pay you back. I'll save till——

DRISCOLL [*furiously as the* GUNNER *removes his hand from his mouth to lead him toward the door*]. You villain! [*This is to* ROBERT.] You think

she's for the likes of you, do you? You knew I meant to wed her to her cousin Jock in Liverpool, and you made love to her on the sly. Don't look for help from me. You've got your deserts, and I'm glad of it. You'll hang when they catch you, because you're signed and made into a bloody pirate. Why, blast you——

BIMBO [*peremptorily*]. He's profane again. Stop him!

[*The* GUNNER *again claps his hand over* DRISCOLL'S *mouth.*]

DRISCOLL [*struggling*]. You're a bloody—bluggy——[*The* GUNNER *shuts him off.*]

BIMBO. That's another oath. You use that word as profanity. Shame! Lock him in his cabin on his own ship and let him swear there; we can't have it on ours. Come, madam.

LYDIA. No!

ROBERT [*held by the two pirates*]. Lydia! I shall find a way to throw myself into the sea. [*Brokenly:*] Think of me—sometimes!

LYDIA [*sobbing*]. Father, you sha'n't abandon him. You don't know—you don't know—you don't know——

BIMBO [*sharply*]. He doesn't know what?

LYDIA. It is his own son he abandons.

BIMBO [*frowning*]. His son?

LYDIA. His son-in-law. We were married the night before we sailed from Jamaica!

[DRISCOLL *struggles fiercely and utters sounds.*]

BIMBO [*staring at* LYDIA]. Oh—oh, pshaw!

[*He utters this with the vehemence of acute disappointment and throws himself in a chair, completely disheartened.*]

THE GUNNER [*peevishly*]. Well, if that isn't news to make a man sick! Just when we thought we had a fellow could pilot us on the richest coast in—well, it is—it's a nuisance! [*To the struggling* DRISCOLL:] Come along, you!

DRISCOLL. I won't. [*Escaping for an instant, he makes at* ROBERT.] Now, blast your vitals, I'll——

THE GUNNER [*again securing the captive and silencing him*]. Stop it!

DRISCOLL. Bla——

THE GUNNER. Shame on you! It's worse, him being your son-in-law and almost your own flesh and blood. Shame!

DRISCOLL [*indistinctly*]. He's a bloody pirate! He's a bl——

BIMBO [*rising, gloomily*]. No. No, he isn't—not unless the lady consents. [*He turns to* LYDIA *appealingly.*] Now, if he joins us, he might make a very good living and maybe a snug fortune before middle age. [*Hopefully:*] Wouldn't you consent to it?

LYDIA [*shuddering*]. Never!

BIMBO [*sighing heavily*]. That's the end of it, then. [*At the table.*] He'll have to be crossed off. [*He draws a line through the scrawled signature,* ROBERT, *and turns to* LYDIA.] Our laws strictly forbid us to force a married man unless we obtain his wife's consent. Let him go. [*He turns aside in disappointment.*]

ROBERT [*springing to* LYDIA *joyously*]. Lydia!

LYDIA [*rapturously*]. Robert!

BIMBO [*turning upon them sharply*]. No sweethearting, now. Stand away from her. [ROBERT *and* LYDIA, *checked, stand looking at each other gloomily.*]

ROBERT. Can't I even kiss her?

BIMBO [*horrified*]. Kiss your wife—on Sunday! [*Sternly:*] Where was you brought up?

LYDIA [*tenderly*]. But you can take comfort from this: you know I want to kiss you, Robert.

BIMBO [*crossly*]. Well, belike he can wait till Monday. To-morrow we'll have what's decent of your cargo aboard us, and you'll be under way for England again. [*To the other pirates:*] Take 'em all three to their own ship.

[*The* GUNNER *shoves* DRISCOLL *toward the deaf-and-dumb man and the man with the braided beard.*]

DRISCOLL [*during the moments of this release, shouting at* ROBERT]. Blast you! Bla——

BIMBO [*fiercely*]. Stop it!

[*The two pirates seize* DRISCOLL; *and the man with the braided beard claps his hand over his mouth. Struggling, they push and pull him to the door.*]

BIMBO [*taking up his great plumed hat from the table*]. I will make a short address to the crew on the subject, Duty!

THE GUNNER [*bellowing out of the door*]. What ho! Trumpets there! His honor will speak to

us on the subject, Duty! His honor will come on deck! Trumpets! [*Trumpets and drums sound without.*]

[DRISCOLL, *struggling and uttering sounds, is conducted forth by the deaf-and-dumb man. The pirate with the braided beard and the* GUNNER *stand by the door at salute. With a firm gesture* BIMBO *puts on his hat. Then he passes toward the door. Suddenly he halts and turns sharply upon* ROBERT, *who has leaned toward* LYDIA. ROBERT *instantly draws back, and he and* LYDIA *stand at salute.*]

BIMBO [*severely to* ROBERT]. You was going to kiss her! How dare ye! And look at the state your poor father-in-law's in about you too. Pass before me. [*They do so. As they go he folds his arms, then stalks after them to the door.*]

THE GUNNER [*shouting*]. His honor will deliver his weekly address. Trumpets there for his honor!

[*The drums and trumpets sound fiercely again as the pirate captain stalks majestically out of the door.*]

CURTAIN

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

OUR SOCIETY

IN THE first place, Cranford is in possession of the Amazons; all the holders of houses above a certain rent are women. If a married couple come to settle in the town, somehow the gentleman disappears; he is either fairly frightened to death by being the only man in the Cranford evening parties, or he is accounted for by being with his regiment, his ship, or closely engaged in business all the week in the great neighbouring commercial town of Drumble, distant only twenty miles on a railroad. In short, whatever does become of the gentlemen, they are not at Cranford. What could they do if they were there? The surgeon has his round of thirty miles, and sleeps at Cranford; but every man cannot be a surgeon. For keeping the trim gardens full of choice flowers without a weed to speck them; for frightening away little boys who look wistfully at the said flowers through the railings; for rushing out at the geese that occasionally venture into the gardens if the gates are left open; for deciding all questions of literature and politics without troubling themselves with unnecessary reasons or arguments; for obtaining clear and correct knowledge of every-

body's affairs in the parish; for keeping their neat maid-servants in admirable order; for kindness (somewhat dictatorial) to the poor, and real tender good offices to each other whenever they are in distress, the ladies of Cranford are quite sufficient. "A man," as one of them observed to me once, "is *so* in the way in the house!" Although the ladies of Cranford know all each other's proceedings, they are exceedingly indifferent to each other's opinions. Indeed, as each has her own individuality, not to say eccentricity, pretty strongly developed, nothing is so easy as verbal retaliation; but, somehow, good-will reigns among them to a considerable degree.

The Cranford ladies have only an occasional little quarrel, spirited out in a few peppery words and angry jerks of the head; just enough to prevent the even tenor of their lives from becoming too flat. Their dress is very independent of fashion; as they observe, "What does it signify how we dress here at Cranford, where everybody knows us?" And if they go from home, their reason is equally cogent, "What does it signify how we dress here, where nobody knows us?"

The materials of their clothes are, in general, good and plain, and most of them are nearly as scrupulous as Miss Tyler, of cleanly memory; but I will answer for it, the last gigot, the last tight and scanty petticoat in wear in England, was seen in Cranford—and seen without a smile.

I can testify to a magnificent family red silk umbrella, under which a gentle little spinster, left

alone of many brothers and sisters, used to patter to church on rainy days. Have you any red silk umbrellas in London? We had a tradition of the first that had ever been seen in Cranford; and the little boys mobbed it, and called it "a stick in petticoats." It might have been the very red silk one I have described, held by a strong father over a troop of little ones; the poor little lady—the survivor of all—could scarcely carry it.

Then there were rules and regulations for visiting and calls; and they were announced to any young people who might be staying in the town, with all the solemnity with which the old Manx laws were read once a year on the Tinwald Mount.

"Our friends have sent to inquire how you are after your journey to-night, my dear" (fifteen miles in a gentleman's carriage); "they will give you some rest to-morrow, but the next day, I have no doubt, they will call; so be at liberty after twelve—from twelve to three are our calling hours."

Then, after they had called—

"It is the third day; I dare say your mamma has told you, my dear, never to let more than three days elapse between receiving a call and returning it; and also, that you are never to stay longer than a quarter of an hour."

"But am I to look at my watch? How am I to find out when a quarter of an hour has passed?"

"You must keep thinking about the time, my dear, and not allow yourself to forget it in conversation."

As everybody had this rule in their minds, whether they received or paid a call, of course no absorbing subject was ever spoken about. We kept ourselves to short sentences of small talk, and were punctual to our time.

I imagine that a few of the gentlefolks of Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet; but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart under a smiling face. We none of us spoke of money, because that subject savoured of commerce and trade, and though some might be poor, we were all aristocratic. The Cranfordians had that kindly *esprit de corps* which made them overlook all deficiencies in success when some among them tried to conceal their poverty. When Mrs. Forrester, for instance, gave a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, and the little maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea-tray out from underneath, everyone took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world, and talked on about household forms and ceremonies as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants' hall, second table, with housekeeper and steward, instead of the one little charity-school maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray upstairs, if she had not been assisted in private by her mistress, who now sat in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, and we knew that she knew that we

knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea-bread and sponge-cakes.

There were one or two consequences arising from this general but unacknowledged poverty, and this very much acknowledged gentility, which were not amiss, and which might be introduced into many circles of society to their great improvement. For instance, the inhabitants of Cranford kept early hours, and clattered home in their pattens, under the guidance of a lantern-bearer, about nine o'clock at night; and the whole town was abed and asleep by half-past ten. Moreover, it was considered "vulgar" (a tremendous word in Cranford) to give anything expensive, in the way of eatable or drinkable, at the evening entertainments. Wafer bread-and-butter and sponge-biscuits were all that the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson gave; and she was sister-in-law to the late Earl of Glenmire, although she did practise such "elegant economy."

"Elegant economy!" How naturally one falls back into the phraseology of Cranford! There, economy was always "elegant," and money-spending always "vulgar and ostentatious"; a sort of sour-grapeism which made us very peaceful and satisfied. I never shall forget the dismay felt when a certain Captain Brown came to live at Cranford, and openly spoke about his being poor—not in a whisper to an intimate friend, the doors and windows being previously closed, but in the public street! in a loud military voice! alleging his poverty as a reason for not taking a particular

house. The ladies of Cranford were already rather moaning over the invasion of their territories by a man and a gentleman. He was a half-pay captain, and had obtained some situation on a neighbouring railroad, which had been vehemently petitioned against by the little town; and if, in addition to his masculine gender, and his connection with the obnoxious railroad, he was so brazen as to talk of being poor—why, then, indeed he must be sent to Coventry. Death was as true and as common as poverty; yet people never spoke about that, loud out in the streets. It was a word not to be mentioned to ears polite. We had tacitly agreed to ignore that any with whom we associated on terms of visiting equality could ever be prevented by poverty from doing anything that they wished. If we walked to or from a party, it was because the night was *so* fine, or the air *so* refreshing, not because sedan-chairs were expensive. If we wore prints, instead of summer silks, it was because we preferred a washing material; and so on, till we blinded ourselves to the vulgar fact that we were, all of us, people of very moderate means. Of course, then, we did not know what to make of a man who could speak of poverty as if it was not a disgrace. Yet, somehow, Captain Brown made himself respected in Cranford, and was called upon in spite of all resolutions to the contrary. I was surprised to hear his opinions quoted as authority at a visit which I paid to Cranford about a year after he had settled in the town. My own friends had been among the bitterest opponents of any

proposal to visit the Captain and his daughters, only twelve months before; and now he was even admitted in the tabooed hours before twelve. True, it was to discover the cause of a smoking chimney, before the fire was lighted; but still Captain Brown walked upstairs, nothing daunted, spoke in a voice too large for the room, and joked quite in the way of a tame man about the house. He had been blind to all the small slights, and omissions of trivial ceremonies, with which he had been received. He had been friendly, though the Cranford ladies had been cool; he had answered small sarcastic compliments in good faith; and with his manly frankness had overpowered all the shrinking which met him as a man who was not ashamed to be poor. And, at last, his excellent masculine common sense, and his facility in devising expedients to overcome domestic dilemmas, had gained him an extraordinary place as authority among the Cranford ladies. He himself went on in his course, as unaware of his popularity as he had been of the reverse; and I am sure he was startled one day when he found his advice so highly esteemed as to make some counsel which he had given in jest to be taken in sober, serious earnest.

It was on this subject: An old lady had an Alderney cow, which she looked upon as a daughter. You could not pay the short quarter of an hour call without being told of the wonderful milk or wonderful intelligence of this animal. The whole town knew and kindly regarded Miss Betsy

Barker's Alderney; therefore great was the sympathy and regret when, in an unguarded moment, the poor cow tumbled into a lime-pit. She moaned so loudly that she was soon heard and rescued; but meanwhile the poor beast had lost most of her hair, and came out looking naked, cold, and miserable, in a bare skin. Everybody pitied the animal, though a few could not restrain their smile at her droll appearance. Miss Betsy Barker absolutely cried with sorrow and dismay; and it was said she thought of trying a bath of oil. This remedy, perhaps, was recommended by some one of the number whose advice she asked; but the proposal, if ever it was made, was knocked on the head by Captain Brown's decided "Get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers, ma'am, if you wish to keep her alive. But my advice is, kill the poor creature at once."

Miss Betsy Barker dried her eyes, and thanked the Captain heartily; she set to work, and by-and-by all the town turned out to see the Alderney meekly going to her pasture, clad in dark grey flannel. I have watched her myself many a time. Do you ever see cows dressed in grey flannel in London?

Captain Brown had taken a small house on the outskirts of the town, where he lived with his two daughters. He must have been upwards of sixty at the time of the first visit I paid to Cranford after I had left it as a residence. But he had a wiry, well-trained, elastic figure, a stiff military throw-back of his head, and a springing step, which

made him appear much younger than he was. His eldest daughter looked almost as old as himself, and betrayed the fact that his real was more than his apparent age. Miss Brown must have been forty; she had a sickly, pained, careworn expression on her face, and looked as if the gaiety of youth had long faded out of sight. Even when young she must have been plain and hard-featured. Miss Jessie Brown was ten years younger than her sister, and twenty shades prettier. Her face was round and dimpled. Miss Jenkyns once said, in a passion against Captain Brown (the cause of which I will tell you presently), "that she thought it was time for Miss Jessie to leave off her dimples, and not always to be trying to look like a child." It was true there was something childlike in her face; and there will be, I think, till she dies, though she should live to a hundred. Her eyes were large blue wondering eyes, looking straight at you; her nose was unformed and snub, and her lips were red and dewy; she wore her hair, too, in little rows of curls, which heightened this appearance. I do not know whether she was pretty or not; but I liked her face, and so did everybody, and I do not think she could help her dimples. She had something of her father's jauntiness of gait and manner; and any female observer might detect a slight difference in the attire of the two sisters—that of Miss Jessie being about two pounds per annum more expensive than Miss Brown's. Two pounds was a large sum in Captain Brown's annual disbursements.

Such was the impression made upon me by the Brown family when I first saw them all together in Cranford Church. The Captain I had met before—on the occasion of the smoky chimney, which he had cured by some simple alteration in the flue. In church, he held his double eye-glass to his eyes during the Morning Hymn, and then lifted up his head erect and sang out loud and joyfully. He made the responses louder than the clerk—an old man with a piping feeble voice, who, I think, felt aggrieved at the Captain's sonorous bass, and quivered higher and higher in consequence.

On coming out of church, the brisk Captain paid the most gallant attention to his two daughters. He nodded and smiled to his acquaintances; but he shook hands with none until he had helped Miss Brown to unfurl her umbrella, had relieved her of her prayer-book, and had waited patiently till she, with trembling nervous hands, had taken up her gown to walk through the wet roads.

I wonder what the Cranford ladies did with Captain Brown at their parties. We had often rejoiced, in former days, that there was no gentleman to be attended to, and to find conversation for, at the card-parties. We had congratulated ourselves upon the snugness of the evenings; and, in our love for gentility, and distaste of mankind, we had almost persuaded ourselves that to be a man was to be "vulgar"; so that when I found my friend and hostess, Miss Jenkyns, was going to have a party in my honour, and that Captain

and the Miss Browns were invited, I wondered much what would be the course of the evening. Card-tables, with green baize tops, were set out by daylight, just as usual; it was the third week in November, so the evenings closed in about four. Candles, and clean packs of cards, were arranged on each table. The fire was made up; the neat maid-servant had received her last directions; and there we stood, dressed in our best, each with a candle-lighter in our hands, ready to dart at the candles as soon as the first knock came. Parties in Cranford were solemn festivities, making the ladies feel gravely elated as they sat together in their best dresses. As soon as three had arrived, we sat down to "Preference," I being the unlucky fourth. The next four comers were put down immediately to another table; and presently the tea trays, which I had seen set out in the store-room as I passed in the morning, were placed each on the middle of a card-table. The china was delicate egg-shell; the old-fashioned silver glittered with polishing; but the eatables were of the slightest description. While the trays were yet on the tables, Captain and the Miss Browns came in; and I could see that, somehow or other, the Captain was a favourite with all the ladies present. Ruffled brows were smoothed, sharp voices lowered at his approach. Miss Brown looked ill, and depressed almost to gloom. Miss Jessie smiled as usual, and seemed nearly as popular as her father. He immediately and quietly assumed the man's place in the room; attended to

every one's wants, lessened the pretty maid-servant's labour by waiting on empty cups and bread-and-butterless ladies; and yet did it all in so easy and dignified a manner, and so much as if it were a matter of course for the strong to attend to the weak, that he was a true man throughout. He played for threepenny points with as grave an interest as if they had been pounds; and yet, in all his attention to strangers, he had an eye on his suffering daughter—for suffering I was sure she was, though to many eyes she might only appear to be irritable. Miss Jessie could not play cards; but she talked to the sitters-out, who, before her coming, had been rather inclined to be cross. She sang, too, to an old cracked piano, which I think had been a spinet in its youth. Miss Jessie sang "Jock of Hazeldean" a little out of tune; but we were none of us musical, though Miss Jenkyns beat time, out of time, by way of appearing to be so. It was very good of Miss Jenkyns to do this; for I had seen that, a little before, she had been a good deal annoyed by Miss Jessie Brown's unguarded admission (*à propos* of Shetland wool) that she had an uncle, her mother's brother, who was a shopkeeper in Edinburgh. Miss Jenkyns tried to drown this confession by a terrible cough—for the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson was sitting at a card-table nearest Miss Jessie, and what would she say or think if she found out she was in the same room with a shopkeeper's niece! But Miss Jessie Brown (who had no tact, as we all agreed the next morning) *would* repeat the information,

and assure Miss Pole she could easily get her the identical Shetland wool required, "through my uncle, who has the best assortment of Shetland goods of any one in Edinbro'." It was to take the taste of this out of our mouths, and the sound of this out of our ears, that Miss Jenkyns proposed music; so I say again, it was very good of her to beat time to the song.

When the trays re-appeared with biscuits and wine, punctually at a quarter to nine, there was conversation, comparing of cards, and talking over tricks; but by-and-by Captain Brown sported a bit of literature.

"Have you seen any numbers of 'The Pickwick Papers'?" said he. (They were then publishing in parts.) "Capital thing!"

Now Miss Jenkyns was daughter of a deceased rector of Cranford; and, on the strength of a number of manuscript sermons, and a pretty good library of divinity, considered herself literary, and looked upon any conversation about books as a challenge to her. So she answered and said, "Yes, she had seen them; indeed, she might say she had read them."

"And what do you think of them?" exclaimed Captain Brown. "Aren't they famously good?"

So urged, Miss Jenkyns could not but speak.

"I must say, I don't think they are by any means equal to Dr. Johnson. Still, perhaps, the author is young. Let him persevere, and who knows what he may become if he will take the

great Doctor for his model?" This was evidently too much for Captain Brown to take placidly; and I saw the words on the tip of his tongue before Miss Jenkyns had finished her sentence.

"It is quite a different sort of thing, my dear madam," he began.

"I am quite aware of that," returned she. "And I make allowances, Captain Brown."

"Just allow me to read you a scene out of this month's number," pleaded he. "I had it only this morning, and I don't think the company can have read it yet."

"As you please," said she, settling herself with an air of resignation. He read the account of the "swarry" which Sam Weller gave at Bath. Some of us laughed heartily. *I* did not dare, because I was staying in the house. Miss Jenkyns sat in patient gravity. When it was ended, she turned to me, and said with mild dignity—

"Fetch me 'Rasselas,' my dear, out of the book-room."

When I had brought it to her, she turned to Captain Brown—

"Now allow *me* to read you a scene, and then the present company can judge between your favourite, Mr. Boz, and Dr. Johnson."

She read one of the conversations between Rasselas and Imlac, in a high-pitched, majestic voice: and when she had ended, she said, "I imagine I am now justified in my preference of Dr. Johnson as a writer of fiction." The Captain screwed his

lips up, and drummed on the table, but he did not speak. She thought she would give him a finishing blow or two.

"I consider it vulgar, and below the dignity of literature, to publish in numbers."

"How was the *Rambler* published, ma'am?" asked Captain Brown in a low voice, which I think Miss Jenkyns could not have heard.

"Dr. Johnson's style is a model for young beginners. My father recommended it to me when I began to write letters—I have formed my own style upon it; I recommended it to your favourite."

"I should be very sorry for him to exchange his style for any such pompous writing," said Captain Brown.

Miss Jenkyns felt this as a personal affront, in a way of which the Captain had not dreamed. Epistolary writing she and her friends considered as her *forte*. Many a copy of many a letter have I seen written and corrected on the slate, before she "seized the half-hour just previous to post-time to assure" her friends of this or of that; and Dr. Johnson was, as she said, her model in these compositions. She drew herself up with dignity, and only replied to Captain Brown's last remark by saying, with marked emphasis on every syllable, "I prefer Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boz."

It is said—I won't vouch for the fact—that Captain Brown was heard to say, *sotto voce*, "D—n Dr. Johnson!" If he did, he was penitent afterwards, as he showed by going to stand near Miss Jenkyns' arm-chair, and endeavouring to beguile

her into conversation on some more pleasing subject. But she was inexorable. The next day she made the remark I have mentioned about Miss Jessie's dimples.

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL.

THE WAVE THEORY OF LIGHT

I MUST say, in the first place, without preface, as time is short and the subject is long, simply that sound and light are both due to vibrations propagated in the manner of waves; and I shall endeavor in the first place to define the manner of propagation and the mode of motion that constitute those two subjects of our senses, the sense of sound and the sense of light.

Each is due to vibrations, but the vibrations of light differ widely from the vibrations of sound. Something that I can tell more easily than anything in the way of dynamics or mathematics respecting the two classes of vibrations is, that there is a great difference in the frequency of the vibrations of sound. The term "frequency" applied to vibrations is a convenient term, applied by Lord Rayleigh in his book on Sound to a definite number of full vibrations of a vibrating body per unit of time. Consider, then, with respect to sound, the frequency of the vibrations of notes, which you all know in music represented by letters, and by the syllables for singing, the do, re, mi, etc. The notes of the modern scale correspond to different frequencies of vibrations. A certain

note and the octave above it correspond to a certain number of vibrations per second, and double that number.

I may conveniently explain in the first place the note called "C," I mean the middle "C," I believe it is the C of the tenor voice, that most nearly approaches the tones used in speaking. That note corresponds to two hundred and fifty-six full vibrations per second—two hundred and fifty-six times to and fro per second of time.

Think of one vibration per second of time. The seconds pendulum of the clock performs one vibration in two seconds, or a half vibration in one direction per second. Take a ten-inch pendulum of a drawing-room clock, which vibrates twice as fast as the pendulum of an ordinary eight-day clock, and it gives a vibration of one per second, a full period of one per second to and fro. Now think of three vibrations per second. I can move my hand three times per second easily, and by a violent effort I can move it to and fro five times per second. With four times as great force, if I could apply it, I could move it twice five times per second.

Let us think, then, of an exceedingly muscular arm that would cause it to vibrate ten times per second, that is, ten times to the left and ten times to the right. Think of twice ten times, that is, twenty times per second, which would require four times as much force; three times ten, or thirty times a second, would require nine times as much force. If a person were nine times as

strong as the most muscular arm can be, he could vibrate his hand to and fro thirty times per second, and without any other musical instrument could make a musical note by the movement of his hand which would correspond to one of the pedal notes of an organ.

If you want to know the length of a pedal pipe, you can calculate it in this way. There are some numbers you must remember, and one of them is this. You, in this country, are subjected to the British insularity in weights and measures; you use the foot and inch and yard. I am obliged to use that system, but I apologize to you for doing so, because it is so inconvenient, and I hope all Americans will do everything in their power to introduce the French metrical system. I hope the evil action performed by an English minister whose name I need not mention, because I do not wish to throw obloquy on any one, may be remedied. He abrogated a useful rule, which for a short time was followed, and which I hope will soon be again enjoined, that the French metrical system be taught in all our national schools. I do not know how it is in America. The school system seems to be very admirable, and I hope the teaching of the metrical system will not be let slip in the American schools any more than the use of the globes. I say this seriously; I do not think any one knows how seriously I speak of it. I look upon our English system as a wickedly brain-destroying piece of bondage under which we suffer. The reason why we continue to use it

is the imaginary difficulty of making a change, and nothing else; but I do not think in America that any such difficulty should stand in the way of adopting so splendidly useful a reform.

I know the velocity of sound in feet per second. If I remember rightly, it is 1,089 feet per second in dry air at the freezing temperature, and 1,115 feet per second in air of what we would call moderate temperature, 59 or 60 degrees—(I do not know whether that temperature is ever attained in Philadelphia or not; I have had no experience of it, but people tell me it is sometimes 59 or 60 degrees, in Philadelphia, and I believe them)—in round numbers let us call the speed 1,000 feet per second. Sometimes we call it a thousand musical feet per second, it saves trouble in calculating the length of organ pipes; the time of vibration in an organ pipe is the time it takes a vibration to run from one end to the other and back. In an organ pipe 500 feet long the period would be one per second; in an organ pipe 10 feet long the period would be 50 per second; in an organ pipe 20 feet long the period would be 25 per second at the same rate. Thus 25 per second, and 50 per second of frequencies correspond to the periods of organ pipes of 20 feet and 10 feet.

The period of vibration of an organ pipe, open at both ends, is approximately the time it takes sound to travel from one end to the other and back. You remember that the velocity in dry air in a pipe 10 feet long is a little more than 50 periods per second; going up to 256 periods per second,

the vibrations correspond to those of a pipe two feet long. Let us take 512 periods per second; that corresponds to a pipe about a foot long. In a flute, open at both ends, the holes are so arranged that the length of the sound-wave is about one foot, for one of the chief "open notes." Higher musical notes correspond to greater and greater frequency of vibration, viz., 1,000, 2,000, 4,000, vibrations per second; 4,000 vibrations per second correspond to a piccolo flute of exceedingly small length; it would be but one and a half inches long. Think of a note from a little dog-call, or other whistle, one and a half inches long, open at both ends, or from a little key having a tube three quarters of an inch long, closed at one end; you will then have 4,000 vibrations per second.

To make a comparison between the number of vibrations for each wave of sound and the number of vibrations constituting light waves, I may say that 30 vibrations per second is about the smallest number which will produce a musical sound; 50 per second give one of the grave pedal notes of an organ, 100 or 200 per second give the low notes of the bass voice, higher notes with 250 per second, 300 per second, 1,000, 4,000, up to 8,000 per second give about the shrillest notes audible to the human ear.

Instead of the numbers, which we have, say in the most commonly used part of the musical scale, i.e., from 200 or 300 to 600 or 700 per second, we have millions of millions of vibrations per second in light waves; that is to say, 400 per second, in-

stead of 400 million million per second, which is the number of vibrations performed when we have red light produced.

An exhibition of red light travelling through space from the remotest star is due to propagation by waves or vibrations, in which each individual particle of the transmitting medium vibrates to and fro 400 million million times in a second.

Some people say they cannot understand a million million. Those people cannot understand that twice two makes four. That is the way I put it to people who talk to me about the incomprehensibility of such large numbers. I say finitude is incomprehensible, the infinite in the universe is comprehensible. Now apply a little logic to this. Is the negation of infinitude incomprehensible? What would you think of a universe in which you could travel one, ten, or a thousand miles, or even to California, and then find it come to an end? Can you suppose an end of matter or an end of space? The idea is incomprehensible. Even if you were to go millions and millions of miles the idea of coming to an end is incomprehensible. You can understand one thousand per second as easily as you can understand one per second. You can go from one to ten, and ten times ten and then to a thousand without taxing your understanding and then you can go on to a thousand million and a million million. You can all understand it.

Now 400 million million vibrations per second is the kind of thing that exists as a factor in the

illumination by red light. Violet light corresponds to vibrations of about 800 million million per second. There are recognizable qualities of light caused by vibrations of much greater frequency and much less frequency than this. You may imagine vibrations having about twice the frequency of violet light, and others having about one fifteenth the frequency of red light, and still you do not pass the limit of the range of continuous phenomena, only a part of which constitutes *visible* light.

When we go below visible red light what have we? We have something we do not see with the eye, something that the ordinary photographer does not bring out on his photographically sensitive plates. It is light, but we do not see it. It is something so closely continuous with *visible* light, that we may define it by the name of invisible light. It is commonly called radiant heat; invisible radiant heat. Perhaps, in this thorny path of logic, with hard words flying in our faces, the least troublesome way of speaking of it is to call it radiant heat. The heat effect you experience when you go near a bright hot coal fire, or a hot steam boiler; or when you go near, but not over, a set of hot water pipes used for heating a house; the thing we perceive in our faces and hands when we go near a boiling pot and hold the hand on a level with it, is radiant heat; the heat of the hands and face caused by a hot fire, or by a hot kettle when held *under* the kettle, is also radiant heat.

You might readily make the experiment with an earthen teapot; it radiates heat better than polished silver. Hold your hands below the teapot and you perceive a sense of heat; above it you get more heat; either way you perceive heat. If held over the teapot you readily understand that there is a little current of hot air rising; if you put your hand under the teapot you find cold air rising, and the upper side of your hand is heated by radiation while the lower side is fanned and is actually cooled by virtue of the heated kettle above it.

That perception by the sense of heat, is the perception of something actually continuous with light. We have knowledge of rays of radiant heat perceptible down to (in round numbers) about four times the wave-length, or one fourth the period, of visible or red light. Let us take red light at 400 million million vibrations per second, then the lowest radiant heat, as yet investigated, is about 100 million million per second of frequency of vibration.

I had hoped to be able to give you a lower figure. Professor Langley has made splendid experiments on the top of Mount Whitney, at the height of 15,000 feet above the sea-level, with his "Bolometer," and has made actual measurements of the wave-length of radiant heat down to an exceedingly low figure. I will read you one of the figures; I have not got it by heart yet, because I am expecting more from him.[1] I learned a year and a

[1]Since my lecture I have heard from Professor Langley that he has measured the refrangibility by a rock salt prism,

half ago that the lowest radiant heat observed by the diffraction method of Professor Langley corresponds to 28 one hundred thousandths of a centimetre of wave-length, 28 as compared with red light, which is 7.3; or nearly four-fold. Thus wave-lengths of four times the amplitude, or one fourth the frequency per second of red light, have been experimented on by Professor Langley and recognized as radiant heat.

Everybody knows the "photographer's light," and has heard of invisible light producing visible effects upon the chemically prepared plate in the camera. Speaking in round numbers, I may say that, in going up to about twice the frequency I have mentioned for violet light, you have gone to the extreme end of the range of known light of the highest rates of vibration; I mean to say that you have reached the greatest frequency that has yet been observed. Photographic, or actinic light, as far as our knowledge extends at present, takes us a little less than one half the wave-length of violet light.

You will thus see that while our acquaintance with wave motion below the red extends down to one quarter of the slowest rate which affects the eye, our knowledge of vibrations at the other end of the scale only comprehends those having twice

and inferred the wave-length of heat rays from a "Leslie cube" (a metal vessel filled with hot water and radiating heat from a blackened side). The greatest wave-length he has thus found is one thousandth of a centimetre, which is seventeen times that of sodium light—the corresponding period being about thirty million million per second.

November, 1884—W. T.

the frequency of violet light. In round numbers we have four octaves of light, corresponding to four octaves of sound in music. In music the octave has a range to a note of double frequency. In light we have one octave of visible light, one octave above the visible range and two octaves below the visible range. We have 100 per second, 200 per second, 400 per second (million million understood) for invisible radiant heat; 800 per second for visible light, and 1,600 per second for invisible or actinic light.

One thing common to the whole is the heat effect. It is extremely small in moonlight, so small that until recently nobody knew there was any heat in the moon's rays. Herschel thought it was perceptible in our atmosphere by noticing that it dissolved away very light clouds, an effect which seemed to show in full moonlight more than when we have less than full moon. Herschel, however, pointed this out as doubtful; but now, instead of its being a doubtful question, we have Professor Langley giving as a fact that the light from the moon drives the indicator of his sensitive instrument clear across the scale, showing a comparatively prodigious heating effect!

I must tell you that if any of you want to experiment with the heat of the moonlight, you must measure the heat by means of apparatus which comes within the influence of the moon's rays only. This is a very necessary precaution; if, for instance, you should take your Bolometer or other heat detector from a comparatively warm

room into the night air, you would obtain an indication of a fall in temperature owing to this change. You must be sure that your apparatus is in thermal equilibrium with the surrounding air, then take your burning-glass, and first point it at the moon and then to space in the sky beside the moon; you thus get a differential measurement in which you compare the radiation of the moon with the radiation of the sky. You will then see that the moon has a distinctly heating effect.

Now what force is concerned in those light vibrations as compared with sound at the rate of 400 vibrations per second? Suppose for a moment the same matter was to move to and fro through the same range but 400 million million times per second. The force required is as the square of the number expressing the frequency. Double frequency would require quadruple force for the vibration of the same body. Suppose I vibrate my hand again, as I did before. If I move it once per second a moderated force is required; for it to vibrate ten times per second 100 times as much force is required; for 400 vibrations per second 160,000 times as much force. If I move my hand once per second through a space of a quarter of an inch a very small force is required; it would require very considerable force to move it ten times a second, even through so small a range; but think of the force required to move a tuning-fork 400 times a second and compare that with the forces required for a motion of 400 million

million times a second. If the mass moved is the same, and the range of motion is the same, then the force would be one million million million million times as great as the force required to move the prongs of the tuning-fork—it is as easy to understand that number as any number like 2, 3 or 4. Consider now what that number means and what we are to infer from it. What force is there in the space between my eye and that light? What forces are there in the space between our eyes and the sun, and our eyes and the remotest visible star? There is matter and there is motion, but what magnitude of force may there be?

I move through this "luminiferous ether" as if it were nothing. But were there vibrations with such frequency in a medium of steel or brass, they would be measured by millions and millions and millions of tons' action on a square inch of matter. There are no such forces in our air. Comets make a disturbance in the air, and perhaps the luminiferous ether is split up by the motion of a comet through it. So when we explain the nature of electricity, we explain it by a motion of the luminiferous ether. We cannot say that it is electricity. What can this luminiferous ether be? It is something that the planets move through with the greatest ease. It permeates our air; it is nearly in the same condition, so far as our means of judging are concerned, in our air and in the inter-planetary space. The air disturbs it but little; you may reduce air by air-pumps to the

hundred thousandth of its density, and you make little effect in the transmission of light through it. The luminiferous ether is an elastic solid, for which the nearest analogy I can give you is this jelly which you see,[1] and the nearest analogy to the waves of light is the motion, which you can imagine, of this elastic jelly, with a ball of wood floating in the middle of it. Look there, when with my hand I vibrate the little red ball up and down, or when I turn it quickly round the vertical diameter, alternately in opposite directions;—that is the nearest representation I can give you of the vibrations of luminiferous ether.

Another illustration is Scottish shoemakers' wax or Burgundy pitch, but I know Scottish shoemakers' wax better. It is heavier than water, and absolutely answers my purpose. I take a large slab of the wax, place it in a glass jar filled with water, place a number of corks on the lower side and bullets on the upper side. It is brittle like the Trinidad pitch or Burgundy pitch which I have in my hand—you can see how hard it is—but when left to itself it flows like a fluid. The shoemakers' wax breaks with a brittle fracture, but it is viscous and gradually yields.

What we know of the luminiferous ether is that it has the rigidity of a solid and gradually yields. Whether or not it is brittle and cracks we cannot yet tell, but I believe the discoveries in electricity and the motions of comets and the marvellous

[1]Exhibiting a large bowl of clear jelly with a small red wooden ball embedded in the surface near the center.

spurts of light from them, tend to show cracks in the luminiferous ether—show a correspondence between the electric flash and the aurora borealis and cracks in the luminiferous ether. Do not take this as an assertion, it is hardly more than a vague scientific dream; but you may regard the existence of the luminiferous ether as a reality of science; that is, we have an all-pervading medium, an elastic solid, with a great degree of rigidity—a rigidity so prodigious in proportion to its density that the vibrations of light in it have the frequencies I have mentioned, with the wave-lengths I have mentioned. The fundamental question as to whether or not luminiferous ether has gravity has not been answered. We have no knowledge that the luminiferous ether is attracted by gravity; it is sometimes called imponderable because some people vainly imagine that it has no weight; I call it matter with the same kind of rigidity that this elastic jelly has.

Lastly, how do we know the frequency of vibration?

Why, by the velocity of light. How do we know that? We know it in a number of different ways, which I cannot explain now because time forbids, and I can now only tell you shortly that the frequency of vibration for any particular ray is equal to the velocity of light divided by the wave-length for that ray. The velocity of light is about 187,000 British statute miles per second, but it is much better to take the kilometre—which is about six tenths of a mile—for the unit,

when we find the velocity is very accurately 300,000 kilometres, or 30,000,000,000 centimetres, per second. Take now the wave-length of sodium light, as we have just measured it by means of the salted spirit-lamp, to be one 17,000th of a centimetre, and we find the frequency of vibration of the sodium light to be 510 million million per second. There, then, you have a calculation of the frequency from a simple observation which you all can make for yourselves.

. . . Going back to the illustration of the shoemakers' wax; if a cork will, in the course of a year, push its way up through a plate of that wax when placed under water, and if a lead bullet will penetrate downwards to the bottom, what is the law of the resistance? It clearly depends on time. The cork slowly in the course of a year works its way up through two inches of that substance; give it one or two thousand years to do it and the resistance will be enormously less; thus the motion of a cork or bullet, at the rate of one inch in 2,000 years, may be compared with that of the earth, moving at the rate of six times ninety-three million miles a year, or nineteen miles per second, through the luminiferous ether; but when we can have actually before us a thing elastic like jelly and yielding like pitch, surely we have a large and solid ground for our faith in the speculative hypothesis of an elastic luminiferous ether, which constitutes the wave theory of light.

LORD KELVIN.

THE RIDE TO THE LADY*

NOW since mine even is come at last,—
For I have been the sport of steel,
And hot life ebbeth from me fast,
And I in saddle roll and reel,—
Come bind me, bind me on my steed!
Of fingering leech I have no need!"

The chaplain clasped his mailèd knee.
"Nor need I more thy whine and thee!
No time is left my sins to tell;
But look ye bind me, bind me well!"
They bound him strong with leathern thong,
For the ride to the lady should be long.

Day was dying; the poplars fled,
Thin as ghosts, on a sky blood-red;
Out of the sky the fierce hue fell,
And made the streams as the streams of hell.
All his thoughts as a river flowed,
Flowed aflame as fleet he rode,
Onward flowed to her abode,

*From "A Chant of Love for England and Other Poems," published by E. P. Dutton and Co., New York City.

Ceased at her feet, mirrored her face.
(Viewless Death apace, apace,
Rode behind him in that race.)

"Face, mine own, mine alone,
Trembling lips my lips have known,
Birdlike stir of the dove-soft eyne
Under the kisses that make them mine!
Only of thee, of thee, my need!
Only to thee, to thee, I speed!"
The Cross flashed by at the highway's turn;
In a beam of the moon the Face shone stern.

Far behind had the fight's din died;
The shuddering stars in the welkin wide
Crowded, crowded, to see him ride.
The beating hearts of the stars aloof
Kept time to the beat of the horse's hoof.

"What is the throb that thrills so sweet?
Heart of my lady, I feel it beat!"
But his own strong pulse the fainter fell,
Like the failing tongue of a hushing bell.
The flank of the great-limbed steed was wet
Not alone with the started sweat.

Fast, and fast, and the thick black wood
Arched its cowl like a black friar's hood;
Fast, and fast, and they plunged therein,—
But the viewless rider rode to win.

Out of the wood to the highway's light
Galloped the great-limbed steed in fright;
The mail clashed cold, and the sad owl cried,
And the weight of the dead oppressed his side.

Fast, and fast, by the road he knew;
And slow, and slow, the stars withdrew;
And the waiting heaven turned weirdly blue,
As a garment worn of a wizard grim.
He neighed at the gate in the morning dim.

She heard no sound before her gate,
Though very quiet was her bower.
All was as her hand had left it late:
The needle slept on the broidered vine,
Where the hammer and spikes of the passion-
flower
Her fashioning did wait.

On the couch lay something fair,
With steadfast lips and veilèd eyne;
But the lady was not there.
On the wings of shrift and prayer,
Pure as winds that winnow snow,
Her soul had risen twelve hours ago.
The burdened steed at the barred gate stood,
No whit the nearer to his goal.
Now God's great grace assoil the soul
That went out in the wood!

HELEN GRAY CONE.

AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS*

O TO have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delft,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed and loth to leave
The ticking clock and the shining delft!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house nor bush,
And tired I am of bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,
And I am praying Him night and day,
For a little house—a house of my own—
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

PADRAIC COLUM

*Used by permission of the author and his publishers, The Macmillan Company.

GLOUCESTER MOORS*

A MILE behind is Gloucester town
Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew
Long in the boulder's shade.
Wax-red hangs the cup
From the huckleberry boughs,
In barberry bells the grey moths sup
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up
Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
Beach-peas blossom late.
By copse and cliff the swallows rove
Each calling to his mate.
Seaward the sea-gulls go,
And the land-birds all are here;
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh-flags grow
Was a scarlet tanager.

*By permission of, and special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

This earth is not the steadfast place
We landsmen build upon;
From deep to deep she varies pace,
And while she comes is gone.
Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
With velvet plunge and soft upreel
She swings and steadies to her keel
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,
The sun is her masthead light,
She tows the moon like a pinnace frail
Where her phosphor wake churns bright.
Now hid, now looming clear,
On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
But on, but on does the old earth steer
As if her port she knew.

God, dear God! Does she know her port,
Though she goes so far about?
Or blind astray, does she make her sport
To brazen and chance it out?
I watched when her captains passed:
She were better captainless.
Men in the cabin, before the mast,
But some were reckless and some aghast,
And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught
Sounds from the noisome hold,—
Cursing and sighing of souls distraught
And cries too sad to be told.
Then I strove to go down and see;
But they said, "Thou art not of us!"
I turned to those on the deck with me
And cried, "Give help!" But they said, "Let be:
Our ship sails faster thus."

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The alder-clump where the brook comes through
Breeds cresses in its shade.
To be out of the moiling street
With its swelter and its sin!
Who has given to me this sweet,
And given my brother dust to eat?
And when will his wage come in?

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,
Yellow and white and brown,
Boats and boats from the fishing banks
Come home to Gloucester town.
There is cash to purse and spend,
There are wives to be embraced,
Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,
And hearts to take and keep to the end,—
O little sails, make haste!

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
What harbor town for thee?
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
Shall crowd the banks to see?
Shall all the happy shipmates then
Stand singing brotherly?
Or shall a haggard ruthless few
Warp her over and bring her to,
While the many broken souls of men
Fester down in the slaver's pen,
And nothing to say or do?

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

THE LISTENERS

IS THERE anybody there?" said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
"Is there anybody there?" he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his gray eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:

Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call,
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word," he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:
Aye, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

"THERE'S ROSEMARY"

O LOVE that is not love, but dear, so dear!
That is not love because it goes so soon,
Like flower born and dead within one moon,
And yet is love, for that it comes full near

The guarded fane where love alone may peer,
  Ere, like young Spring by Summer soon outshone,
  It trembles into death, but comes anon,
As thoughts of Spring will come though Summer's here.

O star full sweet, though one arose more fair,
  Within my heart I'll keep a heaven for thee
  Where thou mayst freely come and freely go,
Touching with thy pale gold the twilight air
  Where dream-closed buds could never flower show,
Yet fragrant keep the shadowy way for me.

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN.

TRICKSTERS*

I AM bewildered still and teased by elves
  That cloud about me even through city streets.
One sings a stave and one a dream repeats,
One, crueller, in some old resentment delves;
I am aware they are my other selves,
Yet to what dazzling vision each entreats,
Casting a glamour over shams and cheats,
Ennobling cant, buzzing by tens and twelves!

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So then my smiling grieves the passer-by,
I strut in all vocations not my own,
Wearing the centuries like a baldric slung;
Whilst shabby I gawk at this splendid I.
Chronos and Momus through my lips intone,
Archangels, heroes,—rascals yet unhung!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

THE CHIROPODIST

MR. HENRY BARTLETT was one of three gentlemen who rode from the railroad station to Moore's Hotel, at Trenton Falls, on the top of an omnibus; and who, having clambered down from that lofty perch, under the inspection of forty pairs of eyes leveled at them from the balcony, hastened to inscribe their names in the book, and secure the keys of their several chambers. To no one of the three, however, was this privacy so welcome as to Mr. Bartlett, who, entering his room with flushed face, nervously dismissed the servant, locked the door, and dropped into a chair with a pant of relief. Our business being entirely with him, we shall at once dismiss his two companions—whom, indeed, we have only introduced as accessories to the principal figure—and, taking our invisible seats in the opposite chair, proceed to a contemplation of his person.

Age—four, perhaps five, and twenty—certainly not more; height, five feet nine inches, with well-developed breast and shoulders; limbs, whose firm, ample muscle betrays itself through the straight lines of his light summer costume, and hands and feet of agreeable shape; complexion fair, with a

skin of feminine fineness and transparency, whereon the uncontrollable blood writes his emotions so palpably that he who runs may read; eyes of a clear, honest blue, but so shy of meeting a steady gaze that few know how beautiful they really are; mouth full and sensitive, and of so rich and dewy a red that we can not help wishing he were a woman that we might be pardoned for kissing it; forehead broad, and rather low; hair—but here we hesitate, for his enemies would certainly call it red. Indeed, in some lights it *is* red, but its prevailing tint is brown, with a bronze luster on the curls. As he sits thus, unconscious of our observation, he is certainly handsome, in spite of a haunting air of timidity which weakens the expression of features not weak in themselves. On further observation, we are inclined to believe that he has not achieved that easy poise of self-possession which, in men of becoming modesty, is the result of more or less social experience. He belongs, evidently, to that class of awkward, honest, warm-hearted, and sensitive natures whom all men like, and some women.

Mr. Bartlett's reflections after his arrival were —we have good reason to know—after this fashion: "When will I cease to be a fool? Why couldn't I stare back at all those people on the balcony as coolly as the two fellows who sat beside me? Why couldn't I get down without missing the step and grazing my shin on the wheel? Why should I walk into the house with my head down, and a million of cold little needles pricking

my back, because men and women, and not sheep, were looking at me? I have at least an average body, as men go—an average intellect, too, I think; yet every day I see spindly, brainless squirts [Mr. Bartlett would not have used this epithet in conversation, but it certainly passed through his mind] put me to shame by their self-possession. The women think me a fool because I have not the courage to be natural and unembarrassed, and I carry the consciousness of the fact about me whenever I meet them. Come, come: this will never do. I am a man, and I ought to possess the ordinary resolution of a man. Now, here's a chance to turn over a new leaf. Nobody knows me; no one will notice me particularly; and whether I fail or succeed, the experiment will never be brought forward to my confusion hereafter."

Full of a sudden courage he sprang to his feet, and carefully adjusted his toilet for the tea-table, whistling cheerfully all the while. At the sound of the gong he descended the staircase, and approached the dining-room with head erect, meeting the gaze of the other guests with a steadiness which resembled defiance. He was surprised to find how mechanical and transitory were the glances he encountered. As Mr. Bartlett's friend, I should not like to assert that in his efforts to appear self-possessed he approached the bounds of effrontery; but I have my own private suspicions about the matter. At the table a lively conversation was carried on, and he was able to take many stealthy observations of the ladies

without being noticed. To his shame I must confess that he had never been seriously in love, though it was a condition he most earnestly desired. Attracted toward women by the instinct of his nature, and repelled by his awkward embarrassment, there seemed little chance that he would ever attain it. On this particular occasion, however, he cast his eyes around with the air of a sultan scanning his slaves before throwing the handkerchief to the chosen one. The female guests—old, young, married, single, ill-favored or beautiful—were subjected to the review. It is impossible to describe Mr. Bartlett's satisfaction with himself.

He had passed over twenty-nine of the thirty-five ladies present without experiencing any special emotion; but at the thirtieth he was suddenly attacked by a recurrence of his habitual timidity. He fixed his eyes upon his toast, painfully conscious by the warmth of his ears that he was blushing violently, and actually drank a third cup of tea (one more than his usual allowance) before he became sufficiently composed to look up again. Really there was no cause for confusion. Her face was turned away, so that even the profile was not wholly visible; but the exquisite line of the forehead and cheek, bent inward at the angle of the unseen eye, and melting into the sweep of the neck and shoulder, were the surest possible prophecies of beauty. Her chestnut hair, rippled at the temples, was gathered into a heavy, shining knot at the back of her head, and inwoven with

the varnished, heart-shaped leaves of the smilax. More than this Mr. Bartlett did not dare to notice.

During the evening he flitted restlessly about the rooms, intent on an object which he thus explained to himself: "I should like to see whether her front face corresponds to the outline of her cheek. I am alone; it is too late to visit the Falls, and a whim of this sort will help me to pass the time." But the lady belonged, apparently, to a numerous party, who took possession of one end of the balcony and sat in the moonlight, in such a position that he could not see her features with distinctness. The face was a pure oval, in a frame-work of superb hair, and the glossy leaves of smilax glittered like silver in the moonlight whenever she chanced to turn her head. There were songs, and she sang—"Scenes that are brightest," or something of the kind, suggested by the influences of the night. Her voice was clear and sweet, without much strength—one of those voices which seem to be made for singing to one ear alone. "Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me," thought Mr. Bartlett. [He had just been reading the "Idyls of the King."] He slipped off to bed, saying to himself: "A little more courage, and I may be able to make her acquaintance."

In the morning he set out to make the tour of the Falls. Entering the glen from below, he slowly crept up the black shelves of rock, under and around the rush of the amber waters. The naiads of Trenton, waving their scarfs of rainbow brede, tossed their foam fringes in his face: above,

the dryads of the pine and beech looked down from their seats on the brink of the overhanging walls. Mr. Bartlett was neither a poet nor a painter, nor was it necessary; but his temperament (as you may know from his skin and the color of his hair) was joyous and excitable, and he felt a degree of delight that made him forget his own self. I fancy there are no embarrassing conventionalisms at the bottom of the earth—wherever that may be—and the glen at Trenton is two hundred feet on the way thither. Our friend enjoyed to the full this partial release, and was surprised to find that he could assist several married ladies to climb the slippery steps at the High Fall without consciously blushing.

How it came to pass he never could rightly tell, but certain it is that, on lifting his eyes after a long contemplation of the shifting slides of fretted amber, he found himself alone in the glen—with the exception of a young lady who sat on the rocks a few paces distant. At the first glance he thought it was a child, for the slight form was habited in a Bloomer dress, and a broad hat shaded the graceful head. The wide trowsers were gathered around her ankles, and a pair of the prettiest feet he had ever seen dangled in the edge of the swift stream. She was idly plucking up tufts of grass from the crevices of the rock, and tossing them in the mouth of the cataract, and her face was partly turned toward him. It was the fair unknown of the evening before! There was no mistaking the lovely cheek and the rippled chestnut hair.

Mr. Bartlett felt—as he afterward expressed himself—a warm, sweet shudder run through all his veins. Alone with that lovely creature, below the outside surface of the earth! "Oh, if I could but speak to her! Her dress shows that she can lay aside the soulless forms of society in such a place as this: why not I? There's Larkin, and Kirkland, and lots of fellows I know, wouldn't hesitate a moment. But what shall I say? 'The scenery's very fine'? Pshaw! But the first sentence is the only difficulty—the rest will come of itself. What if I address her boldly as an old acquaintance, and then apologize for my mistake? Upon my word, a good idea! So natural and possible!"

Having determined upon this plan, he immediately put it into action before the resolve had time to cool. His step was firm and his bearing was sufficiently confident as he approached her; but when she lifted her long lashes, disclosing a pair of large, limpid, hazel eyes, which regarded him, unabashed, with the transient curiosity one bestows upon a stranger, his face, I am sure, betrayed the humbug of the thing. The lady, however, not anticipating what followed, could scarcely have remarked it.

Raising his hat as he reached the corner of the rock upon which she sat, he said, in a voice so curiously balanced between his enforced boldness and his reflected surprise thereat, that he hardly recognized it as his own:

"How do you do, Miss Lawrence?"

The lady looked at him wonderingly—steady, child-like eyes, that frankly and innocently perused his face, as if seeking for some trace of a forgotten acquaintance. Mr. Bartlett could not withdraw his, although he knew that his face was getting redder and his respiration more unsteady every moment. He stammered forth:

"Miss Lawrence, of South Carolina, I believe."

"You are mistaken, sir," said the lady, with the least shade of coldness in her voice, but it fell upon Mr. Bartlett like the wind from an iceberg —"I am not Miss Lawrence."

"I—I beg your pardon," he answered, somewhat confusedly. "You resemble her; I expected to meet her here. Will you please tell her I inquired for her? Here's my card!" Therewith he thrust both hands into his vest pockets, extracted a card from one of them, and laid it hastily upon the rock beside her.

"Bertha! Bertha!" rang through the glen, above the roar of the waterfall. The remainder of the party which the young lady had preceded now came into view descending toward her.

"Good-day, Miss Lawrence!" said Mr. Bartlett, again lifting his hat, and retracing his steps. For his life he could not have passed her and run the gauntlet of the faces of her friends upon the narrow path. Every soul of them would have instantly seen what a fool he was. Moreover, he had achieved enough for one day. The soldier who storms a perilous breach and finds himself alive on the inside of it could not be more aston-

ished than he. "I blundered awfully," he thought; "but, after all, it's the one way to learn."—"Who's your friend, Bertha?" asked her brother, Dick Morris, the avant-guard of the party. "I never saw the fellow before."

"If you had not frightened him by your sudden appearance," said she, "you might have discovered. A Southerner, I suppose, though he don't look like one. He addressed me as Miss Lawrence, of South Carolina, and afterward left me his card, to be given to her. What shall I do with it?"

"Ha! the card will tell us who he is," said Dick, picking it up. He instantly burst into a roar of laughter. "Ha! ha! This comes of wearing a Bloomer, Bertha! Though I must say it's by no means complimentary to your little feet. Who'd suspect *you* of having corns?"

"Dick, what *do* you mean?"

"Ha! ha! no doubt I came at the nick of time to prevent him from pulling off your shoes."

"Dick!"

Therewith she impatiently jerked the card from her brother's hand. It was large, thick, handsomely glazed, and contained the following inscription:

PROFESSOR HURLBUT,
Chiropodist
To her Majesty Queen Victoria, and the
Nobility of Great Britain.

"Incredible!" she exclaimed. "So young, and embarrassed in his manners; how could he ever have taken hold of the Queen's foot?"

"Embarrassed indeed!" said Dick. "I think he has a very cool way of procuring patients. But, faith, he's chosen a romantic operating-room. After climbing down these rocks the corns naturally begin to twinge, and here's the Professor on hand. Behold the march of civilization!"

Bertha did not fall into her brother's vein of badinage, as usual. She was vexed that the fresh, manly face and blue eyes into which she had looked belonged to a charlatan, and vexed at herself for being vexed thereat. It was not so easy, however, to dismiss Professor Hurlbut from her mind, for Dick had related the incident to the others of the party, with his own embellishments, and numberless were the jokes to which it gave rise throughout the day.

Meantime Mr. Bartlett, in happy ignorance of the worst blunder he had ever made, returned to the hotel. The day previous, at Utica, he had been annoyed by an itinerant extractor of corns, suppressor of bunions, and regulator of irregular nails, whose proffered card he had put into his pocket in order to get rid of the man. It was *this* card which he had presented to Miss Morris as his own. On reaching the hotel he easily ascertained her real name and place of residence, with the additional fact that the party were to leave for Saratoga on the morrow. It occurred to him

also that Saratoga, in the height of the season, would be well worth a visit.

In the evening he again happened to meet the lady on the stairs. He retreated into a corner of the landing, to make room for her ample skirts, and, catching a glance of curious interest from her hazel eyes, ventured to say: "Good-evening, Miss Law-ris!" suddenly correcting her name in the middle. Bertha, in spite of the womanly dignity which she could very well summon to her aid, could not suppress a fragment of gay laughter in which the supposed Professor joined. A slight inclination of the lovely head acknowledged his salutation.

The next morning Miss Bertha Morris left, with her party, for Saratoga; and after allowing a day to intervene, in order to avoid the appearance of design, Mr. Henry Bartlett followed. He did not admit to himself in the least that this movement was prompted by love; but he was aware of an intense desire to make her acquaintance. The earnestness which this desire infused into his nature gave him courage; the man within him was beginning to wake and stir; and a boyhood of character, prolonged beyond the usual date, was dropping rapidly into the irrecoverable conditions of the past.

It chanced that they both took quarters in the same hotel; and great was Bertha's astonishment, on her first morning visit to the Congress Spring, to find Professor Hurlbut quietly quaffing his third glass. He looked so much like a gentleman;

he was really so fresh and rosy, so genuinely masculine in comparison with the blasé youths she was accustomed to see, that, forgetting his occupation, she acknowledged his bow with a cordiality which provoked herself the moment afterward. Mr. Barlett was so much encouraged by this recognition that he ventured to walk beside her on their return to the hotel. She, having in the impulsive frankness and forgetfulness of her nature returned his greeting, felt bound to suffer the temporary companionship, embarrassing though it was. Fortunately none of her friends were in sight, nor was it probable that they knew the chiropodist in any case. She would be rid of him at the hotel door, and would take good care to avoid him in the future.

"How delightful it is here!" said Mr. Bartlett, thinking more of his present position than of Saratoga in general.

An inclination of the head was her only reply.

"This is my first visit," he added; "and I can not conceive of a summer society gayer or more inspiring."

"I have no doubt you will find it a very favorable place for your business," said Bertha, maliciously recalling him to his occupation, as she thought.

"Oh, I hope so!" exclaimed the innocent Bartlett. For was not his only business in Saratoga the endeavor to make her acquaintance? And was he not already in a fair way to be successful?

"Disgusting!" thought Bertha, as she suddenly

turned and sprang up the steps in front of the ladies' drawing room. "He thinks of nothing but his horrid corn-plaster, or whatever it is! I really believe he suspects that I need his services. That such a man should be so brazen a charlatan—it is monstrous!"

Such thoughts were not an auspicious commencement for the day, and Bertha's friends remarked that she was not in her sunniest mood. She was very careful, however, not to speak of her meeting with the chiropodist; there would have been no end to her brother's banter. She was also vexed that she could not forget his honest blue eyes, and the full, splendid curves of his mouth. Indignation, she supposed, was her predominant emotion; but, in reality, there was a strong underfeeling of admiration, had she been aware of it.

After dinner Mr. Bartlett, occupying the post of observation at his window (room No. 1346, seventh story), saw the Morris party—Bertha among them—enter a carriage and drive away in the direction of the Lake. Half an hour later, properly attired, he mounted a handsome roan at the door of a livery-stable, and set off in the same direction. He was an accomplished rider, his legs being somewhat shorter than was required by due proportion, owing to which circumstance he appeared taller on horseback than afoot. Like all horsemen, he was thoroughly self-possessed when in the saddle, and could he but have ridden into drawing rooms and dining rooms, would have felt no trace of his customary timidity.

Bertha noticed his figure afar off, approaching the carriage on a rapid trot, but made no remark. Dick, who had a quick eye for good points both in man and beast, exclaimed, "By Jove! there's a fine pair of them! Look at the action of that roan! See how the fellow rises at the right moment without leaving his saddle! no jumping or bumping there!" Mr. Bartlett came on at a staving pace, lifting his hat to the ladies with perfect grace as he passed. He would have blushed could he have felt a single ripple of the wave of admiration which flowed after him. Bertha alone was silent, more than ever provoked and disgusted that such a gallant outward embodiment of manhood should be connected with such disagreeable associations! Had he been any thing but a chiropodist! A singular feeling of shame, for his sake, prevented her from betraying his personality to her friends; and it came to pass that they innocently defended the very charlatan whom they had so ridiculed in the glen at Trenton from her half-disparaging observations.

After all, she thought, the man may be honest in his profession, which he may look upon as simply that of a physician. A pain in the toe is probably as troublesome as a pain in the head; and why should not one be cured as well as the other? A dentist, I am sure, is a very respectable person; and, for my part, I would as soon operate on a corny toe as a carious tooth. [I would not have you suppose, ladies, that Miss Morris made use of such horrid expressions in

her conversation: I am only putting her thoughts into my own words.] Still, the conclusion to which she invariably arrived was, "I wish he were anything else!"

That evening there was a hop at the hotel. The Morrises were enthusiastic dancers—even the widow, Bertha's mother, not disdaining a quadrille. Mr. Bartlett, in an elegant evening dress, his eyes sparkling with new light, was there also. In the course of the day he had encountered a Boston cousin, Miss Jane Heath, a tall, dashing girl, some two or three years older than himself. She was one of the few women with whom he felt entirely at ease. There was an honest, cousinly affection between them; and he always felt relieved, in society, when supported by her presence.

"Now, Harry," said Jane, as they entered the room, "remember, the first schottisch belongs to me. After that, I'll prove my disinterestedness by finding you partners."

As he led her upon the floor his eyes dropped in encountering those of Bertha Morris, whose floating tulle was just settling itself to rest as she whirled out of the ranks. Poor Bertha! had she been alone she could have cried. He danced as well as he rode—the splendid, mean fellow! the handsome, horrid—chiropodist! Well, it was all outward varnish, no doubt. If it was true that he had relieved the nobility of Great Britain of their corns, he must have acquired something of the elegances of their society. But such ease and grace in dancing could not be picked up by

mere imitation—it was a born gift. Even her brother Dick, who was looked upon as the highest result of fashionable education in such matters, was not surer or lighter of foot.

An hour later Bertha, who had withdrawn from the dancers and was refreshing herself with the mild night air at an open window, found herself temporarily separated from her friends. Mr. Bartlett had evidently been watching for such an opportunity, for he presently disengaged himself from the crowd and approached her.

"You are fond of dancing, Miss Morris?" said he.

"Ye-es," she answered, hesitatingly, divided between her determination to repel his effrontery and her inability to do so. She turned partly away, and gazed steadily into the moonshine.

Mr. Bartlett, however, was not to be discouraged. "Still, even the most agreeable exercise will fatigue at last," he remarked.

"Oh," said Bertha, rather sharply, suspecting a professional meaning in his words, "my feet are perfectly sound, I assure you, sir!"

It is not to be denied that he was a little surprised at the earnestness of an assertion which, in a playful tone, would not have seemed out of place. "I think you proved that at Trenton Falls," he rejoined; "but will you grant me the pleasure of another test during the next quadrille?"

"No further test is necessary, sir. I presume you have patients enough already!" And having

uttered these words as coolly as her indignation allowed, Bertha moved away from the window.

"Patience?" said Mr. Bartlett to himself, wholly misapprehending her meaning; "yes, I shall have patience while there is a chance to hope. But why did she speak of patience? Women, I have heard, are natural diplomatists, and have a thousand indirect ways of saying things which they do not wish to speak outright. Could she mean to test the sincerity of my wish to know her? It is not to be expected that a stranger, so awkwardly introduced, should be received without hesitation—mistrust, perhaps. No, no, I must persevere; she would despise me if I did not understand her meaning."

The following days were cold and rainy. There was an end of the gay out door life which offered him so many chances of meeting Miss Morris, and the fleeting glimpses he caught of her in the great dining hall or the passage leading to the ladies' parlor were simply tantalizing. I have no doubt there was a mute appeal in his eyes which must have troubled the young lady's conscience, for she avoided meeting his gaze. The knowledge of his presence made her uneasy; there was an atmosphere about the hotel which she would willingly have escaped. She walked with the consciousness of an eye everywhere following her, and, in spite of herself, furtively sought for it. We, who are aware of her mystification, may be amused at it; but imagine yourselves in the same situation, ladies, and you will appreciate its horrors!

No, this was not longer to be endured, and so, after five or six days at Saratoga, the party suddenly left for Niagara. Bertha, an only daughter, was a petted child, and might have had her own way much oftener than was really the case. The principal use she made of her privilege was to follow the bent of a remarkably free, joyous, and confiding nature. She was just unconventional enough to preserve an individuality, and thereby distinguish herself from thousands of girls who seem to have been cut out by a single pattern. The sphere within which true womanhood moves is much wider than most women suspect. To the frank, honest, and pure nature, what are called "the bounds of propriety" are its natural horizon-ring, moving with it, and inclosing it everywhere without restraining its freedom.

We shall not be surprised to find that shortly after Miss Morris's departure Room No. 1346 in the Catanational Hotel had another tenant. Mr. Bartlett followed, as a matter of course. He began, nevertheless, to feel very much like a fool, and—as he afterward confessed—spent most of the time between Utica and the Suspension Bridge in deliberating whether he should seek or avoid an interview. As if such discussions with one's self ever amounted to anything!

Ascertaining the lady's presence, he decided to devote his first day to Niagara, trusting the rest to chance. In fact, he could not have done a more sensible thing, for there is a Special Chance appointed for such cases. The forenoon was not

over before he experienced its operations. Bertha, cloaked and cowled in India-rubber, stood on the hurricane deck of the *Maid of the Mist*, as the venturesome little steamer approached the corner of the Horse-Shoe Fall. Looking up through blinding spray at the shimmer of emerald and dazzling silver against the sky, she crept near a broad-shouldered figure to shelter herself from the stormy gusts of the Fall. Suddenly the boat wheeled, at the very edge of the tremendous sheet, and swirled away from the vortex with a heave which threw her off her feet. She did not fall, however; for strong arms caught her waist and steadied her until the motion subsided.

Through the rush of the spray and the roar of the Fall she indistinctly heard a voice apologizing for the unceremonious way in which the arms had seized her. She did not speak—fearful, in fact, of having her mouth filled with water—but frankly gave the gentleman her hand. The monkish figure bowed low over the wet fingers, and respectfully withdrew. As the mist cleared away she encountered familiar eyes. Was it possible? The Chiropodist!

This discovery gave Bertha no little uneasiness. A subtle instinct told her that he had followed on her account, in spite of her cornless feet. Perhaps he had left a lucrative practice at Saratoga—and why? There was but one answer to the question, and she blushed painfully as she admitted its possibility. What was to be done? She would tell her brother; but no—young men are so rash

and violent. Avoid him? That was difficult and embarrassing. Ignore him? Yes, as much as possible, and, if necessary, frankly tell him that she could not accept his acquaintance. On the whole, this course seemed best, though an involuntary sympathy with her victim made her wish that it were all over.

In the afternoon Mrs. Morris, as usual, took her summer siesta; Dick had found a friend, and was whirling somewhere behind a pair of fast horses; and, finally, Bertha, bored by the society in the ladies' parlor, took her hat and a book and walked over to Goat Island. She made the circuit of its forests and flashing water views, and finally selected a shady seat on its western side, whence she could look out on the foamy stairs of the Rapids. The unnecessary book lay in her lap; a more wonderful book than any printed volume lay open before her.

Who shall dare to interpret the day-dream of a maiden? Soothed by the mellow roar of the waters, fascinated by the momentary leaps of spray from the fluted, shell-shaped hollows of the descending waves, and freshened by the wind that blew from the cool Canadian shore, she nursed her wild weeds of fancy till they blossomed into brighter than garden-flowers. Meanwhile a thunder-cloud rose, dark and swift, in the west. The menaces of its coming were unheard, and Bertha was first recalled to consciousness by the sudden blast of cold wind that precedes the rain.

When she looked up, the gray depth of storm

already arched high over the Canadian woods, and big drops began to rap on the shingly bank below her. A little farther down was a summer-house—open to the west, it is true, but it offered the only chance of shelter within view. She had barely reached it before a heavy peal of thunder shattered the bolts of the rain, and it rushed down in an overwhelming flood. Mounted on the bench and crouched in the least exposed corner, she was endeavoring, with but partial success, to shelter herself from the driving flood, when a man, coming from the opposite end of the island, rushed up at full speed.

"Here," he panted, "Miss Morris, take this umbrella! I saw you at a distance, and made haste to reach you. I hope you're not wet." The spacious umbrella was instantly clapped over her, and the inevitable Chiropodist placed himself in front to steady it, fully exposed to the rain.

Bertha was not proof against this gallant self-sacrifice. In the surprise of the storm—the roar of which, mingled with that of the Fall, made a continuous awful peal—the companionship of any human being was a relief, and she felt grateful for Professor Hurlbut's arrival. Chiropodist though he was, he must not suffer for her sake.

"Here!" said she, lifting the umbrella, "it will shelter us both. Quick! I insist upon it": seeing that he hesitated.

There was really no time for parley, for every drop pierced him to the skin, and the next moment found him planted before her, interposing a

double shield. His tender anxiety for her sake quite softened Bertha. How ungrateful she had been!

"This is the second time I am obliged to you today, sir," said she. "I am sorry that I have unintentionally given you trouble."

"Oh, Miss Morris," cried the delighted Bartlett, "don't mention it! It's nothing; I am quite amphibious, you know."

"You might be now in a place of shelter but for me," she answered, penitently.

"I'd rather be here than any where else!" he exclaimed, in a burst of candor which quite overleaped the barrier of self-possession and came down on the other side. "If you would allow me to be your friend, Miss Morris—if you would permit me to—to speak with you now and then; if—if——" Here he paused, not knowing precisely what more to say, yet feeling that he had already said enough to make his meaning clear.

Bertha was cruelly embarrassed, but only for a moment. Professor Hurlbut had at least been frank and honest in his avowal—she felt his sincerity through and through—and he deserved equal honesty at her hands.

"I am your debtor," said she, in an uncertain voice; "and you have a right to expect gratitude, at least, from me. I cannot, therefore, refuse your acquaintance, though, as you know, your—your occupation would be considered objectionable by many persons."

"My occupation!"

"Your profession, then. I must candidly confess that I have a prejudice—a foolish one, perhaps, against it."

".My profession!" cried the astonished Bartlett; "why, I have none!"

"Well—it *is* scarcely to be called a 'profession,' but it is always liable to the charge of charlatanism: pardon me the word. And it may be ridiculed in so many ways. I wish, for your sake—for I believe you to be capable of better things—that you would adopt some other business."

Mr. Bartlett's amazement was now beyond all bounds. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "Miss Morris, what do you mean?"

Starting up from the bench as he uttered these words he jostled Bertha's book from her hand. The leaves parted in falling, and a large card, escaping from between them, fluttered down upon the floor. He picked it up and restored it to her, with the book.

"There!" she answered, giving the card back again, "there is what I mean! Must I give you your own card in order to acquaint you with your own business?"

Mr. Bartlett looked at it for a second in blank amazement; then, like a flash of lightning, the whole course of the misunderstanding flashed across his mind. He burst—I am ashamed to say—into a tremendous paroxysm of mingled tears and laughter: were he not so strong and masculine a man, I should say, "hysterics." In vain he struggled to find words. At every attempt a fresh

convulsion of laughter seized him, and tears, mingled with rain, flowed down his cheeks.

Bertha began to be alarmed at this strange and unexpected convulsion. "Professor Hurlbut!" said she, "what is the matter?"

"Professor Hurlbut!" he repeated, in a faint, scarcely audible scream; then, striving to suppress his uncontrollable fit of delight and comical surprise, he sank upon the bench at her feet, shaking from head to foot with the effort.

"A-a-ah!" he at last panted forth, as if heaving an atlas-load from his heart, and stood erect before her. With his face still flushed and eyes sparkling he was as handsome an embodiment of youth and life as one could wish to see. In two words he explained to her the mistake, on learning which Bertha blushed deeply, saying: "How could I ever have supposed it!" And then, reflecting upon the inferences which could be drawn from such an expression, became suddenly shy and silent.

Of course she accepted Mr. Bartlett's escort to the hotel when the rain was over, and he was presented to the agonized mother, who hailed him as a deliverer of her daughter from untold dangers, and privately remarked, afterward, to the latter: "Upon my word, a very nice young man, my dear!" Dick's commendation was no less emphatic though differently expressed: "A good fellow! well made in the shoulders and flanks: fine action, but wants a little training!"

By this time, ladies, you have probably guessed

the conclusion. My story would neither be agreeable nor true (I am relating facts) if they were not married, and did not have two children, and live happy ever after. Married they were, in the course of time, and happy they also are, for I visit them now and then.

One thing I had nearly forgotten. When Mrs. Bartlett chooses to tease her husband in that playful way so delightful to married lovers, she invariably calls him "Professor Hurlbut," while he retorts with "Miss Lawrence, of South Carolina." Moreover, in Mrs. B.'s confidential little boudoir over her work-stand, hangs a neatly framed card, whereon you may read:

PROFESSOR HURLBUT,
Chiropodist
To her Majesty Queen Victoria, and the
Nobility of Great Britain.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

BEDOUIN LOVE-SONG

FROM the Desert I come to thee,
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee!
With a love that shall not die

Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window, and see
My passion and my pain!
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

A POET FINDS HIMSELF

I

NOT a little has been written about the supposed hardship to Field of having to supply daily a long column of original material for the *Daily News*. The fact is, however, that Field was free at any time to abandon his work for a day, a week, a month, or even six months if he had a good reason for so doing, his salary being paid him regularly in the meantime. There were frequent gaps in his service, though no other was so long as that extending through the fall of 1887 and the succeeding winter. A few years after Field's death Julian Ralph wrote:

> He once said to me that his contract with his employer was almost as hard as the sale of his soul would have been. "I must do it to live," said he, "and yet if I do it I cannot produce the better and greater work that I long to be at. I can do nothing but trifling work in literature so long as I am forced to go down to that office every day and grind out my column." He spoke seriously, and if he felt bitterly he only did as hundreds of other bright newspaper attachés have

done and are doing to-day under similar circumstances.

Yet when Ralph knew Field the latter never went near the office of the *Daily News* to do his work. During the last four years of his life he did his writing at home and his son Fred (Daisy) drew a small weekly wage from the newspaper, his task being to carry his father's manuscript to the office. However, up to the autumn of 1889 Field did regularly go to the office, as he did also for a time in 1891, after his sojourn of about fourteen months in Europe. Doubtless it is true that his newspaper work irked him at times; yet his considerate employer gave him every possible freedom.

After Field got back into the harness in the spring of 1888, following his long vacation in the East, his work went on much as before, except that he had begun to do a great deal of planning. He felt that the time had come for him to begin to harvest his dreams, but he was still in doubt how to begin. He wrote many anecdotes that he had picked up during his Eastern trip. He wrote some amusing articles on fishing. He wrote two Christmas stories and three of his best pieces of mingled humor and pathos—"Bill, the Lokil Editor," "Dock Stebbins," and "The Little Yaller Baby." He composed the well-known verses, "Little Mack." More significant still, he began to write much on books and book collecting. His first bibliographic note appeared in March of that year. Here it is:

The Rev. Frank Bristol is in trouble. An evening paper announced the other day that at a meeting of Methodist clergymen he had avowed that he didn't believe in the doctrine of everlasting punishment. Of course Mr. Bristol made no such avowal. Those who know Mr. Bristol at all know that if he has one deep-rooted conviction it is that there is a hell and that to the torments thereof will all unrepentant sinners be condemned for eternity. Mr. Bristol so earnestly believes in this that he takes a seeming pleasure in collecting books and pictures treating of the everlasting miseries of the damned. He has perhaps the finest "hell" library in the country, and many of the illustrations of this subject (such as woodcuts, copper plates, and steel engravings of the old masters) are so vivid that they would seem calculated to throw even the vilest scoffer and the most callous reprobate into a tremor of penitence.

The year 1888, however, will be regarded by lovers of Field's verses as most noteworthy because it saw the birth of "Little Boy Blue." This poem unquestionably is the greatest favorite of all the poems that Field wrote. He wrote it in bed one April night and read it to me as soon as he reached the office next morning. He recognized at once that it was a remarkable production. I was enthusiastic about it, and his smiling satisfaction with the lines told plainly that he saw no way to improve them. However, as was his custom, he put the poem into his desk for further consideration at some other time. He had written it because he had promised Slason Thompson to furnish a poem for the first number of *America,* a

weekly periodical. "Little Boy Blue" duly appeared in that number. Its powerful appeal to human hearts caused it speedily to become known the world around. Here it is:

Little Boy Blue

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
  But sturdy and stanch it stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
  And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
  And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
  Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
  "And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
  He dreamed of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
  Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
  But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
  Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
  And the smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
  In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
  Since he kissed them and put them there.

II

One other poem appeared in that first number of *America*—"St. Michael the Weigher," by James Russell Lowell. There speedily developed a curious race for popularity between Lowell's poem and "Little Boy Blue," a race that was watched with very great interest by Field and myself. Here was the product of a poet of long-established reputation pitted against that of a mere aspirant to the title of poet. Which would receive the greater degree of recognition from the newspapers of the country? We kept a close lookout, searching daily the columns of the hundreds of newspapers that came to the office. Both poems were widely copied. Wherever found, we clipped them and matched the two sets of clippings numerically against each other. To Field's immense satisfaction "Little Boy Blue" soon began to outrun its more pretentious rival. Its lead grew longer day by day, until there was no doubt that the younger poet's verses had scored a notable success over Lowell's in point of newspaper popularity.

At this advanced stage of the contest I undertook to perpetrate a feeble joke. I had the composing room strike off a number of proofs of the title, "St. Michael the Weigher." Then I clipped from the exchanges many pieces of verse of about the length of Lowell's poem and having the same kind of verse formation and pasted the bogus title at the top of each. Thus I prepared a sheaf of doctored clippings that at first glance might pass

for what they were not. These I laid on Field's desk over against two or three fresh clippings of Field's own poem. When he reached the office that day the clippings immediately attracted Field's attention. He caught them up and there was silence for the space of half a minute. Then his sudden shout of laughter showed that he had discovered the fraud. "Oh, no," he said to me. "That won't go down. Mike needs your help badly, but the Little Boy will beat you both."

The widespread affection for Field and his verses that developed in succeeding years was due in large measure to this poem. It was speedily set to music. It was read in the schools. Of many instances tending to show its universal popularity I recall one. When a young woman novelist of my acquaintance visited the Shetland Islands some years ago she found the Scotch schoolmaster of the parish school in Mid Yell teaching his pupils to recite "Little Boy Blue." Those fisher children, penned up in their rocky islet by the racing waters —children "whose only toys were sea shells and who sucked dried fish for sweeties"—thus profited spiritually by the most famous poem of the tenderest of children's poets.

Many have supposed that the poem was written in memory of Field's son Melvin. But Melvin died a year and a half after "Little Boy Blue" was written, and his father wrote other beautiful and tender verses in his memory. Twelve years before he wrote the poem he had lost an infant son, when the family was living in St. Joseph. That may

be the reason why Melville E. Stone, in his "Fifty Years a Journalist," makes the curious error of asserting that Field wrote "Little Boy Blue" while residing in that Missouri city. Another story which has gained some circulation is that Field wrote the poem on being told of the death of a little boy whose parents thereafter never moved the child's toys from the bay window where he left them, even leaving the window unchanged when making extensive alterations in the rest of the house. However, Field never intimated to me at the time the poem was written or at any other time that it was anything more than the product of his imagination.

There is still a strong tendency to build up legends about this well-loved poem. And recently it has been a subject of dispute between learned gentlemen, one of whom challenged the authenticity of the accepted text. He wrote an article in a book collector's magazine to prove that the lines:

And they wonder, as waiting the long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,

should be so changed as to make the second line read, "In the bust of that little chair." He explained that he had examined the original manuscript of the poem and had found that the word was "bust," not "dust." Then he made this argument:

If Mr. Field had written the line "In the dust of that little chair" it would have been false to his

purpose. "Dust" in this particular sense means nothing, and during all these years the world has printed and read this poem erroneously and meaninglessly. But "bust of that little chair" is more to the purpose and to the meaning. "Bust" in the old English usage was applied to the trunk of the body, the main or solid part, hence was used in speaking of the trunk or substantial part of anything. In the making of chairs for children an enclosure or box was fastened under the seat, the latter forming the lid, and in the box (the trunk) the child was supposed to keep his toys or playthings.

This earnest person wrote in conclusion:

It is to be desired that in the future editions of Mr. Field's poem this long-standing error, this mistake of forty years, shall be corrected and that "bust" supplant "dust" in the popular mind whenever this favorite poem is read or quoted.

The article drew a reply from the pen of James Shields, of Philadelphia, a writer on Field's life and works and a collector of Fieldiana. Mr. Shields also had studied the manuscript of "Little Boy Blue"—the same manuscript that was bought in Chicago a few years ago at a war bazaar for $2,400 by John McCormack, the tenor—and had found that in writing it Field had made fourteen "d's" precisely as he had made the letter which the other investigator pronounced a "b."

All of this is, of course, trivial enough, but it is interesting as illustrating how busy commentators

can torture new and amazing meanings out of the simplest lines of dead and therefore unprotesting poets.

III

Doubtless, after all, the most important work performed by Field in 1888 consisted of his preparations for the remarkable tasks which marked the earlier months of 1889. At first he was eager to produce many pieces of "Alaskan balladry." Later he hit upon the idea of writing lullabies for children of all lands, and he read widely to collect material for the fascinating series. His success in working out this plan is known to all who have read his poems. He was also making notes at this time of his memories of his Western mountain experiences for a series of poems dealing with life in a Colorado mining camp. Then came to him the plan of writing paraphrases of Horace.

Here indeed was a wealth of material for poetic treatment. He studied it, made trial flights, hummed sample lines, and generally saturated himself with the subjects that so appealed to him. By the end of the year he was ready to enter upon an extremely fruitful period of composition.

Field has told how he came to take an interest in the poems of Horace.

It was in the autumn at 1888 that, at the suggestion of an editorial associate. I began to make paraphrases of the odes of Horace. I soon became much interested in the work, or perhaps I should rather call it play, for seldom has my deal-

ing with the rare old Venusian cost me labor and never fatigue.

The editorial associate who turned Field's attention to Horace was Dr. F. W. Reilly, then managing editor of the *Daily News*. Field's method of dealing with the Latin poet has been adopted by many imitators, but not more than one or two of them has approached him in felicitous treatment of the verses. In all seriousness Field defended his method to me. "In paraphrasing the lighter verses of Horace," he said, "I begin by asking myself how Horace would write them if he were alive to-day amid surroundings similar to mine. His was a joyous spirit and certainly he would express himself rhythmically and with mirthful lightness if he were now on earth. So I try to interpret Horace in a way to bring his pagan poetry up to date. At least I give him the best I have in the shop."

His bold rendering of Horatian verse created a sensation. Some solemn critics denounced his "insolence" in turning famous classic poems into modern slang, but as a rule lovers of Horace acknowledged the force of Field's argument that his paraphrases merely modernized the poems while retaining their spirit. Field wrote in 1891 in defense of his method:

The genius of Quintus Horatius Flaccus appears not only in the poetic work of that preëminent master but also in the increasing popularity which that work enjoys in spite of the translations,

paraphrases, and imitations to which it has been subjected. For hundreds of years scholars, theologians, poets, pedants, soldiers, barristers, pedagogues—the representatives of every class and condition of society—have had their fling at the grand old pagan; they have threshed and rethreshed the straw with unflagging enthusiasm, producing results at once diverse, amusing, shocking, and humorous. But neither solemn pedantry nor ribald tomfoolery has served to abate posterity's love for the Sabine poet's songs; the voice which answered to the call of the muse in parched Apulia nineteen hundred years ago sings to-day as sweetly as of old, and the lyre which the hand of the freedman's son swept in praise of love and wine still awakens with its rapturous music the liveliest responses of which the human heart is capable.

The fatal error which most of the translators of Horace have made is a failure to detect this thing which seems so very certain and clear to us—that Horace wrote for all times and for all time. That charming and crafty old *ingénue*, Voltaire, has said: "None argues the possibility of changing the nature of beasts, and pray how then shall it be possible to change the nature of mankind, who are simply beasts in the higher scale of animal life? Humanity has been the same from the beginning, and Horace, as a very human being, wrote for humanity as it was and is and ever shall be. Yet our ancestors (peace be to their husky old bones, their musty ashes, and their solemn shades!) seemed ill content to regard the genius as a genius for all time and for all conditions; they insisted upon dragging themselves back through the dreary centuries into what they fondly fancied was a classic atmosphere and then, environed by a pedantry and a pomp which Horace himself always lampooned, they laboriously and solemnly

delivered themselves of the awful waste of dullness which was calculated to serve as a stimulus to the study of the most remarkable lyrist the world has ever known.

Four years later Field returned to the subject of Horatian translations, as follows:

We must despair of having any satisfactory rendering of the Venusian's work until the old-school college professor has passed away and until the poets-in-embryo are made to understand, as youths, that Horace was not a demigod or a bugaboo, but simply a mortal man imbued with the weaknesses, the appetites, and the passions as well as the stronger, nobler qualities of humanity. If he were on earth to-day how Horace would scout at the solemn asses who, with no sympathy for those kindly, genial qualities which make his verses immortal, plane and saw and hammer at his genius like so many job-lot carpenters!

IV

On New Year's day, 1889, Field published in his column "Casey's Table d'Hôte"—an auspicious beginning for the golden year of his literary life. Having started so well the task to which he had set his hand, he wrote and published other poems in rapid succession. Those appearing in January included "A Paraphrase of Seneca"—"Happy the man that, when his day is done"; Horace I, 11—"Seek not, Leuconöe, to know"; Horace I, 13—"When, Lydia, you (once fond and true)"; "A Paraphrase of Heine"—"There fell a star from realms above"; "The Bibliomaniac's Prayer," and Horace I, 23—"Chloe, you shun me like a hind,"

with its various paraphrases. On the last day of January appeared "The Cyclopeedy," a story written from the heart, for Field himself through weary years had been purchasing, volume by volume, an encyclopedia, much as did his harassed but hopeful hero, Leander Hobart.

In February there were more Horatian verses, including Horace I, 19—"Incendiary passions fill," and the celebrated paraphrase of Horace III, 9—"When you were mine in Auld Lang Syne." There appeared in this month also the following verses:

A Lamentation

Oh, if I were a poet
The world should surely know it—
Ye gods! how I would go it
  From morning until night!
I'd write no rhymes jackassic,
But carmina as classic
And as redolent of Massic
  As old Horace used to write.

I'd quaff Falernian yellow
Till my muse got good and mellow—
Then I'd flatter some old fellow
  Who had sordid gold to strew;
Let him give it—let him lend it—
Did I only comprehend it
I'd devise a way to spend it
  To advantage p. d. q.

I'd forswear McClurg and Morris—
Hic difficilis laboris!
And I'd do as did old Horace

When he'd touched his wealthy friend;
I'd refresh my muse with bumming
And I'd keep creating humming
In a fashion most becoming
To a bard with cash to spend.

. . . . . .

Alas! I am no poet—
These maundering verses show it,
And I can never go it
As old Horace used to go;
But through his numbers lyrical
And in his lines satirical
I'll learn, as 'twere empirical,
What wise men ought to know.

In February appeared also "Lollyby, Lolly, Lollyby," "De Amicitiis" and "The Twenty-Third Psalm," all on one day, the three nearly filling Field's column. March brought more Horace, "Our Lady of the Mine," and a splendid succession of lullabies. The "Japanese Lullaby" appeared on March 8th, the "Norse Lullaby" on March 9th, the "Dutch Lullaby" ("Wynken, Blynken and Nod") on March 11th, the "Orkney Lullaby" on March 18th and the "Cornish Lullaby" on March 22d. This month saw also the publication of "Good-by—God Bless You" and "Mother and Child."

V

Field's desire now was to dazzle his readers with the number as well as the beauty of his verses. So on April 4th he published poems that occupied a

column and a quarter of newspaper space. They were: "Our Two Opinions"; Horace I, 4—"'Tis spring! The boats bound to the sea"; "Love Song," by Heine; Horace, I, 20—"Than you, O valued friend of mine"; Hugo's "Pool in the Forest"; Horace I, 5—"What perfumed, posie-dizened sirrah"; Beranger's "Broken Fiddle"; Horace I, 38—"Boy, I detest the Persian pomp"; "Chloe"; Uhland's "Three Cavaliers"; Horace VI, 11—"Come, Phyllis, I've a cask of wine."

This notable demonstration did not satisfy Field's love for the spectacular. Though he brought to the office and read to me many poems in the later weeks of April, in May and June, he published none. Meantime the reserve supply of verses in his desk grew to formidable proportions. "I'm going to accumulate a lot of them and then astonish the natives," he said. Finally he was ready. In the week beginning July 15th he filled his column every day with nothing but poems of his own. Here is the list of them:

Monday: "Professor Vere de Blanc" (It is "Vere de Blaw" in his collected poems).

Tuesday: "Horace to His Patron" ("Mæcenas, you're of noble line"); "Poet and King," Alaskan Balladry, I—"The Wooing of the Southland"; "Lizzie"; Horace I, 30—"Venus, dear Cnidian-Paphian queen."

Wednesday: "The Conversazzyony."

Thursday: "Egyptian Folk Song," Beranger's "To My Old Coat," Horace's "Sailor and Shade,"

Uhland's "Chapel," "Guess," Alaskan Balladry, III—"Skans in Love."

Friday: "Marthy's Younkit," "Fairy and Child," "A Heine Love Song," "Jennie," Horace I, 27—"In maudlin spite let Thracians fight," Heine's "Widow or Daughter?"

Saturday: "The Happy Isles" of Horace, Beranger's "Ma Vocacion," "Child and Mother," "The Bibliomaniac's Bride," Alaskan Balladry, II—"Krinken," "Mediæval Eventide Song."

Having prepared to fire this astonishing broadside, Field went to a summer resort in Wisconsin. From there he wrote letters to Mr. Gray and other friends expressing his happiness at having performed so notable a feat. Ten days elapsed after the week of poetry before "Sharps and Flats" again appeared. On July 31st "In Flanders" was published and "Rare Roast Beef" followed on August 22d. Then on September 2d "Forty-Nine" saw the light.

VI

Thus in barest outline I have set forth his achievements of a few months by which Field forced the American public to recognize his fine ability as a poet. The newspapers of the country copied his verses with the greatest avidity. How his poetic feats impressed newspaper writers is indicated in the following verses which appeared in the Philadelphia *Times* at the height of Field's extraordinary burst of song:

An Editorial Lullaby

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
  Sat in a room sky-high,
Sat in a blaze of electric light
  Rubbing each weary eye.
"Where shall I put them and what do you choose?"
  The office boy asked the three.
"Pick us out the Chicago News
  If that it has come, perdie!
  Tired of other exchanges are we,"
    Said Wynken,
    Blynken
    And Nod.

. . . . . .

All night long the News they read
  And drank the Pierian cup—
Then down from the sky dropped the foreman and
    said
  That the paper was not yet up.

. . . . . .

Wynken and Blynken their Horace knew well
  And Nod was college-bred;
Not always on grosser food below
  Have these three editors fed.
And they shut their eyes while the poet sings,
  And forget their cares, maybe,
And recollect other and pleasanter things
  Than turning out of copee.
  And, poet, you rock the editors three,
    Wynken,
    Blynken
    And Nod.

Critical Eastern editors commented on Field's versatility and on the faultless rhythm that char-

acterized all his poems. The New York *Evening Post*, conceding that he was "quite a dabster" at preserving the flavor of Horace in his extremely modern lines, quoted some of Field's verses as models of their kind. In short, Field had succeeded in his purpose. He had "astonished the natives."

CHARLES H. DENNIS.

PROVIDENCE AND THE GUITAR

I

MONSIEUR LÉON BERTHELINI had a great care of his appearance, and sedulously suited his deportment to the costume of the hour. He affected something Spanish in his air, and something of the bandit, with a flavor of Rembrandt at home. In person he was decidedly small and inclined to be stout; his face was the picture of good humor; his dark eyes, which were very expressive, told of a kind heart, a brisk, merry nature, and the most indefatigable spirits. If he had worn the clothes of the period, you would have set him down for a hitherto undiscovered hybrid between the barber, the innkeeper, and the affable dispensing chemist. But in the outrageous bravery of velvet jacket and flapped hat, with trousers that were more accurately described as fleshings, a white handkerchief cavalierly knotted at his neck, a shock of Olympian curls upon his brow, and his feet shod through all weathers in the slenderest of Molière shoes, you had but to look at him and you knew you were in the presence of a Great Creature. When he wore an overcoat

he scorned to pass the sleeves; a single button held it round his shoulders; it was tossed backward after the manner of a cloak, and carried with the gait and presence of an Almaviva. I am of opinion that M. Berthelini was nearing forty. But he had a boy's heart, gloried in his finery, and walked through life like a child in a perpetual dramatic performance. If he were not Almaviva after all, it was not for lack of making believe. And he enjoyed the artist's compensation. If he were not really Almaviva, he was sometimes just as happy as though he were.

I have seen him, at moments when he has fancied himself alone with his Maker, adopt so gay and chivalrous a bearing, and represent his own part with so much warmth and conscience, that the illusion became catching, and I believed implicitly in the Great Creature's pose.

But, alas! life cannot be entirely conducted on these principles; many cannot live by Almavivery alone; and the Great Creature, having failed upon several theaters, was obliged to step down every evening from his heights, and sing from half a dozen to a dozen comic songs, twang a guitar, keep a country audience in good humour, and preside finally over the mysteries of a tombola.

Madame Berthelini, who was art and part with him in these undignified labors, had perhaps a higher position in the scale of being, and enjoyed a natural dignity of her own. But her heart was not any more rightly placed, for that would have been impossible; and she had acquired a little air

of melancholy, attractive enough in its way, but not good to see like the wholesome, sky-scraping, boyish spirits of her lord.

He, indeed, swam like a kite on a fair wind high above earthly troubles. Detonations of temper were not infrequent in the zones he traveled; but sulky fogs and tearful depressions were there alike unknown. A well-delivered blow upon a table, or a noble attitude, imitated from Mélingue or Frédéric, relieved his irritation like a vengeance. Though the heavens had fallen, if he had played his part with propriety, Berthelini had been content! And the man's atmosphere, if not his example, reacted on his wife; for the couple doted on each other, and although you would have thought they walked in different worlds, yet continued to walk hand in hand.

It chanced one day that Monsieur and Madame Berthelini descended with two boxes and a guitar in a fat case at the station of the little town of Castel-le-Gâchis, and the omnibus carried them with their effects to the Hotel of the Black Head. This was a dismal, conventual building in a narrow street, capable of standing siege when once the gates were shut, and smelling strangely, in the interior, of straw and chocolate and old feminine apparel. Berthelini paused upon the threshold with a painful premonition. In some former state, it seemed to him, he had visited a hostelry that smelled not otherwise, and been ill received.

The landlord, a tragic person in a large felt hat, rose from a business table under the keyrack and

came forward, removing his hat with both hands as he did so.

"Sir, I salute you. May I inquire what is your charge for artists?" inquired Berthelini, with a courtesy at once splendid and insinuating.

"For artists?" said the landlord. His countenance fell and the smile of welcome disappeared. "Oh, artists!" he added brutally; "four francs a day." And he turned his back upon these inconsiderable customers.

A commercial traveler is received, he also upon a reduction—yet is he welcome; yet can he command the fatted calf; but an artist, had he the manners of an Almaviva, were he dressed like Solomon in all his glory, is received like a dog, and served like a timid lady traveling alone.

Accustomed as he was to the rubs of his profession, Berthelini was unpleasantly affected by the landlord's manner.

"Elvira," said he to his wife, "mark my words: Castel-le-Gâchis is a tragic folly."

"Wait till we see what we take," replied Elvira.

"We shall take nothing," returned Berthelini; "we shall feed upon insults. I have an eye, Elvira; I have a spirit of divination; and this place is accursed. The landlord has been discourteous, the Commissary will be brutal, the audience will be sordid and uproarious, and you will take a cold upon your throat. We have been besotted enough to come; the die is cast; it will be a second Sedan."

Sedan was a town hateful to the Berthelinis, not

only from patriotism (for they were French, and answered after the flesh to the somewhat homely name of Duval), but because it had been the scene of their most sad reverses. In that place they had lain three weeks in pawn for their hotel bill, and had it not been for a surprising stroke of fortune they might have been lying there in pawn until this day. To mention the name of Sedan was for the Berthelinis to dip the brush in earthquake and eclipse. Count Almaviva slouched his hat with a gesture expressive of despair, and even Elvira felt as if ill-fortune had been personally invoked.

"Let us ask for breakfast," said she, with a woman's tact.

The Commissary of Police of Castel-le-Gâchis was a large red Commissary, pimpled, and subject to a strong cutaneous transpiration. I have repeated the name of his office because he was so very much more a Commissary than a man. The spirit of his dignity had entered into him. He carried his corporation as if it were something official. Whenever he insulted a common citizen it seemed to him as if he were adroitly flattering the Government by a side wind; in default of dignity, he was brutal from an overweening sense of duty. His office was a den, whence passers-by could hear rude accents laying down, not the law, but the good pleasure of the Commissary.

Six several times in the course of the day did M. Berthelini hurry thither in quest of the requi-

site permission for his evening's entertainment; six several times he found the official was abroad. Léon Berthelini began to grow quite a familiar figure in the streets of Castel-le-Gâchis; he became a local celebrity, and was pointed out as "the man who was looking for the Commissary." Idle children attached themselves to his footsteps, and trotted after him back and forward between the hotel and the office. Léon might try as he liked; he might roll cigarettes, he might straddle, he might cock his hat at a dozen different jaunty inclinations—the part of Almaviva was, under the circumstances, difficult to play.

As he passed the market-place upon the seventh excursion, the Commissary was pointed out to him, where he stood, with his waistcoat unbuttoned and his hands behind his back, to superintend the sale and measurement of butter. Berthelini threaded his way through the market-stalls and baskets, and accosted the dignitary with a bow which was a triumph of the histrionic art.

"I have the honor," he asked, "of meeting M. le Commissaire?"

The Commissary was affected by the nobility of his address. He excelled Léon in the depth, if not in the airy grace, of his salutation.

"The honor," said he, "is mine!"

"I am," continued the strolling player, "I am, sir, an artist, and I have permitted myself to interrupt you on an affair of business. To-night I give a trifling musical entertainment at the Café

of the Triumphs of the Plow—permit me to offer you this little programme—and I have come to ask you for the necessary authorization."

At the word "artist," the Commissary had replaced his hat with an air of a person who, having condescended too far, should suddenly remember the duties of his rank.

"Go, go," said he; "I am busy—I am measuring butter."

"Heathen Jew!" thought Léon. "Permit me, sir," he resumed, aloud. "I have gone six times already——"

"Put up your bills if you choose," interrupted the Commissary. "In an hour or so I will examine your papers at the office. But now go; I am busy."

"Measuring butter!" thought Berthelini. "Oh, France, and it is for this that we made '93!"

The preparations were soon made; the bills posted, programmes laid on the dinner-table of every hotel in the town, and a stage erected at one end of the Café of the Triumphs of the Plow; but when Léon returned to the office, the Commissary was once more abroad.

"He is like Madame Benoîton," thought Léon. "*Fichu Commissaire!*"

And just then he met the man face to face.

"Here, sir," said he, "are my papers. Will you be pleased to verify?"

But the Commissary was now intent upon dinner.

"No use," he replied, "no use; I am busy; I am quite satisfied. Give your entertainment."

And he hurried on.

"*Fichu Commissaire!*" thought Léon.

II

The audience was pretty large; and the proprietor of the café made a good thing of it in beer. But the Berthelinis exerted themselves in vain.

Léon was radiant in velveteen; he had a rakish way of smoking a cigarette between his songs that was worth money in itself; he underlined his comic points so that the dullest numskull in Castel-le-Gâchis had a notion when to laugh; and he handled his guitar in a manner worthy of himself. Indeed, his play with that instrument was as good as a whole romantic drama; it was so dashing, so florid, and so cavalier.

Elvira, on the other hand, sang her patriotic and romantic songs with more than usual expression; her voice had charm and plangency; and as Léon looked at her, in her low-bodied maroon dress, with her arms bare to the shoulder, and a red flower set provocatively in her corset, he repeated to himself for the many hundredth time that she was one of the loveliest creatures in the world of women.

Alas! when she went round with the tambourine, the golden youth of Castel-le-Gâchis turned from her coldly. Here and there a single halfpenny was forthcoming; the net result of a collection never exceeded half a franc; and the Maire himself, after seven different applications, had contributed exactly twopence. A certain chill began to settle

upon the artists themselves; it seemed as if they were singing to slugs; Apollo himself might have lost heart with such an audience. The Berthelinis struggled against the impression; they put their back into their work, they sang loud and louder, the guitar twanged like a living thing; and at last Léon arose in his might and burst with inimitable conviction into his great song, "*Y a des honnêtes gens partout!*" Never had he given more proof of his artistic mastery; it was his intimate, indefeasible conviction that Castel-le-Gâchis formed an exception to the law he was now lyrically proclaiming, and was peopled exclusively by thieves and bullies; and yet, as I say, he flung it down like a challenge, he trolled it forth like an article of faith; and his face so beamed the while that you would have thought he must make converts of the benches.

He was at the top of his register, with his head thrown back and his mouth open, when the door was thrown violently open, and a pair of newcomers marched noisily into the café. It was the Commissary, followed by the Garde Champêtre.

The undaunted Berthelini still continued to proclaim, "*Y a des honnêtes gens partout!*" But now the sentiment produced an audible titter among the audience. Berthelini wondered why; he did not know the antecedents of the Garde Champêtre; he had never heard of a little story about postage-stamps. But the public knew all about the postage-stamps and enjoyed the coincidence hugely.

The Commissary planted himself upon a vacant chair with somewhat the air of Cromwell visiting the Rump, and spoke in occasional whispers to the Garde Champêtre, who remained respectfully standing at his back. The eyes of both were directed upon Berthelini, who persisted in his statement.

"*Y a des honnêtes gens partout,*" he was just chanting for the twentieth time; when up got the Commissary upon his feet and waved brutally to the singer with his cane.

"Is it me you want?" inquired Léon, stopping in his song.

"It is you," replied the potentate.

"*Fichu Commissaire!*" thought Léon, and he descended from the stage and made his way to the functionary.

"How does it happen, sir," said the Commissary swelling in person, "that I find you mountebanking in a public café without my permission?"

"Without?" cried the indignant Léon. "Permit me to remind you——"

"Come, come, sir!" said the Commissary, "I desire no explanations."

"I care nothing about what you desire," returned the singer. "I choose to give them, and I will not be gagged. I am an artist, sir, a distinction that you cannot comprehend. I received your permission, and stand here upon the strength of it; interfere with me who dare."

"You have not got my signature, I tell you,"

cried the Commissary. "Show me my signature! Where is my signature?"

That was just the question; where was his signature? Léon recognized that he was in a hole; but his spirit rose with the occasion, and he blustered nobly, tossing back his curls. The Commissary played up to him in the character of tyrant; and as the one leaned farther forward, the other leaned farther back—majesty confronting fury. The audience had transferred their attention to this new performance, and listened with that silent gravity common to all Frenchmen in the neighborhood of the Police. Elvira had sat down: she was used to these distractions, and it was rather melancholy than fear that now oppressed her.

"Another word," cried the Commissary, "and I arrest you."

"Arrest me?" shouted Léon. "I defy you!"

"I am the Commissary of Police," said the official.

Léon commanded his feelings, and replied, with great delicacy of innuendo, "So it would appear."

The point was too refined for Castel-le-Gâchis: it did not raise a smile; and as for the Commissary, he simply bade the singer follow him to his office, and directed his proud footsteps toward the door. There was nothing for it but to obey. Léon did so with a proper pantomime of indifference, but it was a leek to eat, and there was no denying it.

The Maire had slipped out and was already waiting at the Commissary's door. Now the

Maire, in France, is the refuge of the oppressed. He stands between his people and the boisterous rigors of the Police. He can sometimes understand what is said to him; he is not always puffed up beyond measure by his dignity. 'Tis a thing worth the knowledge of travelers. When all seems over, and a man has made up his mind to injustice, he has still, like the heroes of romance a little bugle at his belt whereon to blow; and the Maire, a comfortable *deus ex machina*, may still descend to deliver him from the minions of the law. The Maire of Castel-le-Gâchis, although inaccessible to the charms of music as retailed by the Berthelinis, had no hesitation whatever as to the rights of the matter. He instantly fell foul of the Commissary in very high terms, and the Commissary, pricked by this humiliation, accepted battle on the point of fact. The argument lasted some little while with varying success, until at length victory inclined so plainly to the Commissary's side that the Maire was fain to reassert himself by an exercise of authority. He had been out-argued, but he was still the Maire. And so, turning from his interlocutor, he briefly but kindly recommended Léon to get back instanter to his concert.

"It is already growing late," he added.

Léon did not wait to be told twice. He returned to the Café of the Triumphs of the Plow with all expedition. Alas, the audience had melted away during his absence; Elvira was sitting in a very disconsolate attitude on the guitar-box; she had watched the company dispersing by twos and

threes, and the prolonged spectacle had somewhat overwhelmed her spirits. Each man, she reflected, retired with a certain proportion of her earnings in his pocket, and she saw to-night's board and to-morrow's railway expenses, and finally even to-morrow's dinner, walk one after another out of the café door and disappear into the night.

"What was it?" she asked, languidly.

But Léon did not answer. He was looking round him on the scene of defeat. Scarce a score of listeners remained, and these of the least promising sort. The minute-hand of the clock was already climbing upward toward eleven.

"It's a lost battle," said he, and then, taking up the money-box, he turned it out. "Three francs seventy-five!" he cried, "as against four of board and six of railway fares; and no time for the tombola! Elvira, this is Waterloo." And he sat down and passed both hands desperately among his curls. "O *Fichu Commissaire!*" he cried, "*Fichu Commissaire!*"

"Let us get the things together and be off," returned Elvira. "We might try another song, but there is not six halfpence in the room."

"Six halfpence?" cried Léon, "six hundred thousand devils! There is not a human creature in the town—nothing but pigs and dogs and commissaires! Pray Heaven, we get safe to bed."

"Don't imagine things!" exclaimed Elvira, with a shudder.

And with that they set to work on their preparations. The tobacco-jar, the cigarette-holder,

the three papers of shirt-studs which were to have been the prizes of the tombola had the tombola come off, were made into a bundle with the music; the guitar was stowed into the fat guitar-case; and Elvira having thrown a thin shawl about her neck and shoulders, the pair issued from the café and set off for the Black Head.

As they crossed the market-place the church bell rang out eleven. It was a dark, mild night, and there was no one in the streets.

"It is all very fine," said Léon; "but I have a presentiment. The night is not yet done."

III

The "Black Head" presented not a single chink of light upon the street, and the carriage-gate was closed.

"This is unprecedented," observed Léon. "An inn closed by five minutes after eleven! And there were several commercial travelers in the café up to a late hour. Elvira, my heart misgives me. Let us ring the bell."

The bell had a potent note; and being swung under the arch, it filled the house from top to bottom with surly, clanging reverberations. The sound accentuated the conventual appearance of the building; a wintry sentiment, a thought of prayer and mortification, took hold upon Elvira's mind; and as for Léon, he seemed to be reading the stage-directions for a lugubrious fifth act.

"This is your fault," said Elvira; "this is what comes of fancying things!"

Again Léon pulled the bell-rope; again the solemn tocsin awoke the echoes of the inn; and ere they had died away, a light glimmered in the carriage entrance, and a powerful voice was heard upraised and tremulous with wrath.

"What's all this?" cried the tragic host through the spars of the gate. "Hard upon twelve, and you come clamoring like Prussians at the door of a respectable hotel? Oh!" he cried, "I know you now! Common singers! People in trouble with the police! And you present yourselves at midnight like lords and ladies? Be off with you!"

"You will permit me to remind you," replied Léon, in thrilling tones, "that I am a guest in your house, that I am properly inscribed, and that I have deposited baggage to the value of four hundred francs."

"You cannot get in at this hour," returned the man. "This is no thieves' tavern, for Mohocks and night-rakes and organ-grinders."

"Brute!" cried Elvira, for the organ-grinders touched her home.

"Then I demand my baggage," said Léon, with unabated dignity.

"I know nothing of your baggage," replied the landlord.

"You detain my baggage? You dare to detain my baggage?" cried the singer.

"Who are you?" returned the landlord. "It is dark—I cannot recognize you."

"Very well, then—you detain my baggage," concluded Léon. "You shall smart for this. I

will weary out your life with persecutions; I will drag you from court to court; if there is justice to be had in France, it shall be rendered between you and me. And I will make you a byword—I will put you in a song—a scurrilous song—an indecent song—a popular song—which the boys shall sing to you in the street, and come and howl through these spars at midnight."

He had gone on raising his voice at every phrase, for all the while the landlord was very placidly retiring; and now, when the last glimmer of light had vanished from the arch, and the last footstep died away in the interior, Léon turned to his wife with a heroic countenance.

"Elvira," said he, "I have now a duty in life. I shall destroy that man as Eugène Sue destroyed the concierge. Let us come at once to the Gendarmerie and begin our vengeance."

He picked up the guitar-case, which had been propped against the wall, and they set forth through the silent and ill-lighted town with burning hearts.

The Gendarmerie was concealed beside the telegraph office at the bottom of a vast court, which was partly laid out in gardens; and here all the shepherds of the public lay locked in grateful sleep. It took a deal of knocking to waken one; and he, when he came at last to the door, could find no other remark but that "it was none of his business."

Léon reasoned with him, threatened him, besought him: "Here," he said, "was Madame

Berthelini in evening dress—a delicate woman—in an interesting condition"—the last was thrown in, I fancy, for effect; and to all this the man-at-arms made the same answer:

"It is none of my business," said he.

"Very well," said Léon; "then we shall go to the Commissary."

Thither they went; the office was closed and dark; but the house was close by, and Leon was soon swinging the bell like a madman. The Commissary's wife appeared at a window. She was a thread-paper creature, and informed them that the Commissary had not yet come home.

"Is he at the Maire's?" demanded Léon.

She thought that was not unlikely.

"Where is the Maire's house?" he asked.

And she gave him some rather vague information on that point.

"Stay you here, Elvira," said Léon, "lest I should miss him by the way. If, when I return, I find you here no longer, I shall follow at once to the Black Head."

And he set out to find the Maire's. It took him some ten minutes' wandering among blind lanes, and when he arrived it was already half an hour past midnight. A long white garden-wall overhung by some thick chestnuts, a door with a letter-box, and an iron bell-pull—that was all that could be seen of the Maire's domicile. Léon took the bell-pull in both hands, and danced furiously upon the sidewalk. The bell itself was just upon the other side of the wall; it responded to his activity,

and scattered an alarming clangor far and wide into the night.

A window was thrown open in a house across the street, and a voice inquired the cause of this untimely uproar.

"I wish the Maire," said Léon.

"He has been in bed this hour," returned the voice.

"He must get up again," retorted Léon, and he was for tackling the bell-pull once more.

"You will never make him hear," responded the voice. "The garden is of great extent, the house is at the farther end, and both the Maire and his housekeeper are deaf."

"Aha!" said Léon, pausing, "The Maire is deaf, is he? That explains." And he thought of the evening's concert with a momentary feeling of relief. "Ah!" he continued, "and so the Maire is deaf, and the garden vast, and the house at the far end?"

"And you might ring all night," added the voice, "and be none the better for it. You would only keep me awake."

"Thank you, neighbor," replied the singer. "You shall sleep."

And he made off again at his best pace for the Commissary's. Elvira was still walking to and fro before the door.

"He has not come?" asked Léon.

"Not he," she replied.

"Good," returned Léon. "I am sure our man's inside. Let me see the guitar-case. I shall lay

this siege in form, Elvira; I am angry; I am indignant; I am truculently inclined; but I thank my Maker I have still a sense of fun. The unjust judge shall be importuned in a serenade, Elvira. Set him up—and set him up."

He had the case opened by this time, struck a few chords, and fell into an attitude which was irresistibly Spanish.

"Now," he continued, "feel your voice. Are you ready? Follow me!"

The guitar twanged, and the two voices upraised, in harmony and with a startling loudness, the chorus of a song of old Béranger's:

> *"Commissaire! Commissaire!*
> *Colin bat sa ménagère."*

The stones of Castel-le-Gâchis thrilled at this audacious innovation. Hitherto had the night been sacred to repose and nightcaps; and now what was this? Window after window was opened; matches scratched, and candles began to flicker; swollen sleepy faces peered forth into the starlight. There were the two figures before the Commissary's house, each bolt upright, with head thrown back and eyes interrogating the starry heavens; the guitar wailed, shouted, and reverberated like half an orchestra; and the voices, with a crisp and spirited delivery, hurled the opprobrious burden at the Commissary's window. All the echoes repeated the functionary's name. It was more like an entr'acte in a farce of Molière's than a passage of real life in Castel-le-Gâchis.

The Commissary, if he was not the first, was not the last of the neighbors to yield to the influence of music, and furiously throw open the window of his bedroom. He was beside himself with rage. He leaned far over the window-sill, raving and gesticulating; the tassel of his white nightcap danced like a thing of life; he opened his mouth to dimensions hitherto unprecedented, and yet his voice, instead of escaping from it in a roar, came forth shrill and choked and tottering. A little more serenading, and it was clear he would be better acquainted with the apoplexy.

I scorn to reproduce his language; he touched upon too many serious topics by the way for a quiet story-teller. Although he was known for a man who was prompt with his tongue, and had a power of strong expression at command, he excelled himself so remarkably this night that one maiden lady, who had got out of bed, like the rest, to hear the serenade, was obliged to shut her window at the second clause. Even what she had heard disquieted her conscience; and next day she said she scarcely reckoned herself as a maiden lady any longer.

Léon tried to explain his predicament, but he received nothing but threats of arrest by way of answer.

"If I come down to you!" cried the Commissary.

"Ay," said Léon, "do."

"I will not!" cried the Commissary.

"You dare not!" answered Léon.

At that the Commissary closed his window.

"All is over," said the singer. "The serenade was perhaps ill-judged. These boors have no sense of humor."

"Let us get away from here," said Elvira, with a shiver. "All these people looking—it is so rude and so brutal." And then giving way once more to passion—"Brutes!" she cried aloud to the candle-lighted spectators—"brutes! brutes! brutes!"

"*Sauve qui peut*," said Léon. "You have done it now!"

And taking the guitar in one hand and the case in the other, he led the way, with something too precipitate to be merely called precipitation, from the scene of this absurd adventure.

IV

To the west of Castel-le-Gâchis four rows of venerable lime-trees formed, in this starry night, a twilighted avenue with two side aisles of pitch darkness. Here and there stone benches were disposed between the trunks. There was not a breath of wind: a heavy atmosphere of perfume hung about the alleys; and every leaf stood stock still upon its twig. Hither, after vainly knocking at an inn or two, the Berthelinis came at length to pass the night. After an amiable contention, Léon insisted on giving his coat to Elvira, and they sat down together on the first bench in silence. Léon made a cigarette, which he smoked to an end, looking up into the trees and, beyond them,

at the constellations, of which he tried vainly to recall the names. The silence was broken by the church bell; it rang the four quarters of a light and tinkling measure; then followed a single deep stroke that died slowly away with a thrill; and stillness resumed its empire.

"One," said Léon. "Four hours till daylight. It is warm; it is starry; I have matches and tobacco. Do not let us exaggerate, Elvira—the experience is positively charming. I feel a glow within me; I am born again. This is the poetry of life. Think of Cooper's novels, my dear."

"Léon," she said fiercely, "how can you talk such wicked, infamous nonsense? To pass all night out of doors—it is like a nightmare! We shall die."

"You suffer yourself to be led away," he replied soothingly. "It is not unpleasant here; only you brood. Come, now, let us repeat a scene. Shall we try Alceste and Célimène? No? Or a passage from the 'Two Orphans'? Come, now, it will occupy your mind; I will play up to you as I never have played before; I feel art moving in my bones."

"Hold your tongue," she cried, "or you will drive me mad! Will nothing solemnize you—not even this hideous situation?"

"Oh, hideous!" objected Léon. "Hideous is not the word. Why, where would you be? '*Dites, la jeune belle, où voulez-vous aller?*'" he carolled. "Well, now," he went on, opening the guitar-case, "there's another idea for you—sing. Sing '*Dites,*

la jeune belle!' It will compose your spirits, Elvira. I am sure."

And without waiting an answer, he began to strum a symphony. The first chords awoke a young man who was lying asleep upon a neighboring bench.

"Hullo!" cried the young man. "Who are you?"

"Under which king, Bezonian?" declaimed the artist. "Speak or die!"

Or if it was not exactly that, it was something to much the same purpose from a French tragedy.

The young man drew near in the twilight. He was a tall, powerful, gentlemanly fellow, with a somewhat puffy face, dressed in a gray tweed suit, with a deer-stalker hat of the same material; and as he now came forward he carried a knapsack slung upon one arm.

"Are you camping out here, too?" he asked, with a strong English accent. "I'm not sorry for company."

Léon explained their misadventure; and the other told them that he was a Cambridge undergraduate on a walking-tour, that he had run short of money, could no longer pay for his night's lodging, had already been camping out for two nights, and feared he should require to continue the same maneuver for at least two nights more.

"Luckily, it's jolly weather," he concluded.

"You hear that, Elvira," said Léon. "Madame Berthelini," he went on, "is ridiculously affected by this trifling occurrence. For my part, I find

it romantic and far from uncomfortable; or at least," he added, shifting on the stone bench, "not quite so uncomfortable as might have been expected. But pray be seated."

"Yes," returned the undergraduate, sitting down, "it's rather nice than otherwise when once you're used to it; only it's devilish difficult to get washed. I like the fresh air and these stars and things."

"Aha!" said Léon. "Monsieur is an artist."

"An artist?" returned the other, with a blank stare. "Not if I know it!"

"Pardon me," said the actor. "What you said this moment about the orbs of heaven——"

"Oh, nonsense!" cried the Englishman. "A fellow may admire the stars, and be anything he likes."

"You have an artist's nature, however, Mr. ——. I beg your pardon; may I, without indiscretion, inquire your name?" asked Léon.

"My name is Stubbs," replied the Englishman.

"I thank you," returned Léon. "Mine is Berthelini—Léon Berthelini, ex-artist of the theaters of Montrouge, Belleville, and Montmartre. Humble as you see me, I have created with applause more than one important rôle. The Press were unanimous in praise of my Howling Devil of the Mountains, in the piece of the same name. Madame, whom I now present to you, is herself an artist, and, I must not omit to state, a better artist than her husband. She also is a creator; she created nearly twenty successful songs at one of

the principal Parisian music-halls. But, to continue, I was saying you had an artist's nature, Monsieur Stubbs, and you must permit me to be a judge in such a question. I trust you will not falsify your instincts; let me beseech you to follow the career of an artist."

"Thank you," returned Stubbs, with a chuckle. "I'm going to be a banker."

"No," said Léon; "do not say so. Not that. A man with such a nature as yours should not derogate so far. What are a few privations here and there, so long as you are working for a high and noble goal?"

"This fellow's mad," thought Stubbs; "but the woman's rather pretty, and he's not bad fun himself, if you come to that." What he said was different. "I thought you said you were an actor?"

"I certainly did so," replied Léon. "I am one, or, alas! I was."

"And so you want me to be an actor, do you?" continued the undergraduate. "Why, man, I could never so much as learn the stuff; my memory's like a sieve; and as for acting, I've no more idea than a cat."

"The stage is not the only course," said Léon. "Be a sculptor, be a dancer, be a poet or a novelist; follow your heart, in short, and do some thorough work before you die."

"And do you call all these things *art?*" inquired Stubbs.

"Why, certainly!" returned Léon. "Are they not all branches?"

"Oh! I didn't know," replied the Englishman. "I thought an artist meant a fellow who painted."

The singer stared at him in some surprise.

"It is the difference of language," he said at last. "This Tower of Babel—when shall we have paid for it? If I could speak English you would follow me more readily."

"Between you and me, I don't believe I should," replied the other. "You seem to have thought a devil of a lot about this business. For my part, I admire the stars, and like to have them shining—it's so cheery—but hang me if I had an idea it had anything to do with art! It's not in my line, you see. I'm not intellectual; I have no end of trouble to scrape through my exams., I can tell you! But I'm not a bad sort at bottom," he added, seeing his interlocutor looked distressed even in the dim starshine, "and I rather like the play, and music, and guitars, and things."

Léon had a perception that the understanding was incomplete. He changed the subject.

"And so you travel on foot?" he continued. "How romantic! How courageous! And how are you pleased with my land? How does the scenery affect you among these wild hills of ours?"

"Well, the fact is——" began Stubbs. He was about to say that he didn't care for scenery, which was not at all true, being, on the contrary, only an athletic undergraduate pretension; but he had

begun to suspect that Berthelini liked a different sort of meat, and substituted something else: "The fact is, I think it jolly. They told me it was no good up here; even the guide-book said so; but I don't know what they meant. I think it is deuced pretty—upon my word, I do."

At this moment, in the most unexpected manner, Elvira burst into tears.

"My voice!" she cried. "Léon, if I stay here longer I shall lose my voice!"

"You shall not stay another moment," cried the actor. "If I have to beat in a door, if I have to burn the town, I shall find you shelter."

With that, he replaced the guitar, and comforting her with some caresses, drew her arm through his.

"Monsieur Stubbs," said he, taking off his hat, "the reception I offer you is rather problematical; but let me beseech you to give us the pleasure of your society. You are a little embarrassed for the moment; you must, indeed, permit me to advance what may be necessary. I ask it as a favor; we must not part so soon after having met so strangely."

"Oh, come, you know," said Stubbs, "I can't let a fellow like you——" And there he paused, feeling somehow or other on a wrong tack.

"I do not wish to employ menaces," continued Léon, with a smile; "but if you refuse, indeed I shall not take it kindly."

"I don't quite see my way out of it," thought the undergraduate; and then, after a pause, he

said, aloud and ungraciously enough, "All right. I—I'm very much obliged, of course," And he proceeded to follow them, thinking in his heart, "But it's bad form, all the same, to force an obligation on a fellow."

V

Léon strode ahead as if he knew exactly where he was going; the sobs of Madame were still faintly audible, and no one uttered a word. A dog barked furiously in a courtyard as they went by; then the church clock struck two, and many domestic clocks followed or preceded it in piping tones. And just then Berthelini spied a light. It burned in a small house on the outskirts of the town, and thither the party now directed their steps.

"It is always a chance," said Léon.

The house in question stood back from the street behind an open space, part garden, part turnip-field; and several outhouses stood forward from either wing at right angles to the front. One of these had recently undergone some change. An enormous window, looking toward the north, had been effected in the wall and roof, and Léon began to hope it was a studio.

"If it's only a painter," he said, with a chuckle, "ten to one we get as good a welcome as we want."

"I thought painters were principally poor," said Stubbs.

"Ah!" cried Léon, "you do not know the world as I do. The poorer the better for us."

And the trio advanced into the turnip-field.

The light was in the ground floor; as one window was brightly illuminated and two others more faintly, it might be supposed that there was a single lamp in one corner of a large apartment; and a certain tremulousness and temporary dwindling showed that a live fire contributed to the effect. The sound of a voice now became audible; and the trespassers paused to listen. It was pitched in a high, angry key, but had still a good, full, and masculine note in it. The utterance was voluble—too voluble even to be quite distinct: a stream of words, rising and falling, with ever and again a phrase thrown out by itself, as if the speaker reckoned on its virtue.

Suddenly another voice joined in. This time it was a woman's; and if the man were angry, the woman was incensed to the degree of fury. There was that absolutely blank composure known to suffering males; that colorless unnatural speech which shows a spirit accurately balanced between homicide and hysterics; the tone in which the best of women sometimes utter words worse than death to those most dear to them. If Abstract Bones-and-Sepulcher were to be endowed with the gift of speech, thus, and not otherwise, would it discourse. Léon was a brave man, and I fear he was somewhat sceptically given (he had been educated in a Papistical country), but the habit of childhood prevailed, and he crossed himself devoutly. He had met several women in his career. It was obvious that his instinct had not deceived

him, for the male voice broke forth instantly in a towering passion.

The undergraduate, who had not understood the significance of the woman's contribution, pricked up his ears at the change upon the man.

"There's going to be a free fight," he opined.

There was another retort from the woman, still calm but a little higher.

"Hysterics?" asked Léon of his wife. "Is that the stage direction?"

"How should I know?" returned Elvira, somewhat tartly.

"Oh, woman, woman!" said Léon, beginning to open the guitar-case. "It is one of the burdens of my life, Monsieur Stubbs; they support each other; they always pretend there is no system; they say it's nature. Even Madame Berthelini, who is a dramatic artist!"

"You are heartless, Léon," said Elvira; "that woman is in trouble."

"And the man, my angel?" inquired Berthelini, passing the ribbon of his guitar. "And the man, *m'amour?*"

"He is a man," she answered.

"You hear that?" said Léon to Stubbs. "It is not too late for you. Mark the intonation. And now," he continued, "what are we to give them?"

"Are you going to sing?" asked Stubbs.

"I am a troubadour," replied Léon. "I claim a welcome by and for my art. If I were a banker could I do as much?"

"Well, you wouldn't need, you know," answered the undergraduate.

"Egad," said Léon, "but that's true. Elvira, that is true."

"Of course it is," she replied. "Did you not know it?"

"My dear," answered Léon, impressively, "I know nothing but what is agreeable. Even my knowledge of life is a work of art superiorly composed. But what are we to give them? It should be something appropriate."

Visions of "Let dogs delight" passed through the undergraduate's mind; but it occurred to him that the poetry was English and that he did not know the air. Hence he contributed no suggestion.

"Something about our houselessness," said Elvira.

"I have it," cried Léon. And he broke forth into a song of Pierre Dupont's:

> *"Savez-vous où gite*
> *Mai, ce joli mois?"*

Elvira joined in; so did Stubbs, with a good ear and voice, but an imperfect acquaintance with the music. Léon and the guitar were equal to the situation. The actor dispensed his throat-notes with prodigality and enthusiasm; and, as he looked up to heaven in his heroic way, tossing the black ringlets, it seemed to him that the very stars contributed a dumb applause to his efforts, and the universe lent him its silence for a chorus. That is one of the best features of the heavenly bodies—

that they belong to everybody in particular; and a man like Léon, a chronic Endymion who managed to get along without encouragement, is always the world's center for himself.

He alone—and, it is to be noted, he was the worst singer of the three—took the music seriously to heart, and judged the serenade from a high artistic point of view. Elvira, on the other hand, was preoccupied about their reception; and as for Stubbs, he considered the whole affair in the light of a broad joke.

"Know you the lair of May, the lovely month?" went the three voices in the turnip-field.

The inhabitants were plainly fluttered; the light moved to and fro, strengthening in one window, paling in another; and then the door was thrown open, and a man in a blouse appeared on the threshold carrying a lamp. He was a powerful young fellow, with bewildered hair and beard, wearing his neck open; his blouse was stained with oil-colors in a harlequinesque disorder; and there was something rural in the droop and bagginess of his belted trousers.

From immediately behind him, and indeed over his shoulder, a woman's face looked out into the darkness; it was pale and a little weary, although still young; it wore a dwindling, disappearing prettiness, soon to be quite gone, and the expression was both gentle and sour, and reminded one faintly of the taste of certain drugs. For all that, it was not a face to dislike; when the prettiness had vanished, it seemed as if a certain pale beauty

might step in to take its place; and as both the mildness and the asperity were characters of youth, it might be hoped that, with years, both would merge into a constant, brave, and not unkindly temper.

"What is all this?" cried the man.

VI

Léon had his hat in his hand at once. He came forward with his customary grace; it was a moment which would have earned him a round of cheering on the stage. Elvira and Stubbs advanced behind him, like a couple of Admetus's sheep following the god Apollo.

"Sir," said Léon, "the hour is unpardonably late, and our little serenade has the air of an impertinence. Believe me, sir, it is an appeal. Monsieur is an artist, I perceive. We are here three artists benighted and without shelter, one a woman—a delicate woman in evening dress—in an interesting situation. This will not fail to touch the woman's heart of Madame, whom I perceive indistinctly behind Monsieur her husband, and whose face speaks eloquently of a well-regulated mind. Ah! Monsieur, Madame—one generous movement, and you make three people happy! Two or three hours beside your fire—I ask it of Monsieur in the name of Art—I ask it of Madame by the sanctity of womanhood."

The two, as by a tacit consent, drew back from the door.

"Come in," said the man.

"*Entrez,* Madame," said the woman.

The door opened directly upon the kitchen of the house, which was to all appearance the only sitting room. The furniture was both plain and scanty; but there were one or two landscapes on the wall handsomely framed, as if they had already visited the committee-rooms of an exhibition and been thence extruded. Léon walked up to the pictures and represented the part of connoisseur before each in turn, with his usual dramatic insight and force. The master of the house, as if irresistibly attracted, followed him from canvas to canvas with the lamp. Elvira was led directly to the fire, where she proceeded to warm herself, while Stubbs stood in the middle of the floor and followed the proceedings of Léon with mild astonishment in his eyes.

"You should see them by daylight," said the artist.

"I promise myself that pleasure," said Léon. "You possess, sir, if you will permit me an observation, the art of composition to a T."

"You are very good," returned the other. "But should you not draw nearer to the fire?"

"With all my heart," said Léon.

And the whole party was soon gathered at the table over a hasty and not an elegant cold supper, washed down with the least of small wines. Nobody liked the meal, but nobody complained; they put a good face upon it, one and all, and made a great clattering of knives and forks. To see Léon eating a single cold sausage was to see a triumph;

by the time he had done he had got through as much pantomime as would have sufficed for a baron of beef, and he had the relaxed expression of the over-eaten.

As Elvira had naturally taken a place by the side of Léon, and Stubbs as naturally, although I believe unconsciously, by the side of Elvira, the host and hostess were left together. Yet it was to be noted that they never addressed a word to each other, nor so much as suffered their eyes to meet. The interrupted skirmish still survived in ill feeling; and the instant the guests departed it would break forth again as bitterly as ever. The talk wandered from this to that subject—for with one accord the party had declared it was too late to go to bed; but those two never relaxed toward each other; Goneril and Regan in a sisterly tiff were not more bent on enmity.

It chanced that Elvira was so much tired by all the little excitements of the night that for once she laid aside her company manners, which were both easy and correct, and in the most natural manner in the world leaned her head on Léon's shoulder. At the same time, fatigue suggesting tenderness, she locked the fingers of her right hand into those of her husband's left; and half closing her eyes, dozed off into a golden borderland between sleep and waking. But all the time she was aware of what was passing, and saw the painter's wife studying her with looks between contempt and envy.

It occurred to Léon that his constitution de-

manded the use of some tobacco; and he undid his fingers from Elvira's in order to roll a cigarette. It was gently done, and he took care that his indulgence should in no other way disturb his wife's position. But it seemed to catch the eye of the painter's wife with a special significance. She looked straight before her for an instant, and then, with a swift and stealthy movement, took hold of her husband's hand below the table. Alas! she might have spared herself the dexterity. For the poor fellow was so overcome by this caress that he stopped with his mouth open in the middle of a word, and by the expression of his face plainly declared to all the company that his thoughts had been diverted into softer channels.

If it had not been rather amiable, it would have been absurdly droll. His wife at once withdrew her touch; but it was plain she had to exert some force. Thereupon the young man colored and looked for a moment beautiful.

Léon and Elvira both observed the by-play, and a shock passed from one to the other; for they were inveterate match-makers, especially between those who were already married.

"I beg your pardon," said Léon, suddenly. "I see no use in pretending. Before we came in here we heard sounds indicating—if I may so express myself—an imperfect harmony."

"Sir——" began the man.

But the woman was beforehand.

"It is quite true," she said. "I see no cause to be ashamed. If my husband is mad I shall at

least do my utmost to prevent the consequences. Picture to yourself, Monsieur and Madame," she went on, for she passed Stubbs over, "that this wretched person—a dauber, an incompetent, not fit to be a sign-painter—receives this morning an admirable offer from an uncle—an uncle of my own, my mother's brother, and tenderly beloved—of a clerkship with nearly a hundred and fifty pounds a year, and that he—picture to yourself!—he refuses it! Why? For the sake of Art, he says, Look at his art, I say—look at it! Is it fit to be seen? Ask him—is it fit to be sold? And it is for this, Monsieur and Madame, that he condemns me to the most deplorable existence, without luxuries without comforts, in a vile suburb of a country town. *O non!*" she cried, "*non—je ne me tairai pas—c'est plus fort que moi!* I take these gentlemen and this lady for judges—is this kind? is it decent? is it manly? Do I not deserve better at his hands after having married him and"—(a visible hitch)—"done everything in the world to please him."

I doubt if there were ever a more embarrassed company at a table; every one looked like a fool; and the husband like the biggest.

"The art of Monsieur, however," said Elvira, breaking the silence, "is not wanting in distinction."

"It has this distinction," said the wife, "that nobody will buy it."

"I should have supposed a clerkship——" began Stubbs.

"Art is Art," swept in Léon. "I salute Art. It is the beautiful, the divine; it is the spirit of the world, and the pride of life. But——" And the actor paused.

"A clerkship——" began Stubbs.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the painter. "I am an artist, and as this gentleman says, Art is this and the other; but of course, if my wife is going to make my life a piece of perdition all day long, I prefer to go and drown myself out of hand."

"Go!" said his wife. "I should like to see you!"

"I was going to say," resumed Stubbs, "that a fellow may be a clerk and paint almost as much as he likes. I know a fellow in a bank who makes capital water-color sketches; he even sold one for seven-and-six."

To both the women this seemed a plank of safety; each hopefully interrogated the countenance of her lord; even Elvira, an artist herself! But, indeed, there must be something permanently mercantile in the female nature. The two men exchanged a glance; it was tragic; not otherwise might two philosophers salute, as at the end of a laborious life each recognized that he was still a mystery to his disciples.

Léon arose.

"Art is Art," he repeated sadly. "It is not water-color sketches, nor practising on a piano. It is a life to be lived."

"And in the meantime people starve!" observed the woman of the house. "If that's a life, it is not one for me."

"I'll tell you what," burst forth Léon; "you, Madame, go into another room and talk it over with my wife; and I'll stay here and talk it over with your husband. It may come to nothing, but let's try."

"I am very willing," replied the young woman; and she proceeded to light a candle. "This way, if you please." And she led Elvira upstairs into a bedroom. The fact is," said she, sitting down, "that my husband cannot paint."

"No more can mine act," replied Elvira.

"I should have thought he could," returned the other; "he seems clever."

"He is so, and the best of men besides," said Elvira; "but he cannot act."

"At least he is not a sheer humbug, like mine; he can at least sing."

"You mistake Léon," returned his wife, warmly. "He does not even pretend to sing; he has too fine a taste; he does so for a living. And, believe me, neither of the men is a humbug. They are people with a mission—which they cannot carry out."

"Humbug or not," replied the other, "you came very near passing the night in the fields; and, for my part, I live in terror of starvation. I should think it was a man's mission to think twice about his wife. But it appears not. Nothing is their mission but to play the fool. Oh!" she broke out, "is it not something dreary to think of that man of mine? If he could only do it, who would care? But no—not he—no more than I can!"

"Have you any children?" asked Elvira.

"No; but then I may."

"Children change so much," said Elvira, with a sigh.

And just then from the room below there flew up a sudden snapping chord on the guitar; one followed after another; then the voice of Léon joined in; and there was an air being played and sung that stopped the speech of the two women. The wife of the painter stood like a person transfixed; Elvira, looking into her eyes, could see all manner of beautiful memories and kind thoughts that were passing in and out of her soul with every note; it was a piece of her youth that went before her; a green French plain, the smell of apple-flowers, the far and shining ringlets of a river, and the words and presence of love.

"Léon has hit the nail," thought Elvira to herself. "I wonder how."

The how was plain enough. Léon had asked the painter if there were no air connected with courtship and pleasant times; and having learned what he wished, and allowed an interval to pass, he had soared forth into

"O mon amante,
O mon désir,
Sachons cucillir
L'heure charmante !"

"Pardon me, Madame," said the painter's wife, "your husband sings admirably well."

"He sings that with some feeling," replied

Elvira, critically, although she was a little moved herself, for the song cut both ways in the upper chamber; "but it is as an actor and not as a musician."

"Life is very sad," said the other; "it so wastes away under one's fingers."

"I have not found it so," replied Elvira. "I think the good parts of it last and grow greater every day."

"Frankly, how would you advise me?"

"Frankly, I would let my husband do what he wished. He is obviously a very loving painter; you have not yet tried him as a clerk. And you know—if it were only as the possible father of your children—it is as well to keep him at his best."

"He is an excellent fellow," said the wife.

They kept it up till sunrise with music and all manner of good fellowship; and at sunrise, while the sky was still temperate and clear, they separated on the threshold with a thousand excellent wishes for each other's welfare. Castel-le-Gâchis was beginning to send up its smoke against the golden East; and the church bell was ringing six.

"My guitar is a familiar spirit," said Léon, as he and Elvira took the nearest way toward the inn; "it resuscitated a Commissary, created an English tourist, and reconciled a man and wife."

Stubbs, on his part, went off into the morning with reflections of his own. "They are all mad," thought he; "all mad—but wonderfully decent."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE JAZZ BABY

I

HAD a stranger seen Elsa Merriam sitting at the piano in her drawing room at dusk on this spring evening, with the lamplight falling on her cheek and her golden hair, he might have guessed her ten years younger than her actual age; but had he told her of his guess she would not have thought him sincere, for it was a part of Elsa's charm that when people spoke admiringly of her girlish figure, the fine texture of her skin, the delicacy of her coloring, or when on meeting her with the stupendous Lindsay they voiced amazement that she could be his mother, she saw in their utterances only efforts to be tactful.

Her fingers touched the keys softly; she was listening not so much to her playing as for the sound of the front door, for the Easter holidays were here and Lindsay was coming home this afternoon from college, bringing a friend with him.

"Chet Pollard's family's in Europe or some place," her son had written, "so he can't go home this vacation. He's a good egg, terribly smooth and talented musically."

When presently from the hall below came the

dull sound of the front door closing, she stopped playing and rose from the piano, but, on hearing a sedate tread upon the stair, sat down again. The step was not Lindsay's, but her husband's.

"Hello, dear," he said on reaching the doorway. "Lindsay not home yet?"

"No, but I've sent the car to the station."

Her husband came in, kissed her on the cheek, and having performed this customary rite, turned to leave the room.

"Been playing?" he asked casually over his shoulder as he moved away.

"Yes, I've found a Grieg sonata with a nice cello part for Lindsay, and I've been brushing up on some of our old Beethoven duets."

"H'm, he likes Grieg and Beethoven, does he?" he inquired vaguely, heading for the stairs.

She was smiling as she resumed her playing. It seemed impossible that Hobart Merriam should not know that his son liked Grieg and Beethoven.

Again the sound of the front door, but this time a distinct concussion followed by a tumult of voices, boyish laughter, the noise of something scraping the banisters, then as she was halfway across the room, Lindsay in the doorway, wearing the shy, affectionate grin with which he always greeted her. He let his suitcase fall with a thud to the floor, but with a second piece of baggage was more careful, depositing it gently upon the carpet; then taking his mother by the shoulders he leaned far down and kissed her, while she marvelled, as she always did when he reappeared

after an absence, that this gigantic college creature was identical with the helpless infant of a few years before.

"Mother," he said as he straightened up again, "I want you to meet—I mean, this is my friend Mister Pollard."

Mr. Pollard was a handsome youth almost as tall as Lindsay, with brilliant dark eyes and a complexion like a dairymaid's. Why, Elsa wondered, were the young people of this generation so much taller? Certainly, in her girlhood, boys of this height were exceptions.

As she welcomed her son's classmate his manner was that of one overtaken by mirthful recollections.

"Huh-huh! I'm sure it was very kind of you—huh-huh—to invite me here for the vacation, Mrs. Merriam."

Lindsay also began to laugh in the same nervous manner; the two stood chuckling together as if at a secret jest. Desiring to help them regain their composure she spoke gravely of practical affairs. Had their train been on time? Had the chauffeur found them without difficulty? But though Lindsay became calmer his friend continued to laugh his replies. Trying to pacify him was like trying to haul down a captive balloon in a high wind.

"Lindsay tells me you're fond of music," she said.

The young man gurgled that he was, and she turned to her son.

"I didn't have time to write about it," she told

him, "but there's a splendid symphony concert to-night with Lazlof playing the cello part of a Grieg sonata I've just bought for us to do. I got three tickets on the chance that you and Mr. Pollard would be able to go with me."

Abruptly the laughter ceased; a profound solemnity overtook the two boys; they stared at each other, evidently exchanging wireless messages which resulted in the nomination of Lindsay to be spokesman.

"Look, Mother," he began, "it certainly was good of you. We certainly appreciate it and everything. But now look—Chet thought—at least there's a girl—I mean a couple of girls—they were down at the prom—and this girl's mother is a friend of Chet's mother, and she wanted him to be nice to her when he came to New York, so we kind of arranged to take them to the theater to-night—only we haven't called up yet, so of course they might not be able to go, and——"

Here Pollard seemed to think best to break in.

"Oh, they'll be able to go, all right," he said with the air of one sure of his women.

Mrs. Merriam was quick to help them out of their embarrassment.

"I thought it likely you'd have an engagement," she said, "but I got tickets on the off chance. I'll probably be able to get Cousin Ellen and Aunt Fannie to go with me."

"Gosh!" said Lindsay, sympathetically.

"I admit I wish Dorothy Hallock were at home," said his mother. "We went to lots of

concerts last year. I always have a fine time with Dorothy, she's such a sweet girl."

"Yes," her son replied, "sweet's the word; sweet means dopeless."

"Indeed? And what does dopeless mean?"

"Just what Dorothy is—unsophisticated."

"I should hope so!" she said with a little baffled sigh. "Well, dear, hadn't you better be seeing about your theater seats?"

"I'll call up Bea and Midge," Pollard said, and Lindsay forthwith led him to the telephone closet in the hall.

Mrs. Merriam was at the piano when her son returned alone to the room.

"Here's that Grieg sonata," she said. "Bring your cello and we'll run through it before dinner."

"Look, Mother," he answered uneasily, "I didn't bring my cello this time. You see, the vacation's so short and it's such a job lugging it around."

It was the first time he had failed to bring his cello home, and she was keenly disappointed: perhaps he read her disappointment in her face, for he went on: "I would of brought it, Mother, but it's so darn bulky and I had two other things to carry."

"I suppose you couldn't then," she said.

From early childhood Lindsay had loved good music and she prized the taste as his most valuable inheritance from her. As a girl she had dreamed of becoming a professional pianist; at fifteen she was sufficiently advanced to study under a great

master; two years later, however, her mother had died, and just then, when she felt so alone, she had met Hobart Merriam and married him. At the time there was some talk of a resumption of her studies, but it was prevented first by Hobart's complete indifference to music, then by the birth of Lindsay. Lindsay more than made up to her for the loss of her career; he was worth a thousand girlish dreams; deep down in her heart she acknowledged to herself that, good and kind though Hobart was, her real companion was her son.

Early she had begun to give him rudimentary musical instruction; at seven he had a little cello, and within a few years he had so far progressed that she began to harbor visions in which her early ambitions for herself came to fruition in him; visions in which she saw him seated with his cello on a stage, playing to a hushed audience.

Because of the boy's talent she would have preferred to keep him at school in New York, where he could continue his musical education under the best teachers, but his father had other plans for him. His own parents had been poor, and he was determined to give Lindsay the advantages of boarding school and college, which he had been denied. Elsa fought off the selection of a school as long as she could and when compelled to decide, chose one in which the head master was musical. Occasionally she would go up and hear the school orchestra, in which Lindsay played, and all through the school year she looked forward to the summer vacation at Westfield, in the

Berkshire Hills, where they had time to play together a great deal, working up difficult duets, and also trios—for Dorothy Hallock often joined them with her violin.

Summer residents were wont to speak of Westfield as unspoiled, by which they meant that the same families occupied the same houses every season, that the country club was simple, and that there was no flamboyant hotel to attract social gypsies. The automobile, of course, did tend to bring to the country-club dances young people from the smarter settlements near by, giving Westfield occasional glimpses of the genus "flapper," but such glimpses served only to heighten local conservatism.

The Hallocks were typical of the place: old New Yorkers whose residences in the city and the country dated from an era of architectural ugliness; but they were spacious, homelike houses, and their owner and his wife were old-fashioned enough to be attached to them, and moreover to have a family large enough to keep them comfortably filled. With her music and her quick intelligence, Dorothy, the youngest of the Hallock children, seemed to Elsa the most attractive girl in Westfield, and it flattered her that despite the difference in their ages Dorothy so evidently enjoyed being with her. It was nearly a year now since Dorothy had gone to school in Paris, and the elder woman had genuinely missed her.

Lindsay, too, had missed Dorothy, Elsa thought; for during the summer of her absence he spoke often of their need of a violin, and showed a restless-

ness she had never seen in him before. Until that summer he had always been satisfied to stay in Westfield, but he now began to take nocturnal motor trips to dances at neighboring resorts. Of course, though, he was at the restless age.

Often when they were playing she spoke of Dorothy.

"Sure I miss her," he once told her. "She's an awfully nice kid, but I wish they'd get some new girls in this place."

"Why, Dorothy isn't a kid. She's only a year younger than you are."

"Nearly two years," he corrected. "She's sixteen."

"She'll be seventeen this summer."

"Well, anyhow," he said, "I couldn't get interested in her; we know each other too well. Look, Mother, can I have the motor to-night? There's a dance over at Arlington. And I need twenty-five dollars."

In September he went away to college, and she was overjoyed when presently he wrote that he had made the college orchestra. During his Christmas holidays they played but little, most of his time having been given to social activities. She supposed it was only natural that a college boy should want a lively vacation, and she prized the more such odd moments as he spent with her.

And now, after what seemed a trifling interval, the Easter holidays were here. Time went faster and faster. After another little interval it would be summer and they would go again to Westfield;

before long he would be out of college; then, presently, he would marry and she would lose him. She must make the most of the few remaining years. Ah, how she wished that he had brought his cello home!

II

Chet Pollard was still at the telephone when Mr. Merriam came downstairs.

"Well, Lindsay," was his greeting to his son, and the two shook hands, Lindsay giving a jerky little half bow. He always seemed a trifle ill at ease when he greeted his father; Elsa believed it was because they both were conscious of the fact that two or three years ago they would have kissed.

"I believe you're taller than ever," Mr. Merriam said.

"No, I've stopped growing but I'm putting on some weight. If I can put on about twelve pounds I've got a chance for crew."

The father made no comment upon this, but remarked: "Your mother and I were pleased that you passed your uniform tests."

"Believe me, I was pleased!" said Lindsay, grinning. "I was half expecting to get on pro. Spanish and French saved me; they're gut courses."

"They're what?" his mother asked.

"Gut—soft—easy," he elucidated.

"H'm," said his father. "Better have your bags taken upstairs. I tripped over one of them in the hall."

"You did?" Lindsay looked concerned. "You didn't trip over that long black one, did you? Gosh, I wouldn't have anybody trip over that!"

"It might be a good idea, then, not to leave it in the center of the hall."

"Gosh! Did I leave it there? Well, I'll take it up to my room right now!"

He started for the door, but his mother interposed.

"Just ring for Wilkes," she said. "He'll take them up."

"Not on your life!" Lindsay answered with earnestness, as he picked up the suitcase and the long black box. "Not this thing. I'll carry this myself."

"What you got in it you're so particular about?" his father asked.

"Well," replied the boy obscurely as he started for the stairs, "it's something I can't afford to have broken."

"But look here," persisted his father, "why are you so careful about that box? What you got that's so breakable?"

Lindsay, who was now halfway up the stairs, stopped and looking over the balustrade laughed down at the anxious, upturned faces.

"Oh, it's not hooch—if that's what you mean. No, Dad, nothing like that. It's just something—something that I—well, I wanted to ease it to Mother, but I guess I might as well show it to you now."

He descended, let the leather bag plump to the

floor again, and carried the mysterious black case to the drawing room, where he placed it carefully upon a couch. Then, without moving to open it, he turned and earnestly addressed his parents.

"Now, look," he said, "in the first place, I want you to realize I got this thing at a wonderful bargain. Probably you could go from one end of this country to the other and you'd never see a bargain like it again. Probably there aren't five others like this one I've got here, in the whole country. I want you to realize, Mother, what a perfectly unprecedented——"

"You haven't told us what it is, yet," his father broke in.

"I was just going to tell you," the boy returned, "but first I want to make absolutely sure you understand what a wonderful bargain I've got."

"It seems to me," remarked his father dryly, "that you have succeeded in impressing that point upon us. What is it?"

"But first," continued Lindsay—"first you must realize that it's quadruple gold plate over triple silver plate. If you understood about these—these things, why, you'd know they don't *make* 'em that way—not except when they get a special order. And even then you'd have to wait weeks and weeks before you'd——"

"What you *got?*" demanded his father in the tone of one whose patience is being worn thin.

"That's what I'm trying to tell you," answered the youth, going to the box and undoing a catch at one end.

But instead of releasing the other catches and opening the box he turned and with all the impressiveness he could command delivered a final word.

"It cost two hundred and seventy-five new," he declared, "and what do you think I paid for it? Only one hundred and fifty dollars! That's all! Yes, sir, only one hundred and fifty! Why, if I hadn't of bought it it would of been a crime! Nothing less than a crime! I want you to keep that fact in mind, Dad, because——"

"For heaven's sake!" cried Mr. Merriam, "what—you—got—in that —*box?*"

Dramatically Lindsay threw back the lid, revealing in a velvet recess a shining, tubular, twisted, bell-mouthed something scaffolded with metal bars and disks.

"Oh, Lindsay!" cried his mother in an anguished voice.

"Quadruple gold plate over triple silver plate!" her son reiterated shrilly.

"You haven't mentioned what it *is*—not even *yet!*" commented Mr. Merriam with abysmal cynicism. "Is it a fire extinguisher or a home-brew outfit?"

"No—home blew," replied his son.

Seizing the gilded instrument and holding it as if to play, he began to shuffle, undulating his body in a negroid manner and singing:

"When I blow those home-blew blues
  On my sexy saxophone,
I can get any gal I choose—
  Come, ma baby, youse ma own!

Bring yo' bottle, baby dear;
Fill it full of gin or beer;
Come and lap the home-made booze,
While I blow those home-brew—
Hear me blow those home-brew—
Blues!"

Having finished his song he blew upon the instrument, evoking from its golden throat sounds resembling ribald laughter ending on a dissonant note.

"O, Lindsay!" cried Mrs. Merriam again.

"That's a nice refined song!" said his father caustically. "I suppose that's what they teach you in college?"

At this juncture Chet Pollard came from the telephone closet.

"I had an awful time getting 'em," he said. "They had to page 'em all over the hotel. It's a darn nuisance!"

"Can they go?" Lindsay demanded.

"Naturally," replied Pollard.

Lindsay introduced him to his father; then: "We want to get theater seats for to-night, Dad," he said. "I was wondering if you'd work your drag at the club."

"It would be nice if you could get seats for the new Shaw play," said Mrs. Merriam.

Again she sensed an exchange of wireless messages between the two young men.

"But look, Mother——"

Pollard, however, cut Lindsay short.

"That's so, Mrs. Merriam," he declared. "I

understand the Shaw play is very—very clever. In my opinion Shaw is one of the cleverest playwrights there is; but you see, these girls we're going to take are musical—uh—they're very musical, and—uh—they thought they'd like to go to something—uh—something musical this time."

"There's a lovely little operetta called 'Mignonette'," the mother suggested. "Quite the daintiest thing I've seen in years. If you——"

"But, look, Mother," Lindsay broke in, "we were planning——"

Here, however, the more adroit Pollard again took matters into his own hands.

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Merriam," said he, "I hear 'Mignonette's' awfully dainty. But I guess these girls must of—uh—must of seen it, or something. Anyway, they were speaking of another musical show they hadn't seen, and——"

"So we thought——" began Lindsay.

"What's the name of it?" Mrs. Merriam asked.

"It's at the Apollo," answered the guest.

"I don't remember what's at the Apollo," she said, and turning to her husband, who had begun to read the evening paper, asked him to look it up.

At that, however, Pollard spoke up quickly.

"Oh, yes," he said, as if the name had just come to him. "It's 'Jazbo.'"

Mr. Merriam now became interested.

"'Jazbo'?" he repeated. "Isn't that the name of the show the police were——"

"It's quite all right now, though," his son interposed hastily.

"Who says so?"

"I was reading in the paper where they made those girls put on different costumes."

"Costumes?" said his father. "Was there trouble about costumes, too? I understood it was the dancing of this woman, What's-her-name, that——"

"Khiva," said Pollard. "But they say her manager paid the police to make a row, Mr. Merriam."

"Yes, just an advertising dodge," quickly supplemented Lindsay.

"The advertising dodge seems to have worked so far as you two boys are concerned," his father commented.

But this elicited immediate protests.

"No, sir, that's not it!" declared Pollard righteously.

"No, I should say not!" Lindsay added. "Why, Dad, the music in this show's knock-out. Three big fox-trot hits in one show: 'My Raggedy Rose,' 'Sweet Cookie,' and 'You Gorilla-Man.' And besides, if you invite a lady to go to the theater, and she expresses a desire to see some particular show, and you——"

"And they have Joe Eckstein and his Saxophone Six," urged Pollard.

At this Mr. Merriam became still more interested.

"Oh, those fellows?" he said. "They must be the ones I heard last year. They're very good." He smiled at the memory; then looking with dawning curiosity at his son's new treasure lying in the open case he asked: "Is that the same sort of thing they play?"

"Sure," replied the collegian, "a saxophone—but this one's quadruple gold plate over triple silver plate."

"Let's hear you play it, then."

Lindsay took it up, put the mouthpiece to his lips, and blew a stream of bubbling bursting notes.

"Can't you play us a tune?"

But the saxophonist shook his head.

"Needs other instruments—a piano, anyhow," he answered.

"There's your mother—she'll play for you."

But Lindsay shook his head again.

"Oh, Mother can't play jazz," he said.

"Your mother can't?" exclaimed Mr. Merriam. "I guess your mother can play anything anybody else can!" He looked questioningly at his wife, but she remained silent.

"No," said Lindsay, "jazz isn't like other music. It's very trick. Maybe, if you'd like, we can get somebody in to play before vacation ends. Chet here's got his clarinet with him, and he's knock-out on it."

Having won his father over to his instrument he now exhibited it in detail, showing how the stops worked.

"Gosh, I was lucky to get this one!" he said. "I

never would have got it if Len Spinney hadn't been dropped out of college. You remember Len, Mother?"

She nodded. "You say he's been dropped? That's too bad."

"Yes, and he didn't need to be. But he kept going to New York to see a girl, and he took too many cuts. He didn't mind much, though. He'd been thinking of marrying her, anyway, so when he got dropped he decided to do it; but he hadn't any money, and that's how I came to get it so cheap. He had to have a hundred and fifty dollars."

"A classmate of yours—married?" cried his mother.

"On a hundred and fifty dollars?" demanded Mr. Merriam.

"Uh-huh," replied Lindsay with a nonchalance that both parents found ghastly. "That was all he really needed right away. His wife couldn't go on a wedding trip. She has to stay in town because she's in the Follies."

Mrs. Merriam stared at her son, thunderstruck, but the father was vocal for them both.

"My God!" he exclaimed.

"Well," said Lindsay, "she's knock-out for looks and a wonderful dancer, and a fellow has to marry sometime, doesn't he? By the way, Dad, I need twenty-five dollars and—— Oh, I tell you who we could have in to jazz up the piano—Bea Morris—eh, Chet?"

"None better," said the other youth.

"Who's Bea Morris?" Mrs. Merriam inquired

"Girl 't's going to the theater with us to-night. Say, Dad, would you mind 'phoning for those seats?"

"How many?" asked his father, moving toward the door.

"Four."

"Aren't these girls to have a chaperon?" Mrs. Merriam asked.

An expression of pain came over the boy's face. "Gosh, Mother," he sighed, "where you been all this time? If a girl's so dopeless she has to have a chaperon she doesn't get asked—that's all."

"Well, I'm thankful we haven't a daughter to bring up, the way things are," she said.

"Oh, I don't know," returned her son. "Just because there's no chaperon it doesn't necessarily mean necking."

"That's a comfort," Mr. Merriam said. "Then it's four, is it?"

"But really, Hobart," pursued his wife, "do you think it's proper for these boys to take young ladies to see a musical comedy the police were going to close?"

Again the look of pain swept over her son's face.

"Oh, Mother!" he protested. "Don't be a flat tire! You'd call the Hallocks proper enough, wouldn't you?"

"Certainly."

"Well, Mrs. Hallock took Bobby and a lot of young people to see 'Jazbo'—a big theater party, and a lot of subdebs at that."

"I could telephone and ask her what she thought of it."

"Mother! What kind of a position would that put *me* in? Asking people what shows I'd ought to see or not! You seem to forget I'm practically twenty."

"It can't hurt to ask her what sort of show it is," his mother contended, "if I don't tell her——"

"Well," he said, still protesting, "I don't say she'd exactly *recommend* this show. Maybe she didn't know about the police and everything, but she took 'em, all the same. One of the girls came down to the prom, and she told me. She said she was kind of disappointed in the show, herself, after so much talk; said it wasn't so very rancid—just a little sour in spots."

"I'm not worrying about you," said his mother, "but about where you take these young girls."

But Pollard hastened to reassure her.

"Oh, don't worry about that, Mrs. Merriam," said he. "They're not young. Both of them are over twenty."

"But what will their mothers think if I——"

"As far as that goes," he told her, "their mothers won't know anything about it. Midge hasn't got any mother, and Bea's mother is in White Sulphur or some place. And anyhow, Mrs. Merriam, she's a very broad-minded woman—she lets Bea do just whatever she pleases."

"What do you think, Hobart?" the mother asked.

"Oh," said her husband, "I'd let 'em go. These

girls aren't our daughters, and from what I hear, it's the way all of 'em are now." And as she interposed no further objections he went to telephone for the theater seats.

Immediately after dinner the two boys, slim and clean-looking in their "tucs," rushed away in a taxi, and a little later Mrs. Merriam, having been unable to find any one to accept her belated invitation, left her husband reading in his library and departed alone in her limousine for the concert.

But to-night the music, whirling in great somber currents through the auditorium, made only a background for her thoughts. Her mind was full of Lindsay. She was troubled about him; he had not only left his cello at college but had brought home what an instrument instead! A saxophone! And it had belonged to a boy who had been dropped from college and had married a chorus girl.

Who were these girls Lindsay was with? What had come over her son that he wished to take them to a tawdry show? She thought of her incessant efforts to develop in him a fastidiousness, not only in music, but in other things, which should be his æsthetic and moral safeguard. And was this to be the outcome?

During the intermission she found friends to talk with; then the orchestra reassembled and she was left alone again. Lazlof, the great cellist, entered at one side, carrying his instrument, and amid applause made his way to a chair at the center of the stage; the choir of stringed instruments

softly played the prelude, Lazlof lifted his slender bow, and the miracle began.

The sound of the cello added poignancy to her thoughts of her son. How often she had secretly visioned him playing to just such a hushed audience as this! But alas, that dream, like so many others, must be relinquished.

III

"Did you hear those boys come in this morning?" her husband asked at breakfast.

"Yes."

"Did you notice the time?"

"Yes; I didn't sleep very well."

"Nearly seven!" he said, and she had a wanly humorous sense of his looking at her accusingly, as though the lateness of their home-coming were in some way her fault.

"I went to Lindsay's room before I came down," he continued gloomily. "I could have set off a bomb in there for all they'd have known! Room in horrible disorder—clothes all over the place. I stepped on a watch—don't know which of them it belongs to. What condition do you suppose they came home in?"

"Lindsay has always thrown his things around," she said.

"But what could they have been doing? Do nice girls stay out with boys all night?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I don't believe I understand these young people."

"Well, I've been reading a book about them,"

he declared, "a novel some young fellow's written. If they're what *he* says they are they're a pretty queer lot."

"What's the name of the book?"

"I don't remember. If you want to look at it you'll find it on the table by my bed; it's got a red cover. Do you know anything about these two girls?"

"No."

"I wouldn't be surprised if they were chorus girls," said he.

"Oh, *no!*" It was as much a prayer as a denial.

"Why not? Didn't Lindsay say a classmate of theirs married a chorus girl? Didn't he seem to approve of it?"

"Oh, I can't believe he was thinking of that side of it," said she. "I think he was just glad to get the boy's saxophone."

"Well," he said in a sinister tone as he left the room, "you just read that book!"

Having the morning to herself she did read some of it and skimmed the rest. The publisher's announcement on the paper jacket proclaimed it A Passionate Tale of Youth in Revolt, and described the author as A Fearless Young Iconoclast, Impatient of Literary Shackles. Except one drunken middle-aged woman, there were in the world with which the story dealt no grown-up people. It was a world of flappers, gin, and familiarities.

When about noon the boys came down to breakfast she looked apprehensively for signs of dissipation and was infinitely relieved to find them

clear-eyed and in high spirits. Lindsay, kissing her, did not smell of gin, but of the sticky oily stuff called Oelaqua that made his hair so shiny.

"Did you have a good time?" she asked as she poured their coffee.

"Did we! Do you know what time we got in? It was darn near seven."

"How was 'Jazbo'?"

"Pretty peppy, and great music. We just naturally had to go around to the Prowlers' Club afterward, and dance all night."

"A club?"

"Not a real club; just a restaurant—the joint where they have the best music in town. Gosh, I can hear Sinzy yet whanging out that 'You Gorilla-Man'!" He began to hum, bouncing in his chair.

"Sinzy?"

"Yes," said her son; and as she looked blank he continued: "Mean to say you've never heard of Sinzy? Why, he's one of the greatest characters in this town. He's a terrible little twerp to look at—got a face like bad news from home, but I guess he's the best jazz piano player in the world."

"And the young ladies didn't get tired?"

Lindsay laughed.

"If they had their way we wouldn't be home yet, would we, Chet?"

"No," and he explained: "You see, Mrs. Merriam, these girls are a couple of the busiest little pep artists this side of Cayenne."

"They both dance well?"

"A girl's *got* to dance well to make the grade these days," her son informed her. "She's got to be practically as good as a professional."

"Then these girls aren't professionals?" she asked quickly.

"For heaven's sake!" returned her son. "What would we be doing with professional dancers?"

"Professionals look good on the floor," said Pollard, "but they try to lead you too much. But you take Midge"—he was speaking now to Lindsay—"did you ever dance with anybody as light as she is?"

"I sure did!" the other answered almost indignantly. "Bea's every bit as light as Midge—except maybe above the ears."

"Oh," retorted his friend, "you think so 'cause Bea falls for you harder! She sure was handing you a heavy line last night."

"Aw, what you talking about! She was not!"

"Sure she was! Didn't I hear her saying how you were so cynical and everything?"

"I guess you're sore because she didn't shoot you a line," Lindsay returned. "Next thing, I s'pose you'll say she's got a wooden leg or something. Why don't you say that, too? Why don't you say she can't bang the box?"

"No, I wouldn't say that," conceded Pollard. "I got to admit she's some jazz baby."

"You just ought to hear her, Mother!" Lindsay said.

"I should like to. Do you expect to see her again this vacation?"

"Do we? We're going to see 'em this afternoon."

"And again to-night," Pollard added.

"And that reminds me, Mother—I'd like the car if you're not going to use it, and I need twenty-five dollars."

"What's on to-night?" she asked.

"Dance."

"But this is Good Friday, dear!"

"Oh, we won't begin dancing till after midnight. We can start kind of late, and eat along, and go to a movie or something."

She saw her opportunity and seized it.

"Why not ask them here to dinner? We can have some jazz afterward."

Again the wireless went to work between the boys.

"Why, I think that would be fine," Pollard said in answer to his friend's unspoken question.

"Yes, if we could get 'em," Lindsay said, "but they might have a date for dinner or something. You know, Mother, they're about two of the most popular girls in New York."

"Oh, we'll get 'em all right," declared Pollard.

"Hadn't you better telephone and ask them?" suggested Mrs. Merriam.

"Way I look at it," said Chet, "if I was doing it I wouldn't ask 'em anything. Keep calling a girl up and you don't have her guessing. These dopeless birds keep calling their girls up, 'Can you do this? Can you do that?' and so forth; so that girl isn't guessing, 'cause she sees the bird's dopeless.

But my way would be, I'd wait till I saw 'em this afternoon, and then I'd *tell* 'em. I'd just say, 'You're coming to dinner, woman.'"

"All right," said Lindsay, impressed, "you handle it."

"Well, I'll expect them at eight," Mrs. Merriam said. "If they can't come, telephone me."

IV

Without having definite knowledge of their plans she had supposed that the boys would return in time to dress for dinner, but when at eight they had not appeared she concluded that they would arrive with the young ladies.

In a few minutes, however, they came in alone, paused breathless in the drawing-room door to tell her that the girls would be along presently, and rushed upstairs to dress; but when at half-past eight they came down the guests had not arrived.

"Where's Dad?" asked Lindsay.

"He had to stay downtown on business. Where are the young ladies?"

"Oh, they'll breeze in pretty soon," said Pollard with the insouciance of one accustomed to hotel service.

"You asked them for eight?"

"Yes, but it was after eight when we broke away."

It was nearly nine when the girls arrived. Though much of the slang she heard the boys use seemed meaningless, the term "breeze in" struck Elsa Merriam as describing very accurately

the manner of Miss Bea Morris and Miss Midge Ayres. Their appearance fascinated her. Their figures were slight and supple, their necks and arms round and white like young birch trees, and their filmy little evening gowns, continually agitated as they flirted their bodies about, called to mind the cloudlike texture of springtime treetops whipped by erratic April winds. She could hardly tell them apart. Their faces had a look of unreality, suggesting carved masks, very pretty and almost human in expression; eyebrows plucked to a narrow line, cheeks frankly tinted, lips like scarlet poppy petals, hair like shocks of yellow uncurled ostrich plumes. Shaking hands with them she heard a little clatter of gold boxes knocking against each other as they dangled from short chains attached to their wrists.

"Oh, Mrs. Merriam!" panted Bea, hardly waiting for Lindsay to introduce her, "we've had a perfectly fan*tas*tic time getting here!" She clutched her chest like an emotional actress.

"Simply re*volt*ing!" cried Midge.

Whereafter they ran on together in gasping, broken sentences, noisily exclamatory, recounting the misadventures of the preceding hour. Mrs. Merriam gathered that they might, by implication, be apologizing for the tardiness of their arrival; at all events, it was the nearest thing to an apology that she received. Stripped of dramatics, their story was a simple one. They seemed to wish her to understand that there had been difficulties with the shoulder-straps of the new frock Bea was

wearing and that the chauffeur had driven them to a wrong address.

"These old *shoulder*-straps! And just when I was trying to hurry! And that fan*tas*tic chauffeur! I told him *West* Forty-eighth as plain as could be, didn't I Midge? But he drove——"

"You don't mean West Forty-eighth!" shrilled the other. "You mean *East* Forty-eighth. You told him——"

"Yes, that's what I mean—*East* Forty-eighth! *East* Forty-eighth, I told him, as plain as could be, But he drove us to *West* Forty-eighth. Poor creature must be feeble-minded!"

"And he stopped in front of a *tailor* shop!" cried the other.

"Yes, fancy! A *tailor* shop!"

So they ran on, their arms, shoulders, and fluffy bobbed locks continually in motion, while Elsa, bewildered, listened and watched.

Catching sight of her reflection in a mirror Bea turned suddenly and crossed the room, revealing that the back of her dress consisted, above the waist, of very little more than the shoulder-straps, which were of flesh-colored ribbon. Before the mirror she took from her hair a comb, with which she fluffed up her outstanding yellow mane. Midge followed suit; then the two flopped down together on a couch, crossing their knees, exhibiting the tops of rolled-down stockings. Elsa had hardly convinced herself that she saw aright when the entrance of Wilkes, with the announcement that dinner was served, caused the girls to

open the little boxes hanging from their wrists, and gazing into the mirrored covers, freshen the color on their already tinted lips.

"Did I tell you," cried Bea to the boys as she took her chair at the dinner table, "that I'm going up to the prom at New Haven? I'm so thrilled I'm almost insane!"

"Huh—New Haven!" commented Chet; while Lindsay asked: "Who you going with?"

"Freddie Spencer." And in response to a contemptuous snort from her host, she added, "Why, what you got against Freddie?"

"Sofa specialist," said he.

"Oh, indeed! Well, a New Haven boy told me he was a wonderful athlete."

"Cozy-corner athlete," the boy muttered.

"Look, Bea," put in Chet in a fatherly tone, "I wouldn't advise any woman I cared about to go to a lot of proms."

"Well, I like that!" she exclaimed. "Why, the prom at Princeton was the first one I ever went to in my whole life."

"New Haven's a very different matter," Pollard declared.

"Oh, is it?"

"I'm simply advising you f' your own good," Pollard went on. "A woman doesn't want to get herself known as a prom-trotter."

"Specially with a bird like Freddie," Lindsay put in quickly.

"Prom-trotter!" she repeated pettishly. "Don't be fan*tas*tic!" And to Lindsay: "I

certainly wish I'd known you didn't like Freddie, though, 'cause if I had I wouldn't have invited him around."

"Around here?" he repeated, surprised. "When?"

"To-night, of course."

"What you do that for?"

"We need somebody to drum, don't we? Freddie drums like an angel."

"Oh, we could of got along without drums."

"Well, anyway," said Bea, "he wasn't certain he could come. He was just starting out from the hotel when we met him—going to some putrid party—but he said he'd get away if he could."

"He's a knock-out dancer," Midge put in.

"Yes," said Bea, "and of course you've noticed how wonderfully his hair grows. I've never seen a boy with such divine hair."

Whereat Pollard, who had been gazing at her, shook his head, exclaiming as if with reluctant admiration: "Oh, you *woman!* You *woman*, you!"

V

As Wilkes failed to pass cigarettes to the young ladies with the coffee, they produced them from their own cases, which, together with their make-up boxes, they had laid beside their plates on reaching the table; and the butler, thus prompted, hastily brought matches.

"I'll have a cigar," said Chet, and when Lindsay remarked at this deviation from custom he ex-

plained, "I'm off cigarettes—they're too effeminate."

"Listen," said Bea, "if we're going to play, let's go to it," and though the hostess had not finished her coffee the two girls rose from the table.

"Hold on," said her son. "Mother hasn't finished."

"Oh, don't wait for me," she said, whereupon the four young people left the room.

Nor was she greatly surprised at this, for with the exception of Lindsay, who had tried to include her in the conversation, they had ignored her throughout the meal.

When a little later she followed her guests to the drawing room she saw no sign that her entrance was observed. Midge and the boys were standing at the piano watching Bea, who was beating out a syncopated tune with a rhythm that reminded Elsa of a mechanical piano. She sat down in a chair across the room and watched. A cigarette was dangling from the girl's lower lip and as it burned shorter she threw her head back to keep the smoke out of her eyes.

"Give us an ash try, somebody," she said, blinking and addressing the room.

The boys began to look about for ash trays, but they were on a table near Elsa, so she carried one over and placed it on the shelf at the side of the music, receiving by way of acknowledgment a little nod from the girl.

Presently the music was interrupted by the

arrival of the sleek Freddie Spencer with his two drum cases.

"Yay, boy Freddie!" was Bea's greeting. "Glad you made the grade."

"Got in wrong doing it," he said.

"Why, was she snotty to you?"

"Yop."

"She's that way. She was snotty to me once, too," Bea told him. "I never get invited there any more. I should lie awake nights!"

While Freddie adjusted his drums Lindsay ran upstairs for the saxophone and clarinet, and when he returned the little orchestra assembled around the piano.

"We'll play 'Sweet Cookie,'" announced Bea. "Everybody ready? All together, now—let's go!" And with a crash they began; the piano, drums, and cymbals beating out the rhythm, the saxophone belching the tune, the clarinet garnishing the composition with squealing arabesques. The music, moreover, was accompanied by physical activities. Bea at the piano and Freddie at the drums were dancing—if people sitting down may be said to dance; Chet, his body undulating, manœuvred in short steps upon the rug, while Lindsay swayed in what appeared to his mother to be a sort of negroid ecstasy, swinging his instrument about as he played, and occasionally throwing his head back like one drinking from a bottle.

With a feeling that Midge was temporarily left out, Elsa moved over and joined her on a couch

where she was seated, but Midge had no intention of remaining in the background. As they finished "Sweet Cookie" she leaped to her feet shrieking a demand for "You Gorilla-Man," and upon their complying began to shuffle loose-jointedly, her whole body shaking as if with palsy; and upon their reaching the refrain she added to the tumult by singing loudly through her nose:

"Oh, you Gorilla-Man, I'm so in love with you;
Come catch me if you can. It won't be hard to do!
Oh, you Gorilla-Man! Oh, oh, you hairy ape!
You're such a thriller-man; I love you for your shape!
Oh, my Gorilla-Man, my love won't let me rest;
I love each curly lock upon your great big chest!
Oh, swing me through the trees, beneath the moon serene;
You're my Gorilla-Man and I'm your Jungle Queen!"

"But she doesn't know what the words mean," Mrs. Merriam reflected in extenuation; and as an afterthought she added: "Neither do I."

Overwhelmed at first by the mere volume of barbaric sound she found herself after a time trying to analyze jazz. It seemed to her to be musical Bolshevism—a revolt against law and order in music. Apparently, too, the jazz Bolsheviks were looters, pillaging the treasure houses of music's aristocracy. One piece was based upon a Chopin waltz, another was a distortion of an aria from "Tosca," another had been filched from

Strauss's "Rosenkavalier." Had something gone wrong with the mind of the world? Was there a connection between the various disturbing elements—free verse, futuristic painting, radicalism, crime waves, obstreperous youth, jazz music, jazz dancing, jazz thinking? She rose, crossed the room, and standing behind Bea, watched her hands upon the keyboard.

"How do you do that bass?" she asked the girl in an interval between pieces. "You seem to hit a lot of black notes with the flat of your hand."

"That's what a crash bass is," said Bea over her shoulder.

"How did you learn it?"

"Just picked it up. But there are lots of basses I can do that are more difficult than that; take the Honky-tonk, for instance, or the Hoochy." Nonchalantly she exhibited several of her left-handed accomplishments. "It's a gift," she explained. "One of the best jazz players I know can't read a note—picked it up from listening to records and watching the keys go down on a mechanical piano. And they say even Sinzy can't read very well. Anyway, people that play classical music can't play jazz; they ruin it trying to put expression in it."

"Then," said Elsa, "the idea of jazz is to——"

But she was cut short by Pollard, who had been wandering restlessly about, and who now, unable longer to control himself, remarked: "It's getting late. We've got to ease along pretty soon. Let's play 'Tag, You're It'?"

"No, I can't play any more," said Bea. "This fantastic shoulder-strap's cutting the arm off me." She pulled the ribbon aside, exhibiting a red mark upon her flesh.

"If you'll come up to my room," invited Elsa, "I'll try to fix it."

"All right," said the girl, and they went upstairs.

"I'll have to take off my dress," she said on reaching the bedroom. "Guess you better give me something to get into."

Mrs. Merriam brought a peignoir; then she undid the few catches holding the dress together in the back, and Bea stepped out of it.

Hastily Mrs. Merriam looked away, holding the peignoir toward her.

"And he's going to dance all night with this girl!" she thought.

During the three remaining days of the vacation Elsa saw Lindsay hardly at all. After their noontime breakfasts the boys would dash away, returning at nightfall to change into their "tucs" and disappear again.

On Monday night as he and Chet were leaving the house Lindsay said good-bye to her. "We're going to take our bags to the station now," he told her, "and dance till train time."

"When does your train go?"

"Six."

"You're going out on a morning train in evening clothes?"

"Sure," he returned debonairly; "and to an eight-o'clock class."

"Then," she said, too wise to let him see how the picture shocked her, "I hope it's a gut course."

As she kissed him good-bye at the front door she seemed to remember something.

"What's the name of that jazz piano player at the Prowlers' Club?"

"Sinzy."

"I thought that was it, but it's not in the telephone book."

He smiled, saying, "It's short for Sinzenheimer."

VI

Restlessness was apparent in the first few letters Elsa Merriam received from Lindsay after his return to college, and she observed with concern that as the term progressed he frequently came to New York for week-ends. Shortly before the beginning of the summer vacation he wrote:

Why do we always have to spend our summers in the same old place? I'm sick and tired of Westfield. Why can't we take a house at Southampton, where there's something doing? If we've got to go to Westfield I want to visit around. Bea's invited Chet and me to spend a couple of weeks at their place in Southampton.

In her reply she suggested that instead of his going to Southampton, Bea and Chet come up to Westfield immediately after college closed. In her letter she said:

Westfield's going to be quite gay in June and July. There's the golf tournament, and I've already heard of several house parties. Dorothy Hallock will be coming back pretty soon, and they're planning to have the amateur vaudeville at the country club soon after we get up there. You'll be glad to know that I've engaged Sinzy's orchestra to play for the dance afterward.

She had barely finished writing when Wilkes announced the arrival of the instructor, an acknowledged leader in his special branch of the musical art, who since the Easter holidays had been giving her three lessons a week at a fabulous fee.

She found him in the drawing room, a slight, dark, foreign-looking man, dressed in a black-and-white-striped suit much cut in at the waist. His buttoned shoes had gray cloth tops and his haberdashery was obviously expensive, but his face, which was all nose and mouth, looked, as Elsa remembered hearing someone say, like bad news from home.

"Well," he said genially as she entered, "how's d' little woman t'day?"

"Fine," she answered, and congratulated herself on having made the appropriate reply.

"All right," he said. "Go to it!" And she sat down and played "The Spinning Mouse."

"Swell!" said her professor when she had finished. "Take it from me, you won't find nobody can play that piece like you can. They're scared of it—it shows 'em up. All you gotta do now is keep on—agitate the ivories."

She did keep on, in New York, and later in Westfield, until Lindsay came home, though after his arrival she did not practise when he was in the house. But he was not often in the house—particularly after Bea and Chet arrived from Southampton in Bea's yellow roadster.

In the week that followed she found herself somewhat in the position of a roadhouse keeper, supplying meals to transient motorists who might arrive at any hour or might not arrive at all.

On the night of the vaudeville and dance she sent the three young people over to the country club for dinner, saying that she would dine quietly at home with Mr. Merriam, who had arrived from New York that afternoon.

"One thing's sure," Lindsay told her proudly before leaving, "Bea's jazz is going to be knock-out at the vaudeville. I told 'em they better put her at the end of the programme, 'cause if she played early she'd kill the other acts."

Outside the open door the yellow roadster was purring, and Bea in the driver's seat was impatient.

"Snap it up!" she called in to Lindsay, whereupon he hastened out, and his mother went upstairs to dress.

To-night it took her a long time. When she came down her husband was waiting, and from his expression she was immediately aware that her costume interested him.

"My goodness!" he chuckled. "Why, I'd

hardly have known you. You look about eighteen. How did you get your hair like that?"

"It's a wig." She spun around, making the fluffy mass stand out.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed again.

When they reached the club she said: "You go out and sit in the audience. I'm going in the back way."

As Mr. Merriam entered, the vaudeville was about to begin; the footlights were turned on, the lights in the assembly room were dimmed, and those who had dined at the club were hastening to find seats.

In the half darkness Lindsay caught sight of his father.

"Where's Mother?" he asked.

"Oh, I guess she's somewhere around," answered Mr. Merriam.

"Here's three places!" Chet called, and Lindsay hastened on.

As he made his way between the rows of chairs, followed by Bea and Chet, he perceived that the Hallocks were seated in the same row, and that a young lady, evidently their guest, was in the chair next to his. She was talking to Bobby Hallock, and her face was turned away from him, but he liked the way her dark hair was piled up on her head, and it struck him that her gown had, somehow, a very fashionable look.

As usual there were no printed programmes; the names of the performers were displayed successively on large cards placed at either side of the

proscenium. The first card announced George M. Cohan, the second Uncle Remus, and the third Signora Wilsoni, who was additionally billed as the Sweet Singer of Hillside Road. But the members of the Westfield Country Club were much too astute to be deceived by the names upon the cards, or the disguises worn by the performers. They recognized Ellen Niles, dressed in her brother's clothes, which were much too large for her, flourishing a cane and singing nasally from the corner of her mouth; Bud Smith in black-face, feigning to hoe the stage while he gossiped humorously in negro dialect about various members of the club; and young Mrs. Templeton Wilson singing ballads in a demure blue frock.

The cards for the fourth number announced The Painted Jazzabel, but when the curtains were drawn back the stage was empty save for a grand piano and a bench. Almost at once, however, The Painted Jazzabel strolled on, and the manner in which she did so might accurately have been described as breezing in. Her figure was slight and supple, her neck and arms round and white like a birch tree, and her filmy little evening gown, continually agitated as she flirted her body about, might have made an onlooker think of the cloud-like texture of springtime tree tops whipped by erratic April winds. Her face had a look of unreality, suggesting a carved mask, very pretty and almost human in expression; eyebrows pencilled to a narrow line, cheeks frankly tinted, lips

like scarlet poppy petals, hair like a shock of yellow uncurled ostrich plumes.

"Gosh!" gasped Lindsay. "It's Mother!"

The note of burlesque in the costume was accentuated by two large tin boxes dangling at the end of dog chains wrapped around the wrist of The Painted Jazzabel. At the center of the stage she stopped, faced the audience, opened one of the tin boxes, took from it a large stick of crimson grease paint, and gazing into the mirrored interior of the lid, touched up her cheeks and lips. Then, closing the make-up box, she took from the other a cigarette, lighted it, and let it dangle from her lower lip while, with a gait suggesting a surcharge of vitality, she proceeded to the piano, her arms, shoulders, and fluffy bobbed locks continually in motion.

As, after a moment, Elsa was generally recognized, there was amused whispering throughout the room; then laughter and applause—in which, however, her son did not participate.

"Gosh!" he muttered again when, in taking her seat at the piano, she momentarily revealed the fact that her stockings were rolled down.

"How perfectly fan*tas*tic!" Bea exclaimed. "What's she going to do?"

"Darned if I know—in that get-up! She usually plays Chopin."

But this time she did not play Chopin. Detaching the dog chains from her wrist she flung the two tin boxes with a clatter to the bench beside her, and with her cigarette still dangling, began

in an extremely efficient manner to agitate the ivories, playing a composition which, despite embellishments, was instantly recognized by those familiar with the music of the moment as "Booful Baboon Babe." The music, moreover, was accompanied by physical activities. Elsa was dancing—if a person sitting down may be said to dance.

Her final burst of pyrotechnics was met by a roar of applause, but she seemed unconscious of it. Putting down her cigarette she opened the tin make-up box, took out a comb, and gazing into the mirrored cover, fluffed up her bobbed locks amid increasing laughter. Then after adjusting her shoulder-straps and pulling up her stockings she played the eccentric fox-trot "Stub Your Toe," and modulated from that into "The Spinning Mouse." This performance drew a comment from Bea, for "The Spinning Mouse" was notoriously difficult, and was seldom attempted by pianists because, to quote the words of an authority, "They're scared of it—it shows 'em up."

"Why, I didn't know your mother could rag!" she said, during the tumult that followed.

"Neither did I, but—gosh! I think she's got Sinzy trimmed, don't you!"

She did not answer his question, but remarked: "Well, I never could see that 'Spinning Mouse.'"

Lindsay had his own views as to his mother's appearance, and was planning to express them to her at the earliest possible moment; but for this new accomplishment of hers he had only admira-

tion, and the criticism implied in Bea's remark annoyed him.

"Do you mean you couldn't see it, or you couldn't play it?" he demanded.

"I mean," she replied stiffly, "that it's just a stunt to show off with."

"Anybody that can play like my mother can," he said, looking her pugnaciously in the eye, "has got a darn good right to show off." And he added: "I don't remember as I ever saw you showing off that way!"

Angrily she returned his gaze for a moment, then slowly pivoted and spoke to Chet.

"It's awfully stuffy in this place," she said. "It's given me a headache. Come on, let's get the roadster."

She rose and Chet followed.

"But look, Bea," protested Lindsay, "you can't go like that! They're expecting you to play."

"Then they're going to get fooled," she said scornfully. "They've got too much piano playing on their programme. This whole place makes me sick abed, anyway! Come on, Chet."

Lindsay watched them to the door. All right, then! If Bea wanted to go like that, let her! He was pretty well fed up on Bea, anyway—and Chet, too, for that matter! Oilcans! It was one thing to go out to dances with them, but quite another to have them visiting for days and days in your own house. What did he care whether Bea played to-night or not? It made no dif-

ference to him. All he'd have to do was notify the committee that she'd changed her mind—a simple enough matter, since Mrs. Hallock, the chairman, sat but a few seats away from him.

During the intermission he rose and informed her of Bea's departure; whereupon the young lady at his side smiled up at him and ventured a remark:

"I'm not surprised that your friend doesn't want to play," she said. "Your mother's a perfect marvel."

Lindsay's eyes grew large as he looked back at her.

"Why, Dorothy!" he cried. "For heaven sakes! And I've been sitting right next you all this time!" He seized both her hands.

"I've been wondering how long it was going to take you to speak to me," she said.

"Believe me," he answered, gazing at her appreciatively, "I wouldn't of waited long if I'd recognized you; but how could I, in that grown-up dress, and with your hair done that way?"

"Do I look so much older? You know short skirts and bobbed hair aren't considered smart any more. They're *vieux jeu*."

"In Paris, you mean?" he asked her eagerly. "Are they? Well, I'm mighty glad to hear it! I'm fed up with flappers, with their short skirts and their stockings at half-mast. I like a woman to be dignified, and her hair done up." He sank down in the chair beside her and continued: "You know, Dorothy, as a matter of fact, I don't

think much of modern girls. What can they do? Nothing but dance. Or if they play it's only jazz. Their manners leave much to be desired, and they haven't got anything above the ears. In my opinion, your family did a mighty good job to send you to a nice conservative place like Paris. I tell you, if I had a daughter——" But at this juncture, catching sight of his mother, still in that outrageous flapper makeup, he broke off. "Excuse me," he said. "I've got to see about something. I'll be back."

VII

As he paused on the margin of the group surrounding his mother one of the older men spoke to him.

"Well, Lindsay," he said, "I didn't know your mother was such a siren."

"She isn't!" he returned shortly, and began tc elbow his way toward her.

The young men were around her, too; they were congratulating her and she was handing them a line. He was beginning to feel a contempt for his own sex. You might think they were hoping she was going to keep on like this! Dumb-bells!

As he was about to speak to her he found himself cut off by a small, dark individual wearing a tight-waisted "tuc."

"Well, little woman," Lindsay heard him say as he patted her on the arm, "you sure did put it across. I'll tell the world you're some jazz baby!"

Lindsay crowded in and put his arm roughly around her.

"Look, Mother," he said in a low, determined voice, "you come out of here!" And without regard for the maestro or the others he drew her toward the porch.

"What do you want, dear?"

"What do I want? I want you to go home and get some clothes on!"

"But I have to stay for the rest of the show, and the dance. I promised young Mr. Curtiss——"

Still with his arm around her he was propelling her down the porch toward the door of the ladies' dressing room.

"Look here," he said, "you don't dance with young Mr. Curtiss, or young Mr. Anybody Else till you get some more clothes on! The idea of your coming to a public place like that!"

"What you so snotty about?" she demanded.

"Mother!"

"Well, don't you want me to be up-to-date? I haven't had so much attention in years."

"Up-to-date!" he repeated with vast superiority. "If you kept really up-to-date you'd be aware that short skirts and bobbed hair aren't considered smart any more. They're *vieux jeu* —that's what they are!"

He thrust her through the door, planted himself outside, and waited until she reappeared in her light cloak; then taking her by the elbow he hurried her down the gravel drive and into the

car, and drove her home. As they neared the house, they saw, disappearing down the drive, the tail light of another car, and Lindsay thought he knew what car it was.

"Did Miss Morris and Mr. Pollard just drive away?" he asked Wilkes, who let them in.

"Yes, Mr. Lindsay. They came home and packed in a hurry—got Sarah and me to help them—and from what they said I don't think they're coming back."

"Didn't they leave any word?" asked Mrs. Merriam.

"No, madam; but they were saying how they would make Southampton in time for breakfast to-morrow morning."

"Yes," said Lindsay to his mother, "and they'll stage a snappy entrance at Southampton —breezing in to breakfast in evening dress, and thinking they're the hit of the piece. If you want to know what *I* think, I think that kind of a performance is pretty juvenile."

"But they can't have gone without leaving a message," she said, incredulous. "That would be so rude."

"They think it's the thing to be rude," he told her, "and there are lots more like 'em. Park in people's houses, order their servants around, treat their hostess like a hotel keeper, and get up and go when they feel like it, without so much as saying 'Thank you.' There's modern young people for you! Nothing above the ears. I tell

you, Mother, if I had a daughter you bet I'd get her out of all this kind of thing. I'd send her over to Paris, where it's conservative."

He had walked upstairs with her and they were standing at her bedroom door.

"Paris? Conservative?" she repeated, mystified.

"Yes. Now hurry, Mother, will you, so we can get over to the club by the time the dancing begins? I told Dorothy I'd be back."

"Ah!" she said to herself as she shut the door.

While she was dressing he paced the hall outside, occasionally shouting to her.

"Didn't you think she looked wonderful?" he demanded at the top of his lungs.

"Who?" she called back, laughing silently.

"Why, Dorothy."

"Of course," she shouted. "Dorothy always looks well." Then, with an amused sense of experimenting with words, she added: "And she's such a sweet girl."

This time he did not correct her, but heartily agreed, whereupon she asked: "You wouldn't call her dopeless, would you?"

"I should say not! Not since Paris. She's a very sophisticated woman. Look, Mother, let's get her over for some real music to-morrow afternoon."

"All right," Elsa called back happily.

When a little later she emerged from her room he surveyed her critically.

"That's more like it," he said.

They descended and got into the car, but after he had started the motor he thought of something and setting the brake, jumped out again.

"Wait a second," he said. "I want to get my saxophone to show to one of Sinzy's men. I bet he's never seen one that's quadruple gold plate over triple silver plate. I think maybe I can sell it to him."

JULIAN STREET.

THE GREAT STUPIDITY*

I

THE cynic who delights in registering human stupidities need never be at a loss for masterpieces to add to his collection. But the masterpiece of masterpieces, the Great Stupidity of these latter days, is surely that of the Britons and Americans who, thoughtlessly or wickedly, say and do things calculated to make bad blood between their two countries.

With those who do so wickedly I am not here concerned. They are not stupid in the ordinary sense of the term, but only as all criminals are stupid. They deliberately subordinate to motives of personal cupidity or spite the manifest interests of their country and, ultimately, of the world. There are, perhaps, more atrocious evildoers, but none meaner or more despicable. In saying this, I have in mind individuals and groups on both sides of the Atlantic.

I put aside also the Irish. Were I an Irish-American, I should probably make use of my opportunities to embroil the two countries with whose destinies that of Ireland is so inextricably

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interwoven. The historic case of Ireland against England is an enormously strong one, and recent history has enormously strengthened it. No doubt there have been black crimes and egregious blunders on both sides; but that is no defense for England. It was for her, as the stronger party in the case, to show wisdom and magnanimity; and these qualities have been sadly to seek in the record of her dealings with Ireland. Irish-American tactics are not, in my eyes, far-sighted, but they are extremely human. There is no use in quarreling with our fellow creatures because they are not angels.

It is the thoughtless mischief-makers—the people who are moved by mere ignorant and silly prejudice—who are guilty of the Great Stupidity. Here again I have my eye on individuals, on both sides of the water; but the culprits, in the mass, run into hundreds of thousands—into millions. They are more numerous, no doubt, in America, but they are more inexcusable in England. Americans have certain historic reasons for disliking us—bad reasons, but comprehensible. In England, on the other hand, we have no sane reason for disliking America—or, rather, we have precisely as much reason as the English have for disliking the Scotch, or the Scotch the English. The mutual antipathy of Scot and Southron was, as we know, pretty strong in the eighteenth century; and it lingers on to this day in certain quarters. Our neighbors naturally chafe us more than total strangers. Small differences of temperament, of

accent, of standards, of sense of humor, irritate us more in people who are, on the whole, similar to ourselves, than in those who are wholly and inevitably dissimilar. Just to this extent is mutual dislike between Englishmen and Americans comprehensible; but every one knows that these family jars arise from the foibles of our nature, and are corrigible by a very slight exercise of rational tolerance. The time is long past when the sense of unlikeness-in-likeness between an Englishman and a Scot led them to doubt or ignore the solidarity of their interests.

A patent, yet seemingly unconquerable, fallacy promotes ill-feeling between nations, and is not without its influence between Britain and America. All of us, I suppose, dislike with some intensity a good many of our own countrymen: but we do not, because Mr. Smith is a snob, Mr. Jones a bounder, and Mr. Thompson a tattling bore, go about asserting an unconquerable dislike for "the English" as a nation.

Many English people, on the other hand, will profess to dislike "Americans" in general because they have met two or three of that nation whose manners displeased them. Could there be any greater stupidity? I, for my part, know hundreds of Americans, and have met thousands. I do not profess to love them all, any more than I love all Englishmen. There are even some general traits of American manners—let us say, for instance, the practice of indiscriminate introductions and hand-shakings—which, I think,

might well be amended. But do I therefore dislike America? On the contrary, the more I see of her, the more I am convinced that there is no country in the world where the average of human worth, the percentage of admirable human beings is higher. The average may be somewhat pulled down, no doubt, by the large importation of the mere refuse and wreckage of Europe; but people are not necessarily worthless. because they are unfortunate.

This large importation of alien elements is, of course, a factor in the problem by no means to be ignored. It lends color to the old protest—which Mr. Chesterton repeated the other day, as if it were something new and startling—against the bracketing of England and America as "Anglo-Saxon" nations. The term Anglo-Saxon always was unscientific, although not more so than most racial appellations. Ethnology is a science that revises its nomenclature every ten years or so. But though the word corresponds to no ethnological fact, it has a quite real historic and sociological meaning. To be sure, people of British ancestry are no longer largely predominant, in the United States; but it is no less true that the Republic remains in its laws, traditions, and ideals, predominantly an Anglo-Saxon community. No Englishman in America feels himself in a foreign country, as he does in France, in Italy, or in Spain. America is different, but not foreign.

It is this very fact that makes American travel comparatively unattractive to many English

people. Boston, Chicago, Pittsburgh, remind them of English provincial cities on a somewhat larger scale. They have none of the picturesqueness, the romance, the obvious foreignness, of Vienna or Moscow, of Lisbon or Genoa. It takes some effort of imagination to see in them the romantic and fascinating places they really are. It is much more of "a change" to the Englishman to cross the Channel than to cross the Atlantic. Only after a time does he find in America that peculiar charm which England has for the Scot. He says, "This is no my ain hoose, I ken by the biggin' o't"; and the very subtlety of the differences gives him greater pleasure than he receives from the obtrusive foreignness of "Picturesque Europe."

II

To an Englishman who is not entirely devoid of imagination, America brings a sense of incalculable enlargement of the powers and privileges conferred upon him by the accident of birth. His mother-tongue has made him free of this gigantic, this illimitable civilization, with all its stupendous achievements and its fabulous potentialities. He is akin by blood to the people who remain, in spite of all admixture, the leading factors in that civilization;[1] and he has no doubt that the non-English elements—all but one—will mean ulti-

[1] Of the thirty Presidents of the United States, only two —Van Buren and Roosevelt—bore non-"Anglo-Saxon" names; and Roosevelt, at any rate, was of partly Anglo-Saxon blood.—THE AUTHOR.

mate enrichment of the composite stock. For the calamitous presence of the African element he ought to feel co-responsible, since it is largely due to the sins of his forefathers. America, to put it at the very lowest, is a product, an extension of English history. It is born of the follies of English kings, the bigotry of English prelates, the greatness and the littleness of English statesmen, the indomitable tenacity of British pioneers, the liberal conservatism of British nation-builders, and the magnanimity of two world-heroes who, though they never saw the shores of Britain, were none the less of the purest British blood. An Anglo-Saxon nation it certainly is not; but a creation of the Anglo-Saxon spirit it as certainly is. The Englishman is either an ignoramus or a fool who does not recognize in his kinship to America an inestimable enhancement of his birthright.

It is not for a Briton to say how far an intelligent American ought to be moved by similar sentiments: how far he ought to feel his kinship, by blood or by adoption, to Britain and her history, an extension of his personality, an enrichment of his heritage. Perhaps I may, without offense, put it in this way: if my ancestors of the fourth or fifth generation had emigrated to America, instead of staying cannily in Britain, I feel sure that no conceivable folly of British politicians, or tactlessness of British tourists, would for a moment tempt me to renounce my hereditary share in the splendors of Lincoln and Durham and Salisbury, the unique beauties of Oxford and Cambridge, the associations of

Stratford-on-Avon and the Lakes, of Edinburgh and Westminster.

There are, after all, features in English history which ought to appeal to the very Americanism of Americans. Not to go back to King Alfred or King John, they ought to remember that, if their immediate ancestors "threw a sovereign across the Atlantic," it was their remoter forbears who, along with ours, "garred kings ken they had a lith in their necks" —taught kings that there were joints in their cervical vertebræ. It is easy to argue that that act was, at the moment, impolitic; but does anybody wish it undone? Does anybody doubt that it was, both symbolically and actually, one of the most august of historic transactions?

Again, the reflection that England has, four separate times, at intervals of a century, been largely instrumental in shattering gigantic dreams of World-Autocracy ought not to discommend her in American eyes. She saved not only herself, but the Reformation, when she shattered the Spanish Armada. William of Orange and Marlborough saved Europe, and ultimately America, from falling under the domination of France. Trafalgar, the Peninsular War, and Waterloo baffled the grandiose ambitions of Napoleon. And, last but not least, it was British tenacity, leagued with the splendid valor of France, which brought the furious megalomania of Germany crashing to the ground. In all these historic crises Britain was, in a very real sense, fighting the battle of Americanism.

Nothing can ever undo the fact that, in the last and greatest overthrow of autocracy, America bore her part along with Britain and France. She "won the war" in the sense in which the last straw broke the camel's back; but she was a very substantial last straw, and no one can tell what might have happened if the straw had been withheld. Can anything be more ungenerous than to forget and belittle our gratitude to America on the ground that she ought to have come earlier into the struggle? I do not myself think that this is the case; but supposing it were so, are we to repudiate an obligation because it came a little tardily? Could there be a clearer sign of a base and paltry soul? Was it in a spirit of hypocrisy, or simply with an eye to the political exigencies of the moment, that Mr. Winston Churchill said on the Fourth of July, 1918,

"Deep in the heart of the people of these islands, the heart of those who, in the language of the Declaration of Independence, are styled 'our British brethren,' lay the desire to be truly reconciled before all men and all history with their kindred across the Atlantic Ocean, to blot out the reproaches and redeem the blunders of a bygone age, to dwell once more in spirit with them, to stand once more in battle at their side, to create once more a union of hearts, to write once more a history in common. That was our heart's desire. It seemed utterly unattainable, but it has come to pass. However long the struggle, however cruel the victory, that supreme reconciliation will make

amends for all. That is the reward of Britain; that is the lion's share."

These words were spoken on the eve of victory—are they to be falsified, forgotten, expunged from the international record, with all the fine phrases that were current in the hour of need? Is there to be no limit to the pettiness of spirit that is leading us to throw away with both hands all the most precious fruits of the great struggle and the great sacrifice?

III

Whatever be the reason, the fact is indisputable that, after our glorious comradeship in the greatest of wars, an impression is abroad on both sides of the Atlantic that Anglo-American relations are worse than they were before 1914. It was possible for Mr. Bernard Shaw to stand up a few months ago, and say that there was only one nation who hated us more than the Americans, and that was the French. Of course, this was fundamentally false; but it is sad that it should have even the superficial plausibility requisite for a Shavian paradox. The fact that such things can be lightly said and lightly accepted is a testimony to the prevalence among us of what I call The Great Stupidity. If it had been true, Mr. Shaw ought to have rent his garments and strewn ashes on his head before giving voice to such disastrous tidings.

That things have gone askew since the Armistice is, of course, true enough and deplorable enough. But to magnify light-heartedly some temporary

disillusionment into a permanent, or even serious, breach between the two countries is to treat the situation with a mischievous levity which is entirely out of place in view of the enormous interests at stake.

Let it not be thought that in appealing to the interests at stake I am lowering the plane of my argument. My plea is, first, last, and all the time, based on frankly utilitarian common sense. Sentiment has no absolute value. It is not a good-in-itself, but only as it ministers to the human well-being. That is the justification even of mother-love and of the love of man for woman; it is the sole and ample justification of the mutual respect and affection which ought to exist between Britain and America, which does exist in many British and American hearts. If I thought that the welfare of the world, or even of Britain, would be promoted by misunderstanding and enmity between the two countries, I would unhesitatingly join the ranks of the mischief-makers. But that opinion, as matters stand, cannot possibly be held by any rational and honest man. Therefore, I dismiss the deliberate fomenters of hatred (Irish apart) as either criminals or lunatics, while the inadvertent, thoughtless, babbling mischief-makers I set down as victims of the Great Stupidity.

The essence of the situation can be stated in very few words. If Britain and America stand back to back, they are so utterly unassailable that no external enmity need cause them one moment's uneasiness, and they can devote themselves with-

out let or hindrance to the solution of their manifold and pressing internal problems. If, on the other hand, they insist on standing face to face, exchanging glances of suspicion and covert defiance, and even (oh, folly of follies! oh, crime of crimes!) arming against each other, they leave their backs exposed to assaults from many quarters, while they wantonly spend their labor and their substance on that which profiteth not, or profiteth only the profiteer. If they live in amity and act in concert, they have the world at their feet; and the world can afford to leave them in that position, since they have no instinct and no motive to trample on it. Their desire is to live freely among free peoples; nor is there any justice in calling this profession hypocritical because history has brought them into relation with certain peoples as yet incapable of self-government. They possess at this moment—it has been forced upon them by circumstances—that *Weltmacht* in pursuit of which Germany stained her soul and forfeited her place among the nations. They possess it just so long and in so far as they make the most of that unity of sentiment and purpose which their common origin and common language seem to force upon them; but they can easily throw away their magnificent position of advantage, by listening to the mischief-makers, and drawing apart instead of pulling together. The future of the world depends upon whether enlightened magnanimity or pettifogging meanness shall gain the mastery in the souls of Britain and America.

I am not concerned to deny that the danger of the situation arises more from the American than from the British side. There is more active ill-will in America than in England. The average American citizen has been very imperfectly awakened to his citizenship of the world, and, in the lassitude following upon the war-fever, is even inclined to abjure and deny it. Disregarding the plain evidence of his senses, he yields, consciously and deliberately, to the illusion of the Atlantic, and vehemently assures himself that that ocean still exists, as it did in the days of Washington, Monroe, and Canning. He sees (what is quite true) that England needs America more obviously and immediately than America needs England; and he infers (what is quite false) that to admit the solidarity of their interests would be to acquiesce in a bad bargain. His secular tradition of aloofness, reinforced in some cases by historic rancors and antagonisms, blinds him to the enormous access of power, and economy of resources, that would result from a firm friendship and a working agreement between the two great English-speaking nations.

It is not for me to argue against this quite natural, though unenlightened, frame of mind. It is for Americans to demonstrate to their countrymen the advantage—nay, the imperative need—of enlightened magnanimity. My humbler task is to appeal to my own countrymen not to make the situation more difficult by impertinent criticism, ignorant condescension, and, in general, by

silly chatter. It is an old but very true remark that community of speech, while it is undoubtedly the great bond between the two peoples, is also a fruitful source of misunderstanding and irritation.

IV

Sheer ignorance and lack of imagination lie at the root of all that is wrong in the British attitude toward America. We do not begin to realize the magnitude and the majesty of the phenomenon with which we have to deal.

Ask the average Englishman what he associates with the words "New York," what mental picture the name evokes for him, and there are ten chances to one that he will express himself in terms of vague depreciation and distaste. He will tell you of a noisy, nerve-racking city, whose inhabitants are so intent on the pursuit of the elusive dollar that they habitually bolt their food at "quick-lunch" counters, and seek to soothe their chronic dyspepsia by masticating either chewing-gum or big black cigars. He has heard of a clattering abomination called the Elevated Railroad; he has probably never heard of the Subway —most wonderful, if still inadequate, system of urban transit. The word "sky-scraper" is, of course, familiar to him, connoting, in his imagination, a hideous monstrosity, which the Americans have somehow evolved out of the naughtiness of their hearts. He thanks his stars that such freaks are impossible in England, where municipal wisdom has established a strict correlation be-

tween the height of buildings and the width of streets. Furthermore, he has heard of Tammany, a conspiracy of corruption, which keeps the city ill-paved, ill-lighted, and a prey to the alternate—or simultaneous—tyranny of brutal Irish policemen and indigenous "gunmen," who will shoot you as soon as look at you. Here, or hereabouts, his knowledge ends; and he will present this meager caricature in a tone of pharisaism, congratulating himself that London (or Manchester, or Glasgow, as the case may be) is not crude and corrupt after the manner of New York.

No doubt there are shreds and patches of truth in the picture; but they are wholly inessential. The essential fact is that New York is by far the most magnificent and marvelous city in the whole world—a wonder to the eye and an incomparable stimulus to the imagination. Throned between its noble estuaries, it proclaims, in one majestic symbol, the supremacy of Man over Matter. Here we feel, for the first time in the modern world—what the Roman of the Empire may have felt in a minor degree—that, for all our puny proportions, we belong to a race of titans. The sky-scraper was, in its beginnings, ugly and unimaginative enough; forty years of development have made it a thing of beauty, of power, of grandeur. And it is still—I will not say in its infancy, but—in its adolescence. The Singer building, the Metropolitan Tower, and the Woolworth building are not likely to be greatly overtopped. The sky-scraper, essentially a street

tilted on end, is also inevitably a cul-de-sac; and a too long cul-de-sac is uneconomic and inconvenient. Besides, the development of the tower form—immense height on a relatively small base—is practically confined to Manhattan Island, with its rock foundations; in few other places would architects dare to pile up such enormous weights to the square foot. But there is boundless room for the lateral development of the moderately high building—the building of, say, 15 to 25 floors. Every year that passes adds some new triumph to the cyclopean architecture of New York. Park Avenue, though it contains no buildings of excessive height, will soon be like a boulevard of Brobdingnag—without any of the rude disproportion, however, that we might look for in the palaces of giants; and it is doubly impressive when we reflect that, unseen and unheard, the railway traffic of half a continent is gliding to and fro beneath its central gardens.

But this is no place to go into details. My point is that the miscalled sky-scraper—the high building—is not a monstrosity, but a thing of great imaginative daring, sometimes ugly, no doubt, but more often truly grandiose and colossal. It first came into being, for topographical reasons, in the congested toe of Manhattan Island; but, in a modified form, it is certain to spread through all great cities. I do not mean that such windy cañons as lower Broadway and Wall Street will arise in London and Paris, but that in all populous places great islands of beautiful architecture will

stand out above the sea of ordinary five- and six-story houses.

The typical New York office-building has enormous advantages. Go to see a publisher or a lawyer in London, and you find him installed in stuffy, dusty, insanitary chambers, perhaps in a converted dwelling-house of the eighteenth century, or two such dwelling-houses inconveniently run together—at all events, in a dingy rabbit-warren of a place. In New York you are shot up in an express elevator to the twelfth or fifteenth floor of a vast building. If your business is with a lawyer, you pass along a spotless clean corridor, paved and lined with white marble, and you find him in a sunny, airy suite of rooms, high above the noises of the city, and looking out, it may be over the noble Hudson to the New Jersey shore, or over the series of gigantic bridges that span the East River—otherwise Long Island Sound.

If, on the other hand, your visit is to a publisher, you pass along no corridor, for the probability is that the elevator will land you right in his waiting room. In all likelihood he occupies one whole floor of the great building—half an acre of glass-partitioned space—a busy hive of multifarious industry. It is comfortably heated in winter, admirably ventilated in summer: the grubbiness and stuffiness of London are entirely absent. The publisher's own sanctum is probably in a corner, with magnificent views in two directions over the endless expanse of the city, with its cliffs of masonry and its innumerable plumes of

white steam. Air and sunshine penetrate everywhere—glorious sunshine being amazingly prevalent in New York.

Business has put off its grime, and has housed itself in the blue spaces of the sky. And we make it our foolish pride that we are earth-bound, and boast of our determined propinquity to the gutter!

People often ask why the practical Americans use four syllables to designate an appliance which we denote by the single syllable—lift. This is at first sight paradoxical; but after a few days in America, you realize that the two words are admirably appropriate to two very different things. The American elevator exhilaratingly elevates, the British lift laboriously lifts. I confess to taking great delight in the swift, sensitive machines that rush you up in the twinkling of an eye to the twentieth floor of a great hotel or business building. They are to the crawling, doddering British lift as a race-horse to a pack-mule. The tone of mind that professes to shrink in horror from such achievements of "mechanical civilization" is one of the innumerable phases of the Great Stupidity.

But "elevator architecture," though the most prominent feature of New York and other American cities, is not the only evidence of the constructive genius of the race. In every type of building America leads the world. The finest railway-stations in Europe—Frankfort, Cologne, and the Paris Gare d'Orléans—are paltry in comparison with those vast palaces of marble and travertine, the Pennsylvania and the Grand Cen-

tral termini, with the Union Station at Washington not far behind them. Each of the great New York stations is a city in itself. There has been nothing like them in the world since the Baths of Diocletian or of Caracalla. The Library of Congress and the Public Libraries of New York[1] and Boston are stately and splendid beyond comparison; and even Detroit, which holds only the seventh place among American cities, is housing its library in a superb white-marble palace. In domestic architecture, again, America easily holds the first place, having gone ahead with giant strides during the past quarter of a century. The typical brownstone dwelling of old New York was cramped, stuffy, and inconvenient. To-day the country or suburban homes, even of people of quite moderate means, are models of convenience and comfort —the abodes, in every sense, of the highest civilization.

V

I have dwelt thus far upon architecture because it is the outward and visible sign, if not of inward

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[1]In New York the other day I wanted to look up an illustration in a book of my own. I applied to the publisher of an American edition, but he had mislaid his file-copy. "Never mind," he said, "you can get it at the Public Library." He took up the telephone on his desk, and in the course of three minutes he said to me, "You will find the book awaiting you at such and such a desk in such and such a room." I went to the Library, and there it was! Let me commend this incident to the attention of the British Museum authorities—without any disparagement of the courtesy and slow-but-sure efficiency of that great institution.—THE AUTHOR.

and spiritual grace, at any rate of a people's energies, and, in no small measure, of its imagination. It may seem that I have weakened my effect by overworking my superlatives, but I know not how to convey the sense of stupendous magnitude in words of one syllable. And it is the stupendous magnitude of America, from every aspect and in every dimension, on which I wish to insist. Nature has made her huge, and man, in his efforts to tame her and harness her vastness, is only working to the scale set by nature. I am not, I think, insensitive to the historic associations of England or of Italy, of Egypt or of India; but in America the imagination is thrilled by the very fact that so much of her history is prehistoric. It is only yesterday that the first explorers blazed their trail into her pathless hinterlands and launched their canoes upon her mighty waters. Is there anything in nature so majestic and spirit-stirring as a great river? And are there any nobler rivers on earth than those of America? The traveler who does not study up his map in advance is constantly coming unawares upon majestic yet uncelebrated streams, which in Europe would be world-famous.

Not long ago, journeying from Massachusetts into New Hampshire, I found the train following for hours a beautiful river for whose existence I was quite unprepared. Inquiring its name, I learned that it was the Merrimac, and was further informed that it drove more spindles than any other river in the world. A little later, business

took me to Binghamton, New York, and again a beautiful river lent dignity to an otherwise undistinguished town. Once more I had to confess my ignorance: this was the Susquehanna, just entering the State of Pennsylvania on its way to Chesapeake Bay.

Yet these are, so to speak, hole-and-corner rivers, not to be compared to the great arteries of the continent. The superb expanse of the Hudson puts Rhine and Danube to shame. No less grandiose than romantic is the confluence at Pittsburgh of the Allegheny and the Monongahela, with the tiny little blockhouse of Fort Pitt still occupying the tip of the tongue of land, overshadowed by the giant buildings of the City of Steel. And the Allegheny and the Monongahela unite in the mighty Ohio; and the mighty Ohio itself is but a tributary of the still mightier Mississippi, the Father of Waters. Without any disrespect to the Nile, the Euphrates, or the Ganges, great rivers of the past. I venture to find these great rivers of the future every bit as thrilling to the imagination.

There is no mass of territory on earth that combines so many natural advantages as the United States. Other vast political units, such as Russia, China, Brazil, Australia, suffer from marked natural disabilities. The United States has temperate climate, great and varied fertility, enormous mineral resources, magnificent waterways, and two, or rather three, great stretches of seaboard, with many noble harbors. It borders on the

Tropics and the Frigid Zone, and it faces the sea-fronts of Europe and Asia. In spite of all its diversity, it is a natural unit; and its unity has been vindicated and consecrated in a great war. With all its hundred million people, it is still greatly underpopulated. Unless human unwisdom should defeat the manifest tendency of things, the coming century will see it, incontestably and in every respect, the greatest of nations.

And this giant Commonwealth is English in speech, English in tradition, to a large extent English in race. Should we not esteem it a marvelous good fortune, which has linked us to it by so many impalpable yet indefeasible ties? And is it not the height of folly to ignore or make light of this providential relation? Is it not the depth of stupidity to convert what ought to be a source of strength and assurance to both nations into a fertile seed-plot of misunderstanding and disquietude?

VI

The present juncture of mundane affairs is not one in which any nation can afford to neglect sources of strength, or, in Shakespeare's phrase, to "woo the means of weakness and debility." It would scarcely be extravagant to cite the ancient jest, and say that, if America and England cannot hang together, they stand a very good chance of hanging separate. Their solidarity is the one sure cornerstone of world-peace; and world-peace is indispensable to the fortunate solution of the

internal problems which confront America no less menacingly than England. The founders of the commonwealth, while they sought religious and political freedom, brought with them, unchastened and uncriticized, the then current European views on the subject of property, with the result that the enormous resources of the country have been in a very great measure grabbed and exploited by individuals, to the detriment of the community at large. It is very doubtful whether the United States can properly be called the richest country in the world. It is the country of the richest men —a wholly different proposition. And that very fact is bound to make the inevitable economic readjustment a matter of great difficulty. Capital holds gigantic power, and is not going to see it impaired without a bitter struggle. There is a quite real sense in which it is to the interest of capitalism to foment suspicion and hostility between the Republic and the Empire; for insecurity is the one possible excuse for militarism, and militarism is the best ally of capitalism all the world over. It is hard to say how far this motive is consciously present to the minds of some, at any rate, of the people who are deliberately working to keep the two nations apart. But the Machiavellian mischief-maker might safely be left to do his worst if babbling ignorance and stupidity did not play into his hands. It is against this inadvertently disastrous influence that the present note of warning is raised.

Democracy will, indeed, prove itself to be in-

capable of self-preservation, if the mass of the people in England and America can long be blinded to the fact that their only hope of a just and (more or less) peaceful solution of the economic problems of the future lies in a cordial understanding between the two great English-speaking nations. If they are going to let themselves be dragooned into wars, or even beguiled into shouldering the burdens of competitive armaments, the reign of social justice is indefinitely postponed, and can be reached only through bloody revolutions.

In the avoidance of such convulsions, moreover, lies the chief hope that the world may escape the gigantic and devastating color-wars with which it is otherwise threatened. Only by presenting an unassailable front to the possible mass-migrations of yellow and black peoples can the white peoples maintain their supremacy over Europe and America, and the present equilibrium of the races be perpetuated. If the colored races see no hope of mass-expansion, they will automatically check their fecundity, and remain content with the extensive portions of the planet which they at present possess, and from which they are not in the slightest danger of being ousted. If, on the other hand, they see a reasonable chance of supplanting the white occupants of any considerable extent of territory, they will in all probability justify the fears of the alarmists who prophesy race-wars of unexampled magnitude and horror. It is hard to believe that, after the experience of 1914 to 1918, the white peoples will be guilty of the suici-

dal fully of failing to show a united front. But a firm Anglo-Saxon understanding is certainly the keystone of the arch of the white world; and should that keystone split, who shall set a limit to the disintegration that may follow?

VII

It may seem an anticlimax to descend from world-wars to pin-pricks; but pin-pricks have before now altered the course of history, and gnat-stings have worked greater devastation than fire and sword. The practical upshot of all these reflections is an appeal to men of good-will on both sides of the Atlantic, but especially to my British fellow countrymen, to realize the enormous importance of Anglo-American relations, and not to throw away in childish levity or petulance the priceless advantages which history has conferred upon them. In dealing with America, let us always think twice before we speak once; and when we are tempted to speak unkindly or patronizingly, let us bite our tongue. Let those of us who know nothing of America at first-hand beware of showing off the second-hand prejudices and misconceptions that cluster round the word. Let us remember that we ourselves may say things about England which we should regard as impertinences in the mouths of strangers; and do not let us blame Americans if they are prone to the same foible. Let us not set up a foolish claim to exclusive proprietorship in the English language, and treat "Americanisms" (which, five times out of six, are

good old Anglicisms) as linguistic misdemeanors. Let us realize that any sort of flippancy is painfully out of place in dealing with Anglo-American relations, and that tact and delicacy are even more indispensable among relatives than among strangers.

This is not to say that serious, competent, courteous criticism ought to be tabooed. The time is long past when Americans were morbidly sensitive to the slightest unfavorable comment on their polity or their manners. They are very busy criticising themselves (is not *Main Street* the popular novel of the day?), and are no more resentful than other people of outside criticism founded on knowledge and animated by good-will. It is the thoughtless jibe, the ignorant assumption of superiority—in a word, the pin-prick—that stings and rankles.

I will conclude with one or two examples. Sir Owen Seaman, in the preface, or prologue, to the latest volume of *Punch*, took it upon himself to read America a lecture in which a very thin veil of good-humor did not conceal a rather bitter undercurrent of ill-feeling. This document was too long to be discussed at length. I will only say that, even if Sir Owen's reproaches had been just (which was far from being the case), he was under no compulsion to utter them, and would much better have held his peace. Furthermore, an Englishman who cites the attitude of England during the Civil War as a model for America today reveals a disconcerting depth of ignorance.

The attitude of the British ministry and the British upper classes toward the cause of the Union is perhaps the episode in our international relations which Americans find it hardest to forgive.

A week or two after this editorial pronouncement, there appeared in the same paper a brief paragraph that affords an excellent example of the things we had much better leave unsaid:—

"A new type of American warship is expected to be able to cross the Atlantic in a little over three days. It will be remembered that the fastest of the 1914 lot took nearly three years."

Probably the wit to whom we owe this scintillation intended no ill. He had his tale of bricks to supply, and it seemed to him the simplest thing in the world to throw one of them at the alleged tardiness of America in coming into the war. It did not occur to him that, even supposing she was unduly deliberate, she came in at last, came in superbly, saved a precarious situation, and has therefore claims upon the undying gratitude of all sane and right-thinking Englishmen. How base to go back to past faults—if they *were* faults—which have been redeemed, many times over, by conspicuous and decisive benefits!

No doubt it is taking a very heavy line to find baseness in an irresponsible comic paragraph; but my point is that, where Anglo-American relations are concerned, irresponsible flippancy is wholly out of place. Such a paragraph can at best do no good, and may do immeasurable harm: neither

the world nor the paragraphist would have been perceptibly poorer had it been blue-penciled. I suggest that, when Mr. Punch is tempted to indulge in such merry jibes at the expense of America, he should recall and follow his own sagacious advice—"Don't!"

Another form of mildly offensive insularity which might well be discontinued is the habit of pulling a wry face over American expressions, not because they are inherently bad, but simply because they are American. Here is an example from a review by Mr. J. C. Squire of a translation of the Goncourt *Journal:*

"It is an excellent free version; but one may just wish that Mr. West had not spoken of a pavement as a 'sidewalk.' We shall be getting 'trolley-car' and 'hand-grip' acclimatized next."

I do not pretend, of course, that any sensible American would take offense at a little faddish Anglicism like this; but it none the less indicates a sort of pedagogic habit of mind toward America, which is quite unreasonable and can do no good.

The Pedagogue is in this case particularly ill-inspired. The Americans disclaim responsibility for "hand-grip"—a term unknown to them—and may fairly inquire in what respect the illogical and inaccurate "pavement" is preferable to the logical and accurate "sidewalk." The thing to be expressed is the portion of a street or road appropriated to pedestrians; and this, always a "sidewalk," is often a "pavement" only by courtesy; while there are many "pavements"

which cover large areas and do not serve the purpose in question. It would be pedantry, of course, to suggest that we should drop the word "pavement" because of its inaccuracy; but it is a much more futile pedantry to take offense at the more precise, descriptive, and (incidentally) more English term, because it happens to be preferred in America. As for "tram-car" and "trolley-car," neither word is such a thing of beauty as to dispose me to perish in its defense. For my own part, I think the word "street-car" preferable to either; but that, too, I fear, is open to a suspicion of Americanism.

The vague and unformulated idea behind all such petty cavilings is that the English language is in danger of being corrupted by the importation of Americanism, and that it behooves us to establish a sort of quarantine, in order to keep out the detrimental germs. This notion is simply one of the milder phases of the Great Stupidity. The current English of to-day owes a great deal to America; and though certain American writers carry to excess the cult of slang, that tendency is not in the least affecting serious American literature and journalism. Much of the best and purest English of our time has been, and is being, written in America. Not to speak of books, one may read the better class of American newspapers and periodicals by the hour without finding a single expression with any local tinge in it.

I do not say that the "Pure English" movement, which is being actively pressed in America, is

wholly superfluous. There are undoubtedly classes of the population which deliberately employ slovenly and degenerate dialects; but are there none such in England? The broad fact remains that no such degeneracy is traceable in literature or in the better sort of journalism. If English journalists make a show of arrogant and self-righteous Briticism, it is quite possible that a certain class of American journalists may retaliate by setting afoot a deliberately anti-British movement, and attempting (as an American writer has wittily put it) to "deserve well of mankind by making two languages grow where only one grew before." Already there are symptoms of such a tendency, and, though I do not think they are very serious, they point in a disastrous direction. Let us not foment them by a thoughtless and offensive insularism. To make our glorious common speech a subject of carping contention would be, perhaps, the most gratuitous and inexcusable form of the Great Stupidity.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

RIP VAN WINKLE

[The following tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch history of the province and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as mong men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favourite topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more their wives, rich in that legendary lore so invaluable to true history.]

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In the same village, and on one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbour, and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline

of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favourite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble.

He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that, though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his

father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt, at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away, in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting

an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long lazy summer's day, talk listlessly over village gossip, or tell endless, sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the

dictionary! And how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place!

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbours could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught. Nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labour of the farm and the clamour of his wife was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep

mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance.

He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion: a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incompre-

hensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar, one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugarloaf hat set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlour of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of

the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he repeated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll wherefrom he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes. It was a bright, sunny morning; the birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and an eagle was wheeling aloft, breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell

asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip. "What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked around for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, and lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen. He found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening, but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock,

and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs, to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and which, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round.

Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the

shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears. He called loudly for his wife and children; the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes. All this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for

one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair, long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—election—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted." Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tip-toe, inquired in his ear

"whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self-important old gentleman in a sharp cocked hat made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders: "A tory! A tory! A spy! A refugee! Hustle him! Away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order, and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, he demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while, when an old

man replied, in a thin piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotted and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point, others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Brummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or an-

other man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, likely looking woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool, the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollection in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him, but whether he

shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England pedlar.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he; "young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks. And the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. Here collected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrik Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon*, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her: she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against

the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench, at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him. But there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes, which might

pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighbourhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon, about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrik Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins. And it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE FIGHT IN THE ISLAND CAVE*

"'They linger yet,
Avengers of their native land."

-GRAY.

[Cora and Alice Munro, on their way to their father at Fort William Henry under the escort of Major Heyward, Hawkeye, the scout, and two Indians, Chingachgook and Uncas, are surprised by an attack from the Hurons. The scout has just issued a warning cry: "To cover! To cover!"]

THE warning call of the scout was not uttered without occasion. During the occurrence of the deadly encounter just related, the roar of the falls was unbroken by any human sound whatever. It would seem that interest in the result had kept the natives on the opposite shores in breathless suspense, while the quick evolutions and swift changes in the positions of the combatants effectually prevented a fire that might prove dangerous alike to friend and enemy. But the moment the struggle was decided, a yell arose as fierce and savage as wild and revengeful passions could throw into the air. It was followed by the swift flashes of the rifles, which sent their leaden mes-

*From "The Last of the Mohicans."

sengers across the rock in volleys, as though the assailants would pour out their impotent fury on the insensible scene of the fatal contest.

A steady, though deliberate return was made from the rifle of Chingachgook, who had maintained his post throughout the fray with unmoved resolution. When the triumphant shout of Uncas was borne to his ears, the gratified father raised his voice in a single responsive cry, after which his busy piece alone proved that he still guarded his pass with unwearied diligence. In this manner many minutes flew by with the swiftness of thought; the rifles of the assailants speaking, at times, in rattling volleys, and at others, in occasional, scattering shots. Though the rock, the trees, and the shrubs, were cut and torn in a hundred places around the besieged, their cover was so close, and so rigidly maintained, that, as yet, David had been the only sufferer in their little band.

"Let them burn their powder," said the deliberate scout, while bullet after bullet whizzed by the place where he securely lay; "there will be a fine gathering of lead when it is over, and I fancy the imps will tire of the sport afore these old stones cry out for mercy! Uncas, boy, you waste the kernels by overcharging; and a kicking rifle never carries a true bullet. I told you to take that loping miscreant under the line of white paint; now, if your bullet went a hair's breadth it went two inches above it. The life lies low in a Mingo, and human-

ity teaches us to make a quick end to the sarpents."

A quiet smile lighted the haughty features of the young Mohican, betraying his knowledge of the English language as well as of the other's meaning; but he suffered it to pass away without vindication or reply.

"I cannot permit you to accuse Uncas of want of judgment or of skill," said Duncan; "he saved my life in the coolest and readiest manner, and he has made a friend who never will require to be reminded of the debt he owes."

Uncas partly raised his body, and offered his hand to the grasp of Heyward. During this act of friendship, the two young men exchanged looks of intelligence which caused Duncan to forget the character and condition of his wild associate. In the meanwhile, Hawkeye, who looked on this burst of youthful feeling with a cool but kind regard, made the following reply:

"Life is an obligation which friends often owe each other in the wilderness. I dare say I may have served Uncas some such turn myself before now; and I very well remember that he has stood between me and death five different times: three times from the Mingoes, once in crossing Horican, and——"

"That bullet was better aimed than common!" exclaimed Duncan, involuntarily shrinking from a shot which struck the rock at his side with a smart rebound.

Hawkeye laid his hand on the shapeless metal, and shook his head, as he examined it, saying, "Falling lead is never flattened, had it come from the clouds this might have happened."

But the rifle of Uncas was deliberately raised toward the heavens, directing the eyes of his companions to a point, where the mystery was immediately explained. A ragged oak grew on the right bank of the river, nearly opposite to their position, which, seeking the freedom of the open space, had inclined so far forward that its upper branches overhung that arm of the stream which flowed nearest to its own shore. Among the topmost leaves, which scantily concealed the gnarled and stunted limbs, a savage was nestled, partly concealed by the trunk of the tree, and partly exposed, as though looking down upon them to ascertain the effect produced by his treacherous aim.

"These devils will scale heaven to circumvent us to our ruin," said Hawkeye; "keep him in play, boy, until I can bring 'killdeer' to bear, when we will try his metal on each side of the tree at once."

Uncas delayed his fire until the scout uttered the word. The rifles flashed, the leaves and bark of the oak flew into the air, and were scattered by the wind, but the Indian answered their assault by a taunting laugh, sending down upon them another bullet in return, that struck the cap of Hawkeye from his head. Once more the savage yells burst out of the woods, and the leaden hail whistled above the heads of the besieged, as if to

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

confine them to a place where they might become easy victims to the enterprise of the warrior who had mounted the tree.

"This must be looked to," said the scout, glancing about him with an anxious eye. "Uncas, call up your father; we have need of all our we'pons to bring the cunning varmint from his roost."

The signal was instantly given; and, before Hawkeye had reloaded his rifle, they were joined by Chingachgook. When his son pointed out to the experienced warrior the situation of their dangerous enemy, the usual exclamatory "hugh" burst from his lips; after which, no further expression of surprise or alarm was suffered to escape him. Hawkeye and the Mohicans conversed earnestly together in Delaware for a few moments, when each quietly took his post, in order to execute the plan they had speedily devised.

The warrior in the oak had maintained a quick, though ineffectual fire, from the moment of his discovery. But his aim was interrupted by the vigilance of his enemies, whose rifles instantaneously bore on any part of his person that was left exposed. Still his bullets fell in the center of the crouching party. The clothes of Heyward, which rendered him peculiarly conspicuous, were repeatedly cut, and once blood was drawn from a slight wound in his arm.

At length, emboldened by the long and patient watchfulness of his enemies, the Huron attempted a better and more fatal aim. The quick eyes of the Mohicans caught the dark line of his lower

limbs incautiously exposed through the thin foliage, a few inches from the trunk of the tree. Their rifles made a common report, when, sinking on his wounded limb, part of the body of the savage came into view. Swift as thought, Hawkeye seized the advantage, and discharged his fatal weapon into the top of the oak. The leaves were unusually agitated; the dangerous rifle fell from its commanding elevation, and after a few moments of vain struggling, the form of the savage was seen swinging in the wind, while he still grasped a ragged and naked branch of the tree with hands clenched in desperation.

"Give him, in pity, give him the contents of another rifle," cried Duncan, turning away his eyes in horror from the spectacle of a fellow creature in such awful jeopardy.

"Not a karnel!" exclaimed the obdurate Hawkeye; "his death is certain, and we have no powder to spare, for Indian fights sometimes last for days; 'tis their scalps or ours! and God, who made us, has put into our natures the craving to keep the skin on the head."

Against this stern and unyielding morality, supported as it was by such visible policy, there was no appeal. From that moment the yells in the forest once more ceased, the fire was suffered to decline, and all eyes, those of friends as well as enemies, became fixed on the hopeless condition of the wretch who was dangling between heaven and earth. The body yielded to the currents of air, and though no murmur or groan escaped the vic-

tim, there were instants when he grimly faced his foes, and the anguish of cold despair might be traced, through the intervening distance, in possession of his swarthy lineaments. Three several times the scout raised his piece in mercy, and as often, prudence getting the better of his intention, it was again silently lowered. At length one hand of the Huron lost its hold, and dropped exhausted to his side. A desperate and fruitless struggle to recover the branch succeeded, and then the savage was seen for a fleeting instant, grasping wildly at the empty air. The lightning is not quicker than was the flame from the rifle of Hawkeye; the limbs of the victim trembled and contracted, the head fell to the bosom, and the body parted the foaming waters like lead, when the element closed above it, in its ceaseless velocity, and every vestige of the unhappy Huron was lost forever.

No shout of triumph succeeded this important advantage, but even the Mohicans gazed at each other in silent horror. A single yell burst from the woods, and all was again still. Hawkeye, who alone appeared to reason on the occasion, shook his head at his own momentary weakness, even uttering his self-disapprobation aloud.

"'Twas the last charge in my horn and the last bullet in my pouch, and 'twas the act of a boy!" he said; "what mattered it whether he struck the rock living or dead! feeeling would soon be over. Uncas, lad, go down to the canoe, and bring up the big horn; it is all the powder we have left, and we

shall need it to the last grain, or I am ignorant of the Mingo nature."

The young Mohican complied, leaving the scout turning over the useless contents of his pouch, and shaking the empty horn with renewed discontent. From this unsatisfactory examination, however, he was soon called by a loud and piercing exclamation from Uncas, that sounded, even to the unpracticed ears of Duncan, as the signal of some new and unexpected calamity. Every thought filled with apprehension for the previous treasure he had concealed in the cavern, the young man started to his feet, totally regardless of the hazard he incurred by such an exposure. As if actuated by a common impulse, his movement was imitated by his companions, and, together they rushed down the pass to the friendly chasm, with a rapidity that rendered the scattering fire of their enemies perfectly harmless. The unwonted cry had brought the sisters, together with the wounded David, from their place of refuge; and the whole party, at a single glance, was made acquainted with the nature of the disaster that had disturbed even the practiced stoicism of their youthful Indian protector.

At a short distance from the rock, their little bark was to be seen floating across the eddy, toward the swift current of the river, in a manner which proved that its course was directed by some hidden agent. The instant this unwelcome sight caught the eye of the scout, his rifle was leveled as by instinct, but the barrel gave no answer to the bright sparks of the flint.

"'Tis too late, 'tis too late!" Hawkeye exclaimed, dropping the useless piece in bitter disappointment; "the miscreant has struck the rapid; and had we powder, it could hardly send the lead swifter than he now goes!"

The adventurous Huron raised his head above the shelter of the canoe, and, while it glided swiftly down the stream, he waved his hand, and gave forth the shout, which was the known signal of success. His cry was answered by a yell and a laugh from the woods, as tauntingly exulting as if fifty demons were uttering their blasphemies at the fall of some Christian soul.

"Well may you laugh, ye children of the devil!" said the scout, seating himself on a projection of the rock, and suffering his gun to fall neglected at his feet, "for the three quickest and truest rifles in these woods are no better than so many stalks of mullein, or the last year's horns of a buck!"

"What is to be done?" demanded Duncan, losing the first feeling of disappointment in a more manly desire for exertion; "what will become of us?"

Hawkeye made no other reply than by passing his finger around the crown of his head, in a manner so significant, that none who witnessed the action could mistake its meaning.

"Surely, surely, our case is not so desperate!" exclaimed the youth; "the Hurons are not here; we may make good the caverns, we may oppose their landing."

"With what?" coolly demanded the scout.

"The arrows of Uncas, or such tears as women shed! No, no; you are young, and rich, and have friends, and at such an age I know it is hard to die! But," glancing his eyes at the Mohicans, "let us remember we are men without a cross, and let us teach these natives of the forest that white blood can run as freely as red, when the appointed hour is come."

Duncan turned quickly in the direction indicated by the other's eyes, and read a confirmation of his worst apprehensions in the conduct of the Indians. Chingachgook, placing himself in a dignified posture on another fragment of the rock, had already laid aside his knife and tomahawk, and was in the act of taking the eagle's plume from his head, and smoothing the solitary tuft of hair in readiness to perform its last and revolting office. His countenance was composed, though thoughtful, while his dark, gleaming eyes were gradually losing the fierceness of the combat in an expression better suited to the change he expected momentarily to undergo.

"Our case is not, cannot be so hopeless!" said Duncan; "even at this very moment succor may be at hand. I see no enemies! They have sickened of a struggle in which they risk so much with so little prospect of gain!"

"It may be a minute, or it may be an hour, afore the wily sarpents steal upon us, and it is quite in natur' for them to be lying within hearing at this very moment," said Hawkeye; "but come they will, and in such a fashion as will leave us nothing

to hope! Chingachgook"—he spoke in Delaware —"my brother, we have fought our last battle together, and the Maquas will triumph in the death of the sage man of the Mohicans, and of the pale face, whose eyes can make night as day, and level the clouds to the mists of the springs!"

"Let the Mingo women go weep over their slain!" returned the Indian, with characteristic pride and unmoved firmness; "the Great Snake of the Mohicans has coiled himself in their wigwams, and has poisoned their triumph with the wailings of children, whose fathers have not returned! Eleven warriors lie hid from the graves of their tribes since the snows have melted, and none will tell where to find them when the tongue of Chingachgook shall be silent! Let them draw the sharpest knife, and whirl the swiftest tomahawk, for their bitterest enemy is in their hands. Uncas, topmost branch of a noble trunk, call on the cowards to hasten, or their hearts will soften, and they will change to women!"

"They look among the fishes for their dead!" returned the low, soft voice of the youthful chieftain; "the Hurons float with the slimy eels! They drop from the oaks like fruit that is ready to be eaten! and the Delawares laugh!"

"Ay, ay," muttered the scout, who had listened to this peculiar burst of the natives with deep attention; "they have warmed their Indian feelings, and they'll soon provoke the Maquas to give them a speedy end. As for me, who am of the whole blood of the whites, it is befitting that I

should die as becomes my color, with no words of scoffing in my mouth, and without bitterness at the heart!"

"Why die at all!" said Cora, advancing from the place where natural horror had, until this moment, held her riveted to the rock; "the path is open on every side; fly, then, to the woods, and call on God for succor. Go, brave men, we owe you too much already; let us no longer involve you in our hapless fortunes!"

"You but little know the craft of the Iroquois, lady, if you judge they have left the path open to the woods!" returned Hawkeye, who, however, immediately added in his simplicity, "the down-stream current, it is certain, might soon sweep us beyond the reach of their rifles or the sound of their voices."

"Then try the river. Why linger to add to the number of the victims of our merciless enemies?"

"Why," repeated the scout, looking about him proudly; "because it is better for a man to die at peace with himself than to live haunted by an evil conscience! What answer could we give Munro, when he asked us where and how we left his children?"

"Go to him, and say that you left them with a message to hasten to their aid," returned Cora, advancing nigher to the scout in her generous ardor; "that the Hurons bear them into the northern wilds, but that by vigilance and speed they may yet be rescued; and if, after all, it should please heaven that his assistance come too late, bear to

him," she continued, her voice gradually lowering, until it seemed nearly choked, "the love, the blessings, the final prayers of his daughters, and bid him not mourn their early fate, but to look forward with humble confidence to the Christian's goal to meet his children."

The hard, weather-beaten features of the scout began to work, and when she had ended, he dropped his chin to his hand, like a man musing profoundly on the nature of the proposal.

"There is reason in her words!" at length broke from his compressed and trembling lips; "ay, and they bear the spirit of Christianity; what might be right and proper in a red-skin, may be sinful in a man who has not even a cross in blood to plead for his ignorance. Chingachgook! Uncas! hear you the talk of the dark-eyed woman?"

He now spoke in Delaware to his companions, and his address, though calm and deliberate, seemed very decided. The elder Mohican heard with deep gravity, and appeared to ponder on his words, as though he felt the importance of their import. After a moment of hesitation, he waved his hand in assent, and uttered the English word "Good!" with the peculiar emphasis of his people. Then, replacing his knife and tomahawk in his girdle, the warrior moved silently to the edge of the rock which was most concealed from the banks of the river. Here he paused a moment, pointed significantly to the woods below, and saying a few words in his own language, as if indicating his intended route, he dropped into the water, and

sank from before the eyes of the witnesses of his movements.

The scout delayed his departure to speak to the generous girl, whose breathing became lighter as she saw the success of her remonstrance.

"Wisdom is sometimes given to the young, as well as to the old," he said; "and what you have spoken is wise, not to call it by a better word. If you are led into the woods, that is such of you as may be spared for a while, break the twigs on the bushes as you pass, and make the marks of your trail as broad as you can, when, if mortal eyes can see them, depend on having a friend who will follow to the ends of the 'arth afore he desarts you."

He gave Cora an affectionate shake of the hand, lifted his rifle, and after regarding it a moment with melancholy solicitude, laid it carefully aside, and descended to the place where Chingachgook had just disappeared. For an instant he hung suspended by the rock, and looking about him, with a countenance of peculiar care, he added, bitterly, "Had the powder held out, this disgrace could never have befallen!" then, loosening his hold, the water closed above his head, and he also became lost to view.

All eyes were now turned on Uncas, who stood leaning against the ragged rock, in immovable composure. After waiting a short time Cora pointed down the river, and said:

"Your friends have not been seen, and are

now, most probably, in safety. Is it not time for you to follow?"

"Uncas will stay," the young Mohican calmly answered in English.

"To increase the horror of our capture, and to diminish the chances of our release! Go, generous young man," Cora continued, lowering her eyes under the gaze of the Mohican, and perhaps, with an intuitive consciousness of her power; "go to my father, as I have said, and be the most confidential of my messengers. Tell him to trust you with the means to buy the freedom of his daughters. Go! 'tis my wish, 'tis my prayer, that you will go!"

The settled, calm look of the young chief changed to an expression of gloom, but he no longer hesitated. With a noiseless step he crossed the rock, and dropped into the troubled stream. Hardly a breath was drawn by those he left behind, until they caught a glimpse of his head emerging for air, far down the current, when he again sank, and was seen no more.

These sudden and apparently successful experiments had all taken place in a few minutes of that time which had now become so precious. After a last look at Uncas, Cora turned, and with a quivering lip, addressed herself to Heyward:

"I have heard of your boasted skill in the water, too, Duncan," she said; "follow, then, the wise example set you by these simple and faithful beings."

"Is such the faith that Cora Munro would exact from her protector?" said the young man, smiling mournfully, but with bitterness.

"This is not a time for idle subtleties and false opinions," she answered; "but a moment when every duty should be equally considered. To us you can be of no further service here, but your precious life may be saved for other and nearer friends."

He made no reply, though his eye fell wistfully on the beautiful form of Alice, who was clinging to his arm with the dependency of an infant.

"Consider," continued Cora, after a pause, during which she seemed to struggle with a pang even more acute than any that her fears had excited, "that the worst to us can be but death; a tribute that all must pay at the good time of God's appointment."

"There are evils worse than death," said Duncan, speaking hoarsely, and as if fretful at her importunity, "but which the presence of one who would die in your behalf may avert."

Cora ceased her entreaties; and veiling her face in her shawl, drew the nearly insensible Alice after her into the deepest recess of the inner cavern.

The sudden and almost magical change, from the stirring incidents of the combat to the stillness that now reigned around him, acted on the heated imagination of Heyward like some exciting dream. While all the images and events he had witnessed

remained deeply impressed on his memory, he felt a difficulty in persuading himself of their truth. Still ignorant of the fate of those who had trusted to the aid of the swift current, he at first listened intently to any signal or sounds of alarm, which might announce the good or evil fortune of their hazardous undertaking. His attention was, however, bestowed in vain; for with the disappearance of Uncas, every sign of the adventurers had been lost, leaving him in total uncertainty of their fate.

In a moment of such painful doubt, Duncan did not hesitate to look about him, without consulting that protection from the rocks which just before had been so necessary to his safety. Every effort, however, to detect the least evidence of the approach of their hidden enemies was as fruitless as the inquiry after his late companions. The wooded banks of the river seemed again deserted by everything possessing animal life. The uproar which had so lately echoed through the vaults of the forest was gone, leaving the rush of the waters to swell and sink on the currents of the air, in the unmingled sweetness of nature. A fish-hawk, which, secure on the topmost branches of a dead pine, had been a distant spectator of the fray, now swooped from his high and ragged porch, and soared, in wide sweeps, above his prey; while a jay, whose noisy voice had been stilled by the hoarser cries of the savages, ventured again to open his discordant throat, as though once more in undisturbed possession of his wild domains. Duncan caught from these natural accompaniments of the

solitary scene a glimmering of hope; and he began to rally his faculties to renewed exertions, with something like a reviving confidence of success.

"The Hurons are not to be seen," he said, addressing David, who had by no means recovered from the effects of the stunning blow he had received; "let us conceal ourselves in the cavern, and trust the rest to Providence."

"I remember to have united with two comely maidens, in lifting up our voices in praise and thanksgiving," returned the bewildered singing-master; "since which time I have been visited by a heavy judgment for my sins. I have been mocked with the likeness of sleep, while sounds of discord have rent my ears, such as might manifest the fullness of time, and that nature had forgotten her harmony."

"Poor fellow! thine own period was, in truth, near its accomplishment! But arouse, and come with me; I will lead you where all other sounds but those of your own psalmody shall be excluded."

"There is melody in the fall of the cataract, and the rushing of many waters is sweet to the senses!" said David, pressing his hand confusedly on his brow. "Is not the air yet filled with shrieks and cries, as though the departed spirits of the damned——"

"Not now, not now," interrupted the impatient Heyward, "they have ceased, and they who raised them, I trust in God, they are gone, too! everything but the water is still and at peace; in, then,

where you may create those sounds you love so well to hear."

David smiled sadly, though not without a momentary gleam of pleasure, at this allusion to his beloved vocation. He no longer hesitated to be led to a spot which promised such unalloyed gratification to his wearied senses; and leaning on the arm of his companion, he entered the narrow mouth of the cave. Duncan seized a pile of the sassafras, which he drew before the passage, studiously concealing every appearance of an aperture. Within this fragile barrier he arranged the blankets abandoned by the foresters, darkening the inner extremity of the cavern, while its outer received a chastened light from the narrow ravine, through which one arm of the river rushed to form the junction with its sister branch a few rods below.

"I like not the principle of the natives, which teaches them to submit without a struggle, in emergencies that appear desperate," he said, while busied in this employment; "our own maxim, which says, 'while life remains there is hope,' is more consoling, and better suited to a soldier's temperament. To you, Cora, I will urge no words of idle encouragement; your own fortitude and undisturbed reason will teach you all that may become your sex; but cannot we dry the tears of that trembling weeper on your bosom?"

"I am calmer, Duncan," said Alice, raising herself from the arms of her sister, and forcing an appearance of composure through her tears; "much calmer, now. Surely, in this hidden spot

we are safe, we are secret, free from injury; we will hope everything from those generous men who have risked so much already in our behalf."

"Now does our gentle Alice speak like a daughter of Munro!" said Heyward, pausing to press her hand as he passed toward the outer entrance of the cavern. "With two such examples of courage before him, a man would be ashamed to prove other than a hero." He then seated himself in the center of the cavern, grasping his remaining pistol with a hand convulsively clenched, while his contracted and frowning eye announced the sullen desperation of his purpose. "The Hurons, if they come, may not gain our position so easily as they think," he slowly muttered; and propping his head back against the rock, he seemed to await the result in patience, though his gaze was unceasingly bent on the open avenue to their place of retreat.

With the last sound of his voice, a deep, a long, and breathless silence succeeded. The fresh air of the morning had penetrated the recess, and its influence was gradually felt on the spirits of its inmates. As minute after minute passed by, leaving them in undisturbed security, the insinuating feeling of hope was gradually gaining possession of every bosom, though each one felt reluctant to give utterance to expectations that the next moment might so fearfully destroy.

David alone formed an exception to these varying emotions. A gleam of light from the opening crossed his wan countenance, and fell upon the

pages of the little volume, whose leaves he was again occupied in turning, as if searching for some song more fitted to their condition than any that had yet met their eye. He was, most probably, acting all this time under a confused recollection of the promised consolation of Duncan. At length, it would seem, his patient industry found its reward; for, without explanation or apology, he pronounced aloud the words "Isle of Wight," drew a long, sweet sound from his pitch-pipe, and then ran through the preliminary modulations of the air whose name he had just mentioned, with the sweeter tones of his own musical voice.

"May not this prove dangerous?" asked Cora, glancing her dark eye at Major Heyward.

"Poor fellow! his voice is too feeble to be heard above the din of the falls," was the answer; "besides, the cavern will prove his friend. Let him indulge his passions since it may be done without hazard."

"Isle of Wight!" repeated David, looking about him with that dignity with which he had long been wont to silence the whispering echoes of his school; "'tis a brave tune, and set to solemn words! let it be sung with meet respect!"

After allowing a moment of stillness to enforce his discipline, the voice of the singer was heard, in low, murmuring syllables, gradually stealing on the ear, until it filled the narrow vault with sounds rendered trebly thrilling by the feeble and tremulous utterance produced by his debility. The melody, which no weakness could destroy,

gradually wrought its sweet influence on the senses of those who heard it. It even prevailed over the miserable travesty of the song of David which the singer had selected from a volume of similar effusions, and caused the sense to be forgotten in the insinuating harmony of the sounds. Alice unconsciously dried her tears, and bent her melting eyes on the pallid features of Gamut, with an expression of chastened delight that she neither affected or wished to conceal. Cora bestowed an approving smile on the pious efforts of the namesake of the Jewish prince, and Heyward soon turned his steady, stern look from the outlet of the cavern, to fasten it, with a milder character, on the face of David, or to meet the wandering beams which at moments strayed from the humid eyes of Alice. The open sympathy of the listeners stirred the spirit of the votary of music, whose voice regained its richness and volume, without losing that touching softness which proved its secret charm. Exerting his renovated powers to their utmost, he was yet filling the arches of the cave with long and full tones, when a yell burst into the air without, that instantly stilled his pious strains, choking his voice suddenly, as though his heart had literally bounded into the passage of his throat.

"We are lost!" exclaimed Alice, throwing herself into the arms of Cora.

"Not yet, not yet," returned the agitated but undaunted Heyward: "the sound came from the center of the island, and it has been produced by

the sight of their dead companions. We are not yet discovered, and there is still hope."

Faint and almost despairing as was the prospect of escape, the words of Duncan were not thrown away, for it awakened the powers of the sisters in such a manner that they awaited the results in silence. A second yell soon followed the first, when a rush of voices was heard pouring down the island, from its upper to its lower extremity, until they reached the naked rock above the caverns, where, after a shout of savage triumph, the air continued full of horrible cries and screams, such as man alone can utter, and he only when in a state of the fiercest barbarity.

The sounds quickly spread around them in every direction. Some called to their fellows from the water's edge, and were answered from the heights above. Cries were heard in the startling vicinity of the chasm between the two caves, which mingled with hoarser yells that arose out of the abyss of the deep ravine. In short, so rapidly had the savage sounds diffused themselves over the barren rock, that it was not difficult for the anxious listeners to imagine they could be heard beneath, as in truth they were above and on every side of them.

In the midst of this tumult, a triumphant yell was raised within a few yards of the hidden entrance to the cave. Heyward abandoned every hope, with the belief it was the signal that they were discovered. Again the impression passed away, as he heard the voices collect near the spot

where the white man had so reluctantly abandoned his rifle. Amid the jargon of Indian dialects that he now plainly heard, it was easy to distinguish not only words, but sentences, in the patois of the Canadas. A burst of voices had shouted simultaneously, "La Longue Carabine!" causing the opposite woods to reëcho with a name which, Heyward well remembered, had been given by his enemies to a celebrated hunter and scout of the English camp, and who, he now learned for the first time, had been his late companion.

"La Longue Carabine! La Longue Carabine!" passed from mouth to mouth, until the whole band appeared to be collected around a trophy which would seem to announce the death of its formidable owner. After a vociferous consultation, which was, at times, deafened by bursts of savage joy, they again separated, filling the air with the name of a foe, whose body, Heyward could collect from their expressions, they hoped to find concealed in some crevice of the island

"Now," he whispered to the trembling sisters, "now is the moment of uncertainty! if our place of retreat escape this scrutiny, we are still safe! In every event, we are assured, by what has fallen from our enemies, that our friends have escaped, and in two short hours we may look for succor from Webb."

There were now a few minutes of fearful stillness, during which Heyward well knew that the savages conducted their search with greater vigilance and method. More than once he could dis-

tinguish their footsteps, as they brushed the sassafras, causing the faded leaves to rustle, and the branches to snap. At length, the pile yielded a little, a corner of a blanket fell, and a faint ray of light gleamed into the inner part of the cave. Cora folded Alice to her bosom in agony, and Duncan sprang to his feet. A shout was at that moment heard, as if issuing from the center of the rock, announcing that the neighboring cavern had at length been entered. In a minute, the number and loudness of the voices indicated that the whole party was collected in and around that secret place.

As the inner passages to the two caves were so close to each other, Duncan, believing that escape was no longer possible, passed David and the sisters, to place himself between the latter and the first onset of the terrible meeting. Grown desperate by his situation, he drew nigh the slight barrier which separated him only by a few feet from his relentless pursuers, and placing his face to the casual opening, he even looked out with a sort of desperate indifference, on their movements.

Within reach of his arm was the brawny shoulder of a gigantic Indian, whose deep and authoritative voice appeared to give directions to the proceedings of his fellows. Beyond him again, Duncan could look into the vault opposite, which was filled with savages, upturning and rifling the humble furniture of the scout. The wound of David had dyed the leaves of sassafras with a color that the natives well knew was anticipating

the season. Over this sign of their success, they sent up a howl, like an opening from so many hounds who had recovered a lost trail. After this yell of victory, they tore up the fragrant bed of the cavern, and bore the branches into the chasm, scattering the boughs, as if they suspected them of concealing the person of the man they had so long hated and feared. One fierce and wild-looking warrior approached the chief, bearing a load of the brush, and pointing exultingly to the deep red stains with which it was sprinkled, uttered his joy in Indian yells, whose meaning Heyward was only enabled to comprehend by the frequent repetition of the name of "La Longue Carabine!" When his triumph had ceased, he cast the brush on the slight heap Duncan had made before the entrance of the second cavern, and closed the view. His example was followed by others, who, as they drew the branches from the cave of the scout, threw them into one pile, adding, unconsciously, to the security of those they sought. The very slightness of the defense was its chief merit, for no one thought of disturbing a mass of brush, which all of them believed, in that moment of hurry and confusion, had been accidentally raised by the hands of their own party.

As the blankets yielded before the outward pressure, and the branches settled in the fissure of the rock by their own weight, forming a compact body, Duncan once more breathed freely. With a light step and lighter heart, he returned to the center

of the cave, and took the place he had left, where he could command a view of the opening next the river. While he was in the act of making this movement, the Indians, as if changing their purpose by a common impulse, broke away from the chasm in a body, and were heard rushing up the island again, toward the point whence they had originally descended. Here another wailing cry betrayed that they were again collected around the bodies of their dead comrades.

Duncan now ventured to look at his companions; for, during the most critical moments of their danger, he had been apprehensive that the anxiety of his countenance might communicate some additional alarm to those who were so little able to sustain it.

"They are gone, Cora!" he whispered; "Alice, they are returned whence they came, and we are saved! To Heaven, that has alone delivered us from the grasp of so merciless an enemy, be all the praise!"

"Then to Heaven will I return my thanks!" exclaimed the younger sister, rising from the encircling arm of Cora, and casting herself with enthusiastic gratitude on the naked rock; "to that Heaven who has spared the tears of a gray-headed father; has saved the lives of those I so much love."

Both Heyward and the more temperate Cora witnessed the act of involuntary emotion with powerful sympathy, the former secretly believing that piety had never worn a form so lovely as it

had now assumed in the youthful person of Alice. Her eyes were radiant with the glow of grateful feelings; the flush of her beauty was again seated on her cheeks, and her whole soul seemed ready and anxious to pour out its thanksgivings through the medium of her eloquent features. But when her lips moved, the words they should have uttered appeared frozen by some new and sudden chill. Her bloom gave place to the paleness of death; her soft and melting eyes grew hard, and seemed contracting with horror; while those hands which she had raised, clasped in each other, toward heaven, dropped in horizontal lines before her, the fingers pointed forward in convulsed motion. Heyward turned the instant she gave a direction to his suspicions, and peering just above the ledge which formed the threshold of the open outlet of the cavern, he beheld the malignant, fierce and savage features of Le Renard Subtil.

In that moment of surprise, the self-possession of Heyward did not desert him. He observed by the vacant expression of the Indian's countenance, that his eye, accustomed to the open air, had not yet been able to penetrate the dusky light which pervaded the depth of the cavern. He had even thought of retreating beyond a curvature in the natural wall, which might still conceal him and his companions, when by the sudden gleam of intelligence that shot across the features of the savage, he saw it was too late, and that they were betrayed.

The look of exultation and brutal triumph which announced this terrible truth was irresistibly irritating. Forgetful of everything but the impulses of his hot blood, Duncan levelled his pistol and fired. The report of the weapon made the cavern bellow like an eruption from a volcano; and when the smoke it vomited had been driven away before the current of air which issued from the ravine the place so lately occupied by the features of his treacherous guide was vacant. Rushing to the outlet, Heyward caught a glimpse of his dark figure stealing around a low and narrow ledge, which soon hid him entirely from sight.

Among the savages a frightful stillness succeeded the explosion, which had just been heard bursting from the bowels of the rock. But when Le Renard raised his voice in a long and intelligible whoop, it was answered by a spontaneous yell from the mouth of every Indian within hearing of the sound.

The clamorous noises again rushed down the island; and before Duncan had time to recover from the shock, his feeble barrier of brush was scattered to the winds, the cavern was entered at both its extremities, and he and his companions were dragged from their shelter and borne into the day, where they stood surrounded by the whole band of the triumphant Hurons.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

CHOICE OF WEAPONS*

AT THE far end of Thursday Island's grass-grown main street the pigmy figure of a man appeared.

Doctor Seaton recognized it on the instant. He would have recognized it amongst a thousand others, for it was Wade—Wade in immaculate drills on shore leave. When he came abreast of the doctor's bungalow, he might glance in its direction out of habit, but, instead of dropping in for a chat and a smoke as of old, would pass on—to the Grahams'. There he would talk as he knew how, perhaps sing in his infernal light baritone, and generally captivate the assembled company for as long as he was allowed, returning to his lugger at last with an air of asinine content.

And why not?

Seaton had never found a satisfactory answer to that question. After a week—perhaps two—of trochas shelling in the neighborhood of Torres Strait, who was not entitled to a few hours of the best there was in life—which meant Joyce Graham? And after them, what man could help walking with lighter step and an air that some might call asinine?

At this juncture in his reflections Seaton was in the habit of mentally kicking himself and turning his attention to something else. The process had never been easy, though lifelong self-discipline had rendered it almost mechanical. Of late it

*From "Uncharted Waters," by permission of the author.

had become increasingly difficult. And to-night —to-night he found it impossible. With Wade's approach and the welcoming glow of the Grahams' windows, the stage set for an engaging love scene under his very eyes, something went wrong with Seaton's well-ordered mechanism. It refused. Perhaps the controls were worn from over-use, perhaps. . . . In any case, his thoughts took charge and carried him hurtling into the abyss.

Having done for once with everlasting, all-consuming deception, he exhorted himself. Away with the trappings of convention, and what remained? In his own case nothing but the ugly truth that he loathed Wade. Never mind why. He loathed him, and would like to do him a hurt. He was nothing less than a reversion to the instincts of primeval man. Exactly. He, Doctor Donald Seaton, was such a man at that moment, and gloried in it. Instead of tamely watching your rival succeed where you have failed—for be it known that trochas shelling pays better than medicine in Torres Strait—you go out and kill him. He is in the way, so you remove him or he removes you. What could be fairer, less involved?

Wade was quite close now, loping up the street like a centaur. He was in a hurry. Naturally. The blood throbbed at Seaton's temples. He grinned. The notion was grotesque according to modern standards, but at that moment he was not a modern. He was a man. He would go out with a club and fight Wade for Joyce Graham in the main street.

He had actually moved—away from the window and across the room to where some is and weapons hung upon the wall—when Wade ran lightly up the veranda steps and entered without knocking.

"Doc!" he called breathlessly.

Seaton's hand, which had been outstretched, fell to his side.

"Yes," he answered mechanically.

"In? Good! Can I see you for a minute?" Wade came into the room without waiting for an answer. He was a small, spruce man, with a quick manner of speech and movement. "Sorry to trouble you, old man, but this is professional."

"Well?" said Seaton.

"It's rather a private matter." Wade glanced toward the open door.

Seaton shut it.

"Fire ahead," he said. "Won't you sit down?"

"No, thanks. It won't take a minute. I came to you because you're a pal as well as a doctor. Don't spare me. I want to know. What's that?"

Wade extended his hand palm upward. In the center of it was a small, discolored mark.

"Did it bleed?" Seaton asked.

"No. But it's not that—*I didn't feel it.*"

Wade's quick glance searched Seaton's face for the effect of this statement, but none was visible.

"It went deep, and I didn't feel it," he repeated petulantly. "What d'you make of that?"

"It depends," said Seaton. "Hadn't you better tell me what happened?"

A frown puckered Wade's forehead, the quick frown of a short-tempered man.

"I don't see what that has to do with it," he complained. "It's results I'm after. What have I got? Can't you diagnose, or whatever you call it? That's your job, isn't it?"

Seaton regarded him with professional tolerance.

"Yes," he said, "it's my job. I should say you've had a jab from a gimlet or some other tool breaking through its handle."

"Yes, but——"

"Just lay your hand on the table," Seaton directed in his soothing monotone. "No, palm up, and behind your back, if you don't mind. Do you feel anything?"

"No."

"Now?"

"No."

"Stay as you are a moment."

Seaton crossed the room and returned. A few silent moments passed, then he took a small square of glass, slipped it under a microscope, and switched on a powerful shaded light. His back was to Wade, but he could hear the other's slight nervous movements of suspense.

In a little while the examination was complete. Seaton knew all it was necessary to know. He looked up from the lens, and had half turned to speak when the words were snatched from his lips and he stood staring through the open window into the night. Far off in the distant shadows there

was a yellow glow, the welcoming glow of the Grahams' windows.

He became aware of Wade. The fellow was plucking at his sleeve, saying something. He wanted to know. It meant everything. Did Seaton understand? Everything! But how could a cold-blooded medico be expected to savvy that? Out with it! All Wade wanted was the truth. Why was Seaton such an infernal time giving it him?

Seaton turned. He did not speak. At the moment he could not. Wade stared into his expressionless face, then crumpled into a chair.

"All right." He sat beating his hands between his knees. "All right, you needn't say it if you don't want to. But you're right, all the .me. I've got it—feel it." He shuddered visibly. "And never tell me or any one else that it's contagious, but not infectious, and all that guff. You don't know anything about it. None of you do. Only the abos [aboriginals] know. Three nights I slept in that cursed hut, though it was *taboo*—three nights, over a year ago—and this is the result, this . . ." Wade was on his feet, making impotent little gestures. It seemed that until that moment the full significance of his position had not reached him. Now, of a sudden, it had. Already his eyes were those of the fugitive, the pariah.

It was Seaton's duty to report him, he pointed out with ironic levity; to have him sent South to join the others on their two-by-four island.

Well, rather than that . . . But Seaton wouldn't do it. They were friends. Wade could get to China—couldn't he?—where they weren't so particular about it. Or, better still . . . Wade paused in his diatribe. It seemed to have occurred to him that he was saying too much.

"I'm off," he jerked out, and made for the door. It was a challenge, and Seaton neither moved nor spoke. "I'm going, and you won't try to stop me. You couldn't, anyway, but you won't try. And let me tell you this"—he raised a menacing fist—"any one who finds me will die—*any one!*"

With that he was gone. The door slammed, there was the staccato clatter of footfalls on the veranda steps, and silence.

Even then it was some time before Seaton moved. It was as though he had been hypnotized. But now it occurred to him to wonder what he had done. Just what *had* he done? Nothing, he told himself promptly. Wade, with his hurricane methods, had rendered all opportunity of doing anything impossible. And he had gone. He had removed himself, and wasn't that . . . ?

"Nothing," he muttered aloud.

The Grahams' windows still glowed in the distance, but, curiously enough, Seaton could not bring himself to think of them, nor even of what lay behind them. He was thinking of Wade. He could not stop thinking of Wade. . . .

That was why a little later he was tearing down

the main street like a madman. The second turning to the right, a dim vista of tin stores and Chinese odors, brought him out upon the beach, where he stood in the sand, a gaunt, breathless figure, trying to shout. Wade's lugger lay at her moorings under the stars. She had not moved. There was no sign of her moving. Seaton's relief nearly choked him.

"*Malita!*" he contrived to bawl. "*Malita*, ahoy!"

After an eternity something moved on deck, came aft, and clambered into the dingy. But it was not Wade. Why should it be? Naturally, it was his Kanaka mate, who leapt from the bows as the dingy touched bottom, and stood knee-deep regarding Seaton with amiable curiosity. Yes, his master had returned to the lugger, but left again almost immediately. How? In the whaleboat. Yes, he had taken things with him, and had set the lugsail because the wind was fair. Where was he going? How should the mate know—or why, for that matter? It was none of his business. He was afraid the crazy white man who walked the beach at midnight, spitting interminable questions, would have to exercise the patience so foreign to his race and wait until the morrow. Were there not plenty of them?

That was not precisely what the mate said, but it was what he meant, and contrived to convey in vivid *bêche-de-mer*.

Seaton retraced his steps up the beach. He had

no notion where he was going, but habit led him back to his own veranda, where he remained, staring before him with wide unseeing eyes, until dawn.

The following day elicited nothing. Wade was adrift on the Coral Sea by now, that was all Seaton knew. He pictured him at the tiller, steering for deep water with his awful knowledge as sole company. The little scene became etched on Seaton's brain. He could not erase it. He could neither sleep nor eat for it. Yet what had he done? Everything, he told himself viciously. There was no iota of excuse for what he had done. His thoughts took hold of him, worried him like a dog. And in the midst of them Joyce Graham called.

Did he know anything about Jim? That was what she had come to ask Seaton, and stood before him with grave, discerning eyes. The Grahams had been expecting him (Jim, of course), but he had not come. According to his mate, he had set sail in the whaleboat late at night for some unknown reason, and now, two days later, a pearling lugger had brought in the *Malita's* whaleboat. They had come upon it a few miles from the Barrier Reef, bottom up . . .

Seaton heard no more.

"I killed him," he said slowly.

Joyce stared into his haggard face. Only the lips moved.

"I killed him," he repeated. "Of course you would like to hear."

He told her all. In a dull monotone he stated facts without embroidery, without restraint. He might have been dealing with statistics. And when it was done he heard Joyce speak.

"Jim's hasty," she said.

"Hasty!" It never occurred to Seaton that she was seeking an excuse—for him; that she did not ask why he had done this thing; that instead of spurning him as something unclean, her eyes were welling with sympathetic understanding. "I don't think you quite understand," he went on. "It was intentional. I wanted to get rid of him. I got rid of him. Hasty?" He gave a short laugh. "Of course he's hasty. That's what made it all the easier." He went to the veranda rail and stared down the street. "I must go and tell the police," he said shortly.

"Why? What good will it do?" Joyce's hand was on his arm. "As if they would understand—do anything that we can't do! Besides, I don't believe Jim's dead. He's not the kind to do that. The upturned whaleboat was a ruse. He's out there—somewhere." She waved a hand seaward. "Don't lose heart, Don. Don't give up."

Seaton turned on her, his dull eyes flickering to life. If only he could think that too! If only . . . "Any one who finds me will die—*any one!*" That was what he had said. Did it sound like the threat of a man who would readily part with life? And the whaleboat. . . . The

hurricane season was past, the Coral Sea like a millpond. . . . A trifle thin, that upturned whaleboat. . . .

"If you're right, I'll find him," Seaton said. "Oh, I'll find him for you!"

From that hour he was a man transformed. He had a life-work, a passion—which was to find Wade. Save for that, the world held nothing for Seaton, not even Joyce Graham, though without her he would have been helpless. She knew those seas, had sailed them as a child aboard her father's pearling schooners in the days of the floating station; and now, with charts outspread and little cries of recognition at isle and reef and pass, she and Seaton probed every possibility. The current set N. W. here, they found, which would carry the whaleboat S. E., so—and at an average of two knots for two days from—here, or hereabouts. No, some of the islets were too small to be named on the chart. It was a matter of sifting them as through a sieve, and for that the motor-boat would be necessary. It was Joyce's own, and she could take her anywhere. A cook and an engineer were all they needed. . . . She intended to come, then? Their eyes met across the chart. Who was Seaton to question such a decision? He must remember that she also was looking for Wade. It was his to work, nothing more.

He worked. His activities became gyroscopic. To cease them would have been to collapse. It

was only the thought, the vaguest dream of finding Wade, that sustained his momentum during those feverish days and nights of preparation.

And with those that followed it was the same. The boat sped through a pass in the Great Barrier as through a portal, into a world jeweled with islets, peopled with flying fish and sea bird. And still on to the rim of this world, a desolate place of pale green shallows and dark blue depths, where islets dissolved into half-submerged, uncharted reefs, and it was only possible to steer by signal from a lookout in the bows, and to anchor when darkness fell.

Here, as the brazen days passed by with nothing more than bone weariness and disappointment to show for them, something of the futility of such an undertaking would have come to most men. But not to Seaton. The flame of hope, lit and tended by Joyce Graham, burnt through every gust of adversity. He was looking for Wade. The remainder of his life was dedicated to the search. He would cheerfully kill himself—looking for Wade.

Such fanatical persistency was bound to lead somewhere sometime. It led Seaton to a far-flung fragment of coral, one of a small group and the same as a hundred others he had visited, but showing some sign of human life in the shape of a beached canoe.

He landed, and was soon surrounded by the little band of copra getters who periodically visited it. They had seen no one. Was it likely that

they should see any one, least of all a white man, here on the rim of the world? Seaton admitted that it was not, but continued patient inquiry throughout the day. It was a strange thing, he observed, that they should confine their labors to this island and leave its neighbor untouched. True, the other was smaller, but with his glasses he could see that its palms were laden with nuts, the beaches littered with them. How was that?

He was lucky to get an answer to such a question, but presently it came from one of the older school. The place was *taboo*. Why? Seaton did not ask. He was sufficiently versed in native lore to know that it might be for a hundred reasons, or for none. It was forbidden, that was all. Most likely because the spirits saw fit to inhabit it. Offerings were probably flung upon its shores by a quaking crew who immediately afterward paddled for its life.

"If the island were not sacred," mumbled the old man in an unguarded moment, "how should we have had proof?"

"Proof!" railed Seaton, with the binoculars to his eyes. "Where are your proofs?"

It was true the white man needed more than most, the old man admitted with admirable tolerance, but for himself it was enough that out of this uninhabited land a thin ribbon of smoke had issued not long since, forming itself into the outline of a man——

His words had a surprising effect. Instead of waiting for the rest, which established the in-

teresting fact that the man's outline had changed to that of a hurricane bird and flown away over the sea, his audience turned on its heel and departed as though chased by devils. In a flash it was aboard its strange craft and heading at incredible speed for the island that was *taboo*.

"None but ill can befall," wailed the old man, and had the intense satisfaction of seeing his prophecy fulfilled in the presence of his entire family.

Close to the distant beach the craft came to rest with a churning of waters, and a man leapt from the bows. He waded ashore and advanced over the sand, crying aloud. He was midway between the sea and a reedbrake when the spirits very properly showed their disapproval of the intrusion by smiting him where he stood. Of a sudden his lank white figure wilted on to the sand, and a faint sound like a distant clap of thunder—or a rifle shot—came over the water.

That was all, or so the eyewitnesses of the incident claim to this day, which is probably because they bolted from the scene of wrath. If they had stayed, they would have seen Joyce Graham kneel in the sand at Seaton's side and a little later Wade appear out of the brake with a rifle under his arm.

"I warned you," he said, "*any one!*"

Seaton struggled on to an elbow.

"Don't talk about it," he said faintly. "Shoot again, if you feel inclined—but not before I've finished. It wasn't leprosy—just a local paraly-

sis from the wound—nerves—and I let you go thinking *that*—to get rid of you—shoot again, old man——"

Then he lost consciousness, but there was a smile on his lips.

. . . . . .

"There's only one thing I don't quite follow," said Wade, as the motor-boat headed for Thursday Island, with Seaton sleeping peacefully below. "He said he did it to get rid of me. There wasn't much need for that, was there?"

Joyce was at the wheel, her eyes on the swaying compass card.

"Was there?" he repeated.

Joyce did not speak, but Wade had his answer. He went forward, whistling.

RALPH STOCK.

END OF VOLUME XVII